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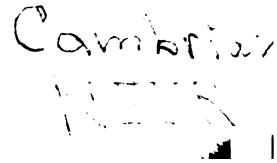

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OLD WELSH LEGENDS.

By Rev. J. T. Morgan (Thalamus.)

Every legend-hunter can find any amount of myths, legends and tales in every nook and corner of wild Wales. Many of them are original, while others are borrowed, for the mythology of the Vedic and Homeric poets contain the germs, and in most instances more than the germs of almost all the stories of Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Celtic folklore. Welsh legends and traditions are equal if not superior to those of the Scotch Highlands. The Scotch scenery is not more beautiful than that of many Welsh mountain and lake districts. But while Rob Roy and Roderick Ddu are household words, and Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine are visited in a sort of pilgrimage by strangers from all countries, who ever heard of the tragedy of Lake Idwal in North Wales, or visited the wild, stern valley, inaccessible except from the sea, hemmed in by black precipices and lofty mountains, where a tumulus was to be seen of old, the grave of Vortigern, "the dishonored," called "one of the three arrant traitors of the Island of Britain," for inviting over Hengist and Horsa, and for giving up the Island of Thanet to gain the fair Rowena, daughter of one of the invaders!

The Legend of Arthur.

Every nation must have a hero or heroes, and the great legendary hero of Wales is King Arthur—Arthur of the Round Table. What the legends of Troy, of Thebes, of the Kalydonian boar, of Ædipus, Theseus, &c., were to an early Greek, the tales of Arthur, of Charlemagne, of the Nibelungen were to a Welshman, or Frenchman, or German, of the twelfth or thirteenth century.

Grote in his "History of Greece," says, "It is certain that Charlemagne is a great historical name, and it is possible, though not certain, that the name of Arthur may be historical also. But the Charlemagne of

history and the Charlemagne of romance have little except the name in common. * * * That illustrious name, as well as the more problematical Arthur, is taken up by the romancers, not with a view to celebrate realities previously verified, but for setting forth or amplifying an ideal of their own, in such manner as both to rouse the feelings and captivate the faith of their hearers."—Chap. xvii. p. 279.

Around Arthur we find a great number of knights, and above all others Merlin, the prophet, sage, magician. The birth and life of Arthur are made up of the miraculous. Uther Pendragon lay sick with love; for Igerne, the wife of Gorlois, the Duke of Cornwall, would not hearken to the words which he had spoken to her. She was placed for safety in the castle of Tintagil, while the Duke shut himself in the castle of Dimilioc. Merlin, the wise, came to King Uther, and told him that he should have his heart's desire. So he brought it about that Uther went to the castle of Tintagil in the likeness of Gorlois, who had just been slain behind the battlements of Dimilioc; and Igerne welcome Uther, thinking her husband stood before her. On the following day news came to Igerne that her husband had been slain in battle three hours before Uther had entered the gates of Tintagil, and she marvelled who it might be that slept with her in the guise of her husband. But soon there came messengers from King Uther to her, and Igerne became the Queen of the land. When the time drew near that that her child should be born, Merlin came to the king and asked that the babe should be brought to him at the postern gate unchristened. And when the child was born it was wrapped in cloth of gold, similar to the Greek Apollo, and given to Merlin, who placed it in the hands of Sir Ector, and his wife nourished the babe until the death of King Uther. But before he died he charged the nobles that they should make Arthur king in his stead. But soon after the king was dead and buried, many were anxious to sit on the throne, wear the crown, and wield the sceptre, and the Bishop of Canterbury ordered all the lords of the realm to come to London at Christmas on pain of cursing. And at Christmas the lords, nobles, and the great men of Prydain were gathered together in the great church; and when the mass was done, there was seen in the churchyard against the high altar a great stone, and in the midst was like an anvil of steel, and therein was stuck a sword naked by the point, and letters of gold were written about the sword that said thus. "Who so pulleth out this sword out of this stone and anvil is rightwise born King of England." All the great men of the land tried, but in vain, for with all their strength they could not move the sword; and the good Bishop said, "God will make him known." Knights were named to guard the stone, but none came

who could pull out the sword. One day, Sir Ector and his son Kay were on their way to London, and Arthur went with them. Kay had left his sword at home, and begged of Arthur to return and fetch it; but the folks at home had gone to see the jousting. Arthur sorely disappointed, hastened to the churchyard, and found no knights there, he seized the sword that was fixed in the anvil, and it came out of the stone lightly at his touch. He carried it to his foster-brother Sir Kay, who took it to his father and said, "Father, here is the sword of the stone, and I must be crowned King of England." But he had to say how he came by the sword, and at the altar he said that Arthur took it from the stone; then Ector said, "If that be so, Arthur must be made king." Arthur had to put the sword back again in the anvil; and Ector, Kay and others tried to pull it out but could not, but when Arthur touched it, it came forth. Then Ector kneeled before his foster-child, and said, "I know now that thou art of an higher blood than I had thought, and therefore it was that Merlin brought thee to me." Arthur was not aware until then that Ector was not his father. But all the lords and the great men of the land said that Arthur should not be their king, and they strove their very best to pull the sword from the anvil, but could not. At the great feast of Pentecost the people said, "Arthur is our king, for he alone can pull the sword from the stone." And Arthur was made king, and the people rejoiced.

The story of Arthur had its origin in the phenomena of cloudland. Stripped of its superfluous matter, the story assumes a form common to the traditions and folk-lore of all the Teutonic, or even all the Aryan nations. Not only is the wonderful sword of Roland who was slain in the valley of Roncesvalles—the sword Durendal "that God sent by his angel to King Charles, to be his captain's sword"—seen again in the first blade granted to King Arthur, but the story of the mode in which Arthur becomes master of it is precisely the story of the Teutonic Sigurd and the Greek Theseus. When Signy, daughter of Volsung, and Siggeir, King of Gothland, were married, the wedding feast was held in Volsung's great mead-hall, and in the midst of the hall stood the great oak tree Branstock. An old man, one-eyed and of great stature entered the hall. He was clad in a spotted cloak, and wore a slouched hat on his head, and went barefoot; in his hand was a sword. He went to the Branstock and smote the sword up to the hilt into the tree, and said, "Whoso plucketh out this sword from this stock shall have the same as a gift from me." The old man was Odin. All the nobles in the hall tried to pluck the sword from the tree, but could not. Last of all came Sigmund, Volsung's son, and no sooner did he set finger on the

pommel than it loosed itself lightly to his hand. Sigmund was our Arthur.

There is not a single incident in the whole story with which we are not familiar in the earlier legends. The fortunes of Igerne, Arthur's mother, are precisely those of Alkmene, Uther Pendragon playing the part of the god Zeus, while Gorlois takes the place of Amphitryon. Arthur is a reproduction of Sigurd or Perseus. Arthur and his brave knight Balin answer respectively to Achilleus and Odysseus in the Achaian host. The sword taken from the stone is snapped in twain in the conflict with Pellinore, like the sword of Odin in the Volsung story; but it is brought back to him in the form of Excalibur, by a maiden who answers to the Greek Thetis or the Teutonic Hjordis, like the sword forged by Regin from the broken bits of Odin's sword Gram brought by Sigurd's mother. Gwenhwyfar, Arthur's wife, was the Greek Helen. The Round Table, Gwenhwyfar's dowry was to Arthur as fatal as the treasures of Helen to Menelaos. As Helen was to be the ruin of cities, of men, and of ships, so Gwenhwyfar was to bring misery on herself and on all around her. Fay Morgan, the sister of Arthur, has the power of transformation possessed by all the fish and water-gods, Proteus, Ommes, Thetis, &c. Medrawd who married Gwenhwyfar, was Paris who stole Helen, the wife of Menelaos. At the hands of a maiden he narrowly escapes the doom which Medeia and Deianeira brought upon Glauke and on Herakles. Warned by the Lady of the Lake not to put on this vesture until he has first seen the bringer wear it, he makes the maiden put it on, "and forthwith she fell down, and was brent to coals." Arthur is responsible for most of the uncommon phenomena to be seen in the mountains of Wales. He played at quoits near Harlech, and in Pembrokeshire; his table is in Anglesea; his stone is in Glamorganshire; his chair is in Breconshire; and finally, "Arthur's harp"—the constellation Lyra—perpetuates his name in heaven.

MORGAN JOHN RHEES.

By Rev. Owen James, Titusville, Pa.

The Rev. Morgan John Rhees, the great-grandfather of Rush Rhees, the new president of the University of Rochester, and the great-grandfather of Nicholas Murray Butler, another foremost educator of today, was a man of remarkable qualities. His life began in 1760 in the vale of Glamorgan, the richest and most beautiful section of beautiful little Wales.

He was well born. His parents were in affluent circumstances, owned land and belonged to the upper social crust among the Welsh people. Personal dignity, force of character, social polish and ease, independence in judgment, speech and conduct, the habit of ruling, of being looked up to and of taking the initiative came naturally to him. These were the traits of the class to which he belonged.

His mind was noted for alertness and catholicity. His interests were universal. He appeared free from prejudices. His hospitality to the most advanced suggestion in all that pertained to the welfare of men was wonderful.

His education was excellent. His father gave him the best schooling that a Dissenter could get in England at that time. His mastery of the English language and literature was as thorough as that of his native Welsh. He was radically progressive. His insight was clear and penetrating. He saw accurately the condition of the age and the needs of the people. His sympathy was intense. He was the most unselfish of men. He was also an active and practical man. He no sooner perceived what was needed than he set about to bring it to pass. He saw visions and dreamed dreams, and then with all the energy of his forceful personality undertook to change them into actual realities. Hence he was a prophet and apostle of liberty and intelligence. He wrote books, published magazines, travelled extensively preaching and lecturing —all in behalf of freedom and schools for the common people. He knew Robert Raikes, and organized Sunday Schools. Like Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and almost every high-minded young man of that period he hailed the French Revolution with delight. In 1792 we find him in Paris preaching the gospel in a rented hall, and distributing Bibles to the people.

He was fearless and outspoken, reckless of consequences, and almost oblivious to all considerations of policy and expediency. In 1794 he fell under the suspicions of the Eng-

lish government, and fled to America. Landing in New York, October 12th, he at once took a journey south as far as Savannah, Georgia. After his return he traveled to New England as far as Boston. On the ocean and on his travels, he wrote many letters and kept a diary. These show breadth of knowledge, versatility of mind, keenness of observation, clearness of insight, maturity of judgment, progressiveness of spirit and unselfishness of heart that are truly marvelous. They make plain also that he was an eloquent and masterful preacher, and a fearless advocate of liberty. All the way to Savannah and back he never ceased, in sermon, lecture and conversation, to condemn slavery and to plead for the emancipation of the negroes.

In 1796 he married Ann, the daughter of Col. Benjamin Losley, a leading citizen of Philadelphia. Five children were born of this union. The fourth was Morgan John Rhees, Jr., who married Grace Wallis Evans. To these were born three children; the second of which was John Evans Rhees, who married Anna H. McCutchen. These also had three children, two girls and a boy. The boy is President Rush Rhees of Rochester, N. Y.

The fifth child of Morgan John Rhees was Eliza, who married Rev. Nicholas Murray, and had ten children. The fifth of these was Mary Jones Murray, who married Henry L. Butler. Of this union three children were born. The oldest is Professor Nicholas Murray Butler.

In 1798 Morgan John Rhees bought of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania a large tract of land in the midst of the Alleghany mountains. This he called Cambria. It afterwards gave its name to Cambria County, and is to-day its center. Thither Mr. Rhees brought many of his countrymen, and was extremely busy among them selling land, building houses, preaching the gospel, teaching school, publishing a newspaper, establishing a library, and whatever else his fertile yeastful brain and indomitable energy led him on to. Later we find him successively a Justice of the Peace, Associate Judge, Prothonotary, Clerk of the Courts, Register of Wills and Recorder of Deeds for Somerset County, of which Cambria was then a part. In 1804 he died, and was taken to Philadelphia for burial.

Within the past few weeks, the Rev. J. T. Griffith of Lansford, Pa., has collected into an interesting book almost all that is now known of this great Welshman. The book contains many of his letters, much of his diary, some of his sermons, addresses and essays, elaborate genealogies, and other matter of deep interest and value to all intelligent people. The book is published by the author, and is sold for sixty cents.

FATHER WINTER.

Old winter's with us once again
With chills and shivers in his train;
Wrapped up in snow so white and nice
With purple nose and jaws of ice.

His breath is vapor, and his hair
Is naught bnt icicles, so fair.
He hugs his breast to keep it warm
Altho he "blows" he means no harm.

ABERGELE AND CEFN-YR-OGOF.

Abergele is about five miles distant from Rhyl on our journey westward. As we leave Rhyl, we cross the Foryd bridge, which conveys us over the estuary of the Clwyd, and enter Denbighshire, and soon we take the last peep of the beautiful spire of Bodelwyddan, St. Asaph Cathedral, Rhuddlan and Dyserth Castles, and the Moels of the Vale of Clwyd to our left. The church we pass on our left is Towyn, and beyond it we see Kinmel on the hill side. Abergele, or rather its suburb, Pensarn (for the town is three quarter of a mile from the station and the shore) is now rising as a watering place, and all the attractions are almost equally as available from Pensarn as from Rhyl.

Pennant refers to a tradition which states that "in old times the sea overwhelmed a vast tract of inhabited country once extending northwards, and says that "a dateless, nameless epitaph on Abergele churchyard wall is called in evidence—"In this church lies a man who lived three miles to the north of it." But as a better proof, it may be observed at low water, from the clayey banks, a long tract of hard loam filled with the bodies of oak trees, tolerably entire, but so soft as to be cut with a knife as easily as wax.

The neighborhood of Abergele abounds in ancient encampments; in fact, the low range of hills from St. George's to Penmaenrhos seems to have been a chain of defences. One of these, Castell Cawr, is the hill covered with trees, which we see from the station, to the left of the other hill on the slopes of which Gwrych Castle stands. Castell Cawr is less than a mile from the town, and a pass over the fields—a very slough of despond in wet weather—can be found by turning to the left

on the Bangor road. From the hill can be had a view of part of the Vale of Clwyd.

Besides the above mentioned places of interest, are Cefn-yr-Ogof and the Cefn Cave. The great cave, "Yr Ogof," is two miles along the Bangor road, reached by turning up from one of the lodges of Gwrych Park. It is a trackless cavern, which, it is said, many a British army has sheltered in days of yore; and an inscription at the lodge we have just mentioned records some of the famous events which happened thereabout. This "Cefn Cave" is well worth a visit. The summit of the hill itself is called Cefn-yr-Ogof. There is, of course, a glorious sea view, including Puffin Island and the Anglesea coast, and then we see the beautiful line of mountains from Penmaenmawr to Moel Siabod, with Carnedd Llywellyn, round topped and hollow-breasted, crowning the range. To the south of Cefn-yr-Ogof, only half a mile or so away, is Gorddyn Mawr, where the well-marked ramparts of an ancient stronghold are to be seen. Gorddyn Mawr is on the east of the little valley, through which the stream runs to Llanddulas village.

Abergele, Tan-yr-ogo Cave.

Cefn Cave is one of the largest and most remarkable in Europe. The entrance opening is 48 feet high. A little way inside stands a pillar which divides the cave into two parts or rooms. The tunnel on the left side ends very soon, but the one on the right opens into a capacious room, 30 feet high, and a tunnel

traverses under the mountain to an unknown distance. Years ago, the sides of this wonderful cave were covered with stalactites in a most perfect order, like the pipes of an organ, but visitors have despoiled it of all these.

Cefn Valley from the Cave.

It is a pleasant walk of two miles and a quarter from Abergele to St. George's, a little village lying at the entrance to Kinmel Park, and the scene, according to one tradition, of the conflict between St. George and the Dragon, in proof of which, Mr. Thomas says in his History of St. Asaph, marks of the horses' hoofs were once shown on the coping stone of the churchyard wall. In this neighborhood, Llanddulas, Richard II., lured by Northumberland from Conway, fell into the power of Bolingbroke. Richard, as soon as he spied armed horsemen beneath the trees, put spurs to his own steed. Northumberland seized the king's bridle, with the remark that the armed and mounted men were only a guard of honor. It may be also mentioned that in a solitary, old, and spacious mansion at Gwrych, Mrs. Heman lived and sang when she was young; and between the cavern and the sea the pass is narrow, and may well be termed the Thermopylae of Wales, for here were fought and won many of its mighty battles.

THE CYMRY IN BRITAIN—THE BRITONS.

PART II.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips, M. A.

In another chapter we endeavored to show that the Gomeri of the Hebrew were the Kimmerioi of the Greek, and the Cimmerii of the Latin, that the Cimmerii of Asia were the Cimbri of Europe, and that the Cimbri of the continent were the Cymry of the Island.

The ancient Britons were these Cymry, Cimbri, Cimmerii, Kimmerioi, Gomeri, who, under their generic or specific names, once inhabited nearly the whole of western Asia, eastern, central, northern and western Europe, and who under different names and at different times crossed over into Britain. How early their vanguard crossed the channel we are not informed. History was not yet born to record the event. Peradventure it was fifteen or twenty centuries before Christ. The landing of the Pilgrims on the bleak shores of New England marked an era in the history of civilization; the landing of the Cymry on the rocky coast of Britain marked an era in the history of humanity. Were it not for the landing of the Cymry, the landing of the Pilgrims would have been impossible. Britain was to be the cradle of civil and religious liberty, and they were on their way to give it birth and rock its cradle. Savage men they were, but not a savage God that guided their course. His designs were good and gracious. He looked beyond the centuries and saw in the event perfect freedom and civilization. You see them approach the water, embark their crude boats, cross the tempestuous channel, and land at length on the rocky coast, on which the foot of man had never stepped. You see them hoist their flag and take possession of the island in the name of the Cymry; and you see them penetrate the interior and build their wigwams, anticipating in the far distant future their cultivated fields and palatial mansions, their work of arts and sciences, their civil and religious liberty.

Which of the Cymric nations first entered the island, whether the one bearing the generic name, or one bearing a specific designation, like the Belgic, Celtic, or Aquitanic, men of letters are not so positive. Caesar, who had twice visited the island as a military commander, and who had often conversed with the islanders on the continent, states that the inhabitants of the interior were born of the soil, and that those on

the coast were immigrants from Belgia. Tacitus, the great Roman historian, who lived a century later, and who was son-in-law of Agricola, who was many years military governor of the island, states that "it appears probable that the Gauls originally took possession on the neignboring coast." The Triads which seem to embody the traditions of the island and the belief of the people, state that the Cymry, who bore the generic name, were the first to enter the island. But whether the Belgic, Celtic, Aquitanic, or the mother nation, is immaterial. They were Cymry, and they under one Cymric name or another were the first to enter, possess, and inhabit the island. Their proximity to the continent, whose central, northern and western portions were inhabited by the Cymry, both the parent stock and branch nations, looks in that direction. The pressure of the nations from the East, and the crowded condition of the nations in the West, look in tne same direction. The similarity of their language, their laws, and their custom indicates their identity. The nature of their mind, heart, and will, corroborates the fact. Between the Cimbri on the Chersonesus and the Cymry on the island, between the Bretons in Brittany and the Britons in Britain, between the Loirainians in the valley of the Loire and the Lloegrwys in the valley of the Thames, between the Celtiberians in Spain and Silurians in Wales, between the Belgae on the shores of the North Sea and the Belgae on the shores of the British Channel, between the Gauls of the continent and the Gaels of Scotland and Ireland, and between the Pictones of the continent and the Picts of the island, you discover essential oneness, even through the modifications of centuries. Western Europe is in the main, ethnically the same to-day as thirty centuries ago. Through all the modifications of time and mutations of war it has wonderfully preserved its ethnical identity. The Franks, who conquered the country in the fifth century, have been long absorbed by the conquered inhabitants, and have entirely disappeared save in name. France is to-day as much Belgic, Celtic, Aquitanic, Cymric, as in the days of Caesar. And the British Islands are, in the main, ethnically the same to-day as thirty or forty centuries ago.

Ireland, Scotland and Wales are ethnically as much Belgic, Celtic, Aquitanic, Cymric, as in the days of Caesar, and England is ethnically underlied and interpenetrated by Cymry blood, thought and inspiration. As the Celts, on account of their number, centrality and proximity to the Greeks and Romans, the historians of the age, have usurped the place of the mother nation, and imparted their name to the other Cymric nations, so that we often, if not generally, speak and write of the Cymry as descendants of the Celts, and not the Celts as descendants of the Cymry; so that the Bretons by giving their name to the name of the island have unwittingly usurped

the place of the mother nation, and imparted their name to the other Cymric nations, so that we often, if not generally, speak and write of the Cymry as descendants of the Britons, and not the Britons descendants of the Cymry. Ethnically the Cymry are not Britons, but the Britons Cymry, and Britain should have been called the Cymric Island instead of the British Island. But custom is stronger than logic, and the daughter sits on the throne of the mother.

Britain has been known by three prominent designations, "Honey Island," "Rocky Island," and "Great Britain." But whether known by the nature of the island, the ethnic name of its first inhabitants, or any other, Britain presents a remarkable appearance and remarkable attractions. There she "rocks in the cradle of the deep," surrounded by ocean, sea and channels, with the eyes of the world upon it—populous, rich, important, commanding; the mart of commerce, the seat of government, the queen of the ocean, and the admiration of the planet. It deserves and demands the study of its history.

How long had it been separated from the continent, and had existed as an island? Whence came and how long had it been covered with soil, tree, and plant? Whence came and how long had it been inhabited by bird, beast, and fish? Whence came and how long had it been inhabited by man ere its hidden wealth had been discovered? The Phoenicians are said to have visited the island six or ten centuries prior to the Christian era. Aristotle, the famous philosopher, who lived in the fourth century before Christ, speaks of it by name in one of his great works. When Julius Caesar attempted to invade and conquer the island in the 55th and 54th year before Christ, he found it swarming with inhabitants, whose skill and bravery staggered his conception. He had met some of the Britons in Gaul, and had known of assistance brought from the island to their kindred in the Gallic war, and had for that reason, nominally, determined to punish their temerity by an invasion of their island, and its subjugation to Rome. Late in the summer of B. C. 55, Caesar embarked for the island with eighty ships and two legions of soldiers, and with eighteen ships of burden. He cut across the narrow channel, touched the shores of Britain, selected a place to land, cast anchor, prepared to disembark; the soldiers hesitated, the scenes were strange, the shores were unknown, the water was deep, the Britons hurled their darts, crowded the shore, rushed into the waves, brandished their weapons, and threatened destruction, when the standard bearer of the tenth legion exclaimed, "Leap, fellow soldiers, leap, unless you wish to betray your eagle to the enemy. I, for my part, will perform my duty to the commonwealth and my commander." When he had said this with a loud voice he leaped from the ship, and proceeded to bear the eagle toward the

enemy. Then the others followed, and faced their foes in the waves and up the steep. Hand to hand and foot to foot they struggled. Briton with Roman and Roman with Briton clinched, till at length Roman skill and discipline overcame British strength and valor. On the land as in the water the contest went on, at intervals, four days, when Caesar thought it prudent to leave the island and embark at midnight for the continent, taking with him a few hostages and a few pledges as the reward of his labor.

The next year he made another attempt to conquer the island, and embarked with eight hundred ships, five legions of soldiers, and two thousand horse. This time he penetrated farther into the country, and met as before determined resistance. His march in the direction of the Thames, through the territory and toward the capital of Cassivellaunus, the brave and skillful commander of the British forces, who opposed and annoyed him from the sea to the river, and who once and again gave him battle. But Caesar's fame and Roman discipline had the advantage now as before. Yet all that Caesar gained even this time, were a few more hostages and a few more pledges to be broken as soon as he turned his back—tribute imposed never to be paid. After an expedition of a hundred miles, and a sojourn of a few weeks, he returned toward the coast and embarked for the continent, flushed with fame if not with trophies. He had attracted the eyes of the world toward the island, and had driven an entering wedge for Roman sway. We agree with Tacitus that "Caesar's invasion of Britain" was more a survey of the country than a conquest of the island.

The Britons in their resistance to Caesar, like their ancestors in their invasion of Asia, in their march into Greece, in their attack on Rome, and in their other and greater exploits, were a brave people. Bravery was one of their cardinal virtues. This Caesar tacitly acknowledges in taking into the island on his second visit eight hundred ships instead of eighty, five legions of soldiers instead of two, and two thousand horse instead of three hundred, and this he publicly and repeatedly affirms in his account of his encounter with them, both on the continent and on the island. No people can have stronger recommendation for bravery than the Cymry have received from the pen of Caesar and the Latin writers, and from the pen of Plutarch and the Greek historians. According to them they were brave to a fault, and reckless to a crime. Fear they knew not, and danger they coveted. With them as with the Spartans bravery was rewarded with immortality, and cowardice punished with death. Had they been as united as they were brave, Caesar would never have landed on their coast, and the Romans would never have conquered the island. They fought over the dead bodies of their fallen comrades four deep, and when their

weapons had failed them fought their enemies with their naked bodies. Their women were equally brave with their men, and at times of great danger even surpass them in valor and inspired their courage.

But the Britons in the time of Caesar were divided into petty kingdoms, which spent their summers in fighting each other, and found it difficult to unite their forces against the common enemy. Had they been bound together, like the bundles of sticks in the fable, by the love of country and the practice of wisdom, Caesar would never have broken them, but they would have broken the arms of Caesar and the power of Rome. As they were unbound and spread apart, stick from stick, kingdom from kingdom, with envy, jealousy and hatred between them, it was compartively easy for a power like Rome, and for a general like Caesar to break them one by one till all were broken. And were it not for the civil wars at Rome, and the termination of his life by the dagger of Brutus, he would have doubtless done it. As it was he broke a few of the sticks, damaged a few of the kingdoms, so that it took them a long time to recover their former strength and magnitude.

As a people they were quick, impetuous and independent. Their quickness, impetuosity and independence were in the extreme. The chase, the battle, and the forest gave them abnormal development and unwarrantable license. What nature designed to be their joy and glory they made their sorrow and shame. They became a country split into fragments, a people alienated apart, "a house divided against itself." The disintegration, separation, and hostility invited their common enemy to take the inheritance of both. Quickness, jealousy, impetuosity, fire, force, independence, steadfastness, persistency, and kindred traits are in their nature good, grand and glorious; but out of their place, without the adhesive element of reason, prudence and patriotism to unify their government, and unite, their forces are bad, low and ruinous. Yet the Britons in the time of Caesar were pre-eminently religious. Their quickness, impetuosity, and independence, combined with dash and bravery, gave force and unction to their worship. Their temple was the forest, their sacrifice the brute creation and human life, and their object of worship the God of heaven in the works of his hands. They believed in the principles of nature, the laws of righteousness, the immortality of the soul, and the reward of good and evil. Their system of worship was Druidism, brought from the East, developed in Europe, and reflected from Britain. At the time of which we speak its seat and its throne was the Isle Mona, whence priests, and teachers and bards were sent to the continent to sacrifice, to teach, and to sing. These were the three distinct officers of the Druidic system or Druidic religion.

The civil and religious condition of the Britons in the time of Caesar

indicates their educational and social life. They were diligent students of nature and of nature's God. They studied the present state of existence, and prognosticated the future of existence in which all should dwell. Of botany, geology and astronomy they had considerable knowledge. Their acquaintance with flowers and their use in medicine were wonderful. Under the ground as on the surface they were at home, and in the art of mining proficient. On the continent as on the island they were famous for bringing the heart of the earth to the surface. The product of their mines went as far as Phoenicia, and beyond. In the study of the heavens they had made considerable proficiency. Without the aid of modern science or art, or even of Grecian or Roman learning, they could tell considerable of the stars and the solar system. As they committed nothing to writing it took, we are told, twenty years to commit their mystic instruction to memory. Even nobles and princes came to the island from the continent to complete their education in the schools of the Druids. Their skill in the mechanic arts and the implements of war astonished even the Roman soldiers, and the great Caesar. Their war chariots and their skill in the management of them, on the hillside as on the plain, in turning a sharp corner as in a straight line, in driving through their enemies as over the open field, the master guiding the horses, and the servant leaping off, and on the chariot, to kill his man and save himself, appeared to the foes of the island wonderful. Their purity, honesty and conscientiousness were remarkable for the age in which they lived. Woman was not among the beasts of burden, but the companion of man. She was his other and better half, the sharer of his joys and sorrows.

* * *

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

By Theologus.

VII.

With the Reformation the power of science waned, and the influence of religion became supreme. Interest in the spiritual world became so engrossing that people once more took delight in ignoring physical knowledge, and became concerned only in matters pertaining to the world to come. But in spite of this great change in the minds of men, the seed of investigation was planted mysteriously in some select intellects which continued musing and meditating over the great facts of nature. To them the theory of Special Creation was unsatisfactory; they

were not led away by false conclusions drawn from the premises of God's power; they knew of facts in nature which unmistakably pointed to another theory of the upbuilding of this world; they knew of simple truths which suggested a continual, a gradual development of the physical world above and around us.

Bacon very happily states that there are only two ways of gaining knowledge, viz., anticipation and interpretation. The first was the way of the undeveloped and untutored, which was in vogue through the ages; the second the way of the scientific mind, which during the last fifty years has revolutionized the world. The manner of the first is to observe a few general facts, and thereon hurry from the senses to the most general axions; the other process gathers multitudes of facts, arranges and classifies them, and thereby constructing by gradually ascending the scale of information. This is interpretation; that is speculation. The one loves facts and truths; the other revels in dreams and conjectures.

Those thinkers to whose minds the theory of evolution has been suggested, and who have followed this line of investigation during the three last centuries have been few and far between, solitary and unnoticed. They recorded their extraordinary ideas on the pages of books, which very few appreciated. Some of these thoughts were even unknown and unnoticed by their contemporaries, and even by their fellow-philosophers. Lamarck labored for years in France in the interest of the theory of evolution utterly unknown to Goethe in Germany working for the same object. So it seems, that the principles of evolution were spreading secretly, like roots, during all the years; in Darwin they sprang forth and blossomed in the sight of the thinking world. In the following remarks we shall state briefly the growth of the theory.

Bacon pointed out the evidence for variation, and the production of new species and the gradations of life. He had glimpses of the process of evolution, and had some conception of some of its principles. To Descartes the world was a mechanism explicable upon physical principles; but so overwhelming was the general opinion favorable to Special Creation that he wavered between the true order of things and the prevailing belief. Leibnitz believed in Continuity and Perfectibility. "All advances by degrees and not by leaps." According to him, nature has thought fit to remove the intermediate species, especially between Man and the Apes. Spinoza, Pascal, Newton and Hume saw the uniformity of nature. Hume concluded that the world was generated gradually, not made instantaneously. Emmanuel Kant believed all nature to be under the domain of natural causes—that man belongs to the ranks of nature. He had noticed the agreement of so many kinds of animals in a certain plan of structure, so that a wonderfully simple typical

form by a little change or development might be able to produce a numerous variety of species. We observed also "that this analogy of forms strengthens the supposition that they have an actual blood-relationship." Herder observed that similarities of external and internal structure pervade all the land animals, and are repeated in man. Different species of animals, amphibia, water animals, birds, fishes, are but varieties of the man type. "All the functions of life," he thought "are the diverse modifications of a single force."

Although these philosophers furnish statements of the general idea of evolution, they adduced hardly any evidence or proofs to substantiate or verify their conclusions. They were more the result of speculation than of investigation. Very little progress in physical science had been as yet made; so these were happy guesses or felicitous suppositions. Even a superficial observation of the ways of nature would have suggested the simple fact that nothing comes into existence abruptly, but gradually; and the construction of every part of nature betokens growth and a gradual upbuilding,

Although Diderot had very little evidence or array of natural facts to support his views, he had instinctively discovered the idea of evolution; and had formed in his mind a complete outline of the theory which scientists now adopt as the most rational process of creation. He believed that "the seed of life is in inorganic matter; that by development it has acquired in succession movement, sensation, ideas, thought, reflection, conscience, emotions, gestures, articulation, language, laws, and finally arts and sciences; that millions of years have elapsed during each of these phases of development." Diderot also discussed "Natural Selection," and "The Survival of the Fittest." His labor was nevertheless, largely speculative.

Bonnet and Robinet, French naturalists, at the close of the last century had very advanced views of evolution, intermingled with conjectures which were mere fantasies. Bonnet works out Leibnitz' law of continuity into the idea that all creation is one continuous ascent of life from the lowest to the highest; not successive acts of special creations, but "a scale of absolutely unbroken individuals." This scale is not broken by death. Robinet also denies all distinction between the organic and the inorganic. According to his view, nature has an aim or constant tendency towards perfection of each type; and he held that from the beginning her aim has been through countless ages, to produce Man.. From the simplest beginnings in life, she has by continuous changes through the operation of internal and external influences, reached the perfection of Man, which she will further improve into a higher and more perfect being.

WALES.

By Rev. E. O. Jones.

(Translated from Islwyn).

Dear Cymru, mid thy mountains soaring high
Dwells Genius, basking on the quiet air,
And heavenly shades and solitude more rare
And all wrapt round with fullest harmony
Of streams which fall afar. Thus pleasantly
Neath Nature their fit foster mother's care,
Thy children learn from infant hours to bear
And work the will of God. Thy scenery
So varied-wild, so strangely sweet and strong,
Till flows their fancy, in poetic rills.
The voice of Nature breathes in every song.
And we may read therein thy features kind
As in some turn that nestles neath thy hills.

Llanidloes, N. W.

GREATER WALES.

By Prof. T. McKenny Hughes.

(Extract from his Address at Aberystwyth.)

Will any sensible man who knows Wales and the Welsh maintain that the various types of form, feature and color that we see in groups perhaps here and there, but varying as much and in the same direction as in the same classes in England, belong to a different race from any found in England, or even to one race of any kind?

The short, swarthy Gwyr Arddudwy, probably remnants of the Ordovices, are very different from the Silures of Carmarthen and Glamorgan, and easily distinguished from the big-boned, large-featured, straight-haired Cardy of the interior. I may say of the interior because the Welshman of the sea-coast represents another race altogether. The sandy-haired, reddish-brown, or light-haired morwr, who is so common in all our seaports, is an obvious relic of the Scandinavians and Finns who, whether as a Norwegian, Danish, or mixed Baltic race, landed and stayed on all the British coastline. Do the Cochion Caio belong to the same nationality as the Gwyr Eryri, or are the dwellers in "Lloegr

fach tu hwnt i Gymry" the same as the rest of the Hwntws? Of all the various races that have gone to the making of the present inhabitants of Wales, whose temperament have we inherited?

Turn now to England. Dark people varying locally as do the dark people in Wales are found not only in the northern counties, in the Highlands of Scotland, and in Devonshire, where they may be supposed to have originated in much the same way, but we find them locally grouped in Norfolk and other parts of the eastern counties; and all along the coast we find the very same varieties of sandy-reddish or fair people as we see round the coast of Wales. There are more of the dark people in Wales and the west of England, more flaxen-haired people in some parts of eastern or central England; but the ancient races are all scattered about and mixed up so that no large area is occupied by any one nationality. To talk of separate nationalities among the mixed people who make up the population of the British Isles is to talk the most arrant nonsense.

Now let us turn to another point of view. Who are the inhabitants of Liverpool, Bristol, Manchester, London and other large towns of England? How shall we form an opinion? Let us walk about and look at their faces. From that inspection we should certainly not infer that they were very different from the inhabitants of Aberystwyth, Bangor, or Cardiff. Certainly they do not all belong to the fair type which we are accustomed to call Saxon, and which we find represented in some of the inland counties of England. Let us next look at the names on the doors and over the shops. Here we find an enormous proportion of those patronymics with which we are so familiar in our own country. Wales for the Welsh indeed! The Welsh have gone forth and possessed England. The Welsh have great adaptability and versatility, and when they have trained themselves often by individual effort and late in life, they have shown great administrative and financial capacity. What was the burden of the song that has inspired the great and growing expansion of Germany? Was it Germany for the Germans? One of the most popular poems in Germany from about 1813 to 1870 was that written by the patriotic poet, E. M. Arndt, "Was ist das Deutschen Vaterland," "What is the Fatherland of the German?" In which he asks "Shall it be restricted to the geographical limits of mountain and valley, or the political boundaries of surrounding nations?" but answers,

> Oh no, oh no, that ne'er can be,
> The German's home a wider range must see.

Wherever there is work to be done and waste places of the earth to be reclaimed, where truthful and trusting men stand shoulder to shoulder in the battle of life, there the German finds himself at home. What a large view of life!

But what have we been brought up on—what historical recollections,

what high aspirations? A few noisy demagogues, marching along like the three tailors of Tooley Street, proclaim themselves the representatives of the whole Welsh race and cry "Wales for the Welsh." Wales for the Welsh indeed! Remember that means England for the English. When we have gathered the Welsh in from Canada, the United States, Africa, Australia and India, Wales will not be large enough to contain them. If the Welsh are, as I believe they are, holding their own in the increasing population of the British Empire, there should be reserved for us a proportionate share of that empire,—a piece nearly as large as all Europe. Wales for the Welsh indeed! A fair share of the world for Welshmen, say I. "Wide as the world the Briton's home!" What a motto for our flag. Let this University College investigate the question how much of the ancient British blood runs in the veins of the average Englishman. At any rate, we need not be ashamed to claim kinship with those who are known as the British race all over the world, and may feel the same proud security in being able to say, "I am a British subject," as did the ancient who could command respect by the simple statement, "I am a Roman citizen."

MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

The reader will please read "theoretical" instead of "theatrical" near the close of the quotation from Harry Evans, page 533, in the last number of "The Cambrian."

The evening of "Servian Romances" referred to in the last number proved to be a delightful surprise and success. The exquisite vocal colorist and accompanist, George Henschell, used his opportunity like the true artist he is. Our reference to "Cambrian Romances" begins to bear fruit. Professor Bickner Young, one of the few true vocal teachers in this city, wishes to construct a program of Welsh melodies, with English words, of course. We trust that this fine baritone will serve us a lesson in showing how much beauty and art lies in our well-known melodies. It would be a great satisfaction to all lovers of music to find such singers as James Sauvage, H. Evan Williams, Gwilym Miles, Harry Davies, David Davis, Miss Jennie Owen, Miss Blodwen Jones, Mrs. Woodward, and others, announcing evenings of "Cambrian Romances." Our "own" singers

should be the first to teach the artistic world what a wealth of melodic beauty we have.

It is not very well known that the present Speaker of the House of Representatives, Col. David B. Henderson, is much of a singer—possesses a tuneful soul. A writer remarks that we should not be surprised if the genial David would some day open the proceedings with the singing of a hymn, so fond is he of sacred music. Gen. Hawley, of Connecticut, is the acknowledged choir-master of the Senate, and so is Col. Henderson choir-master of the House, and now can wield a mallet-baton with effect, if need there be. "Thomas B. Reed," writes a Washington correspondent, "is no singer. He has no music in his soul, although it is not quite fair to quote what Shakespeare says of such men in this connection." Col. Henderson has in store all the war and camp-songs, and many Scotch songs, and he sings them well in a rich tenor voice. But in the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldier," and "Hold the Fort," we are told that he cannot easily be excelled. We trust that a musical Speaker will have sufficient charm in speech and song to soothe the savage breast of many a Congressman.

The announcement by Maurice Grau in the Chicago papers, that it is useless to bring Grand Opera here, has caused much feeling, and many harsh comments. He asserts that he lost from $25,000 to $30,000 by his three week venture.

Ridiculous things will happen. A young lady organist in a Colorado church was somewhat in love with the young pastor of a church in the next street, and was delighted to hear that he was to exchange pulpits the next Sunday with her own pastor. The organ was pumped by a careless and characteristic old sexton, who would often stop pumping when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough. This Sunday, the organist was anxious that all should go well; and, as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the old sexton. He took it, and in spite of her agonizing beckonings, carried it straight to the preacher, thinking, naturally, that it was an "announcement." The preacher was much astonished and mystified to read: "Oblige me this morning, by blowing away till I give you a signal to stop. Miss Allen."

The Chicago "Record" published a London cablegram December 9, stating that Sir Hubert Parry had been elected to the Oxford musical professorship made vacant by Dr. John Stainer. This is honor indeed. We trust Sir Hubert will accept, and add one more Welsh light to the already brilliant Welsh galaxy at the famous seat of learning.

What a fatal decade the fourth has been in the history of men of genius! What a strange picture of the workings of Fate. Who can explain why so many, with talents of an unusual order, have succumbed between the 30th and 40th year?

Henry Purcell died at 37; Byron at 36; Mozart at 35; Burns at 37; Mendelssohn at 37; Schubert at 31; Hermann Goetz at 36; Shelley at 30; Bellini at 34; Bizet at 37; Pergolesi was but 26 when the end came; Keats was the same age; Tausig, the pianist, was but 29. Many instances of the same workings of fate can be enumerated from among Welsh poets and musicians.

We have just gone through the ever-pleasing season of the ever-popular oratorio—what has become a Christmas musical necessity—Handel's "Messiah;" not the best production of his genius, but surely the most heart-responsive of all his fourteen oratorios. In this region, the first in the field was the Milwaukee Society, December 21, under its new and energetic conductor, Mr. Daniel Protheroe, Mus. Bac., of which we have written to the "Drych." Then followed the Chicago Apollo Club, December 25, with its "one," and not two performances of the "Messiah," under the leadership of Mr. Harrison M. Wild, whose work has transformed the Apollos into a very fine society. This last organization, gave us, December 11, Saint Saens' sacred opera—"Samson and Delilah" in a masterful manner, with three special artists in the leading roles. Sacred Opera? True enough. Better call it oratorio. The people, many of them, will feel better in the matter. There is no form of musical composition as dramatic as oratorio—too sacredly dramatic to be mimicked by any acting. The brightest and most intense "acting" is that of the mental; and the spiritual. Far away, and above all other causes, it is the oratorio that gives to the imagination its best and grandest flights and training. The inestimable value of these oratorio performances in the upliftment and betterment of the human heart, and of their value to the heart of art, cannot be written by pen, nor told by tongue.

SONGS OF WALES.

(Translated from Ceiriog.)

By Rev. E. O. Jones.

Songs of Wales live in our ears,
Through the swiftly passing years;
Moaning storm-winds as they blow
Murmur songs of long ago;
Voices of our dead ones dear
In our country's airs we hear,
Whispering leaves in every grave
Murmur low the songs we love;
Sings the sea neath roaring gales
Snatches of the songs of Wales;
And to Kymric ears they sound
Through creation all around.

"A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE ON SOCIETY."

By Margaret H. Williams, Plymouth, Pa.

Every human being is a centre of influence for good or for bad. God has seen fit to endow the mother with an influence, which far exceeds all other influences. A mother's influence is silent, irresistible and permanent. In all ages and countries, the word "mother" has been sacred, and every one who occupies that holy state, has in her hands an unlimitable power of influence. Since the mother's influence is conceded by all to be far reaching, it is positively essential that true motherhood be synonymous with all that is noble, pure, cultured and good; then the sphere in which her influence is felt will be better for it.

She has in her hands the training of the men of this and future ages. To people the world with the best possible men and women of the coming ages, a mother should be a woman of much force of character. To motherhood has been given the privilege of impressing upon the pliable child mind, the first work of culture; she also imparts the first ideas of right and wrong; to her is given ample opportunity to watch the young mind developing. It has been said that a mother is a stranger to every feeling but love; how then can the child avoid imbibing a silent influence from a being who is constantly loving, thinking of, and planning for his future. During the years of infancy, with what vigilance does a mother care for her children? She lives and works for them, and unconsciously exerts the influence which will make her children a blessing or a detriment to the society in which they move. The mother may in after years have joined the silent majority, yet her child is then sowing the seeds of his early training and home environments.

During infancy the embryo mind is influenced by the home environments, of which the mother is the ruling power. Passing from infancy to youth, the child has imbibed the principles of his environment, which to a remarkably great degree is influenced by the mother. Advancing from youth to manhood, where he finds that life is a stern reality, he goes forth into the world. He begins to form friendships, and is thrown into the companionship of people raised among better or worse environments. All who associate with him either socially or professionally, will be influenced by the principles brought from his home environments. That influence may be the means of deteriorating or uplifting all or some of his associates. If the mother's training has been what it should be, then fortunate are all who shall know and associate

with him. If the mother neglected the opportunity to instill sound principles into her child as God meant that she should when he entrusted a soul into her keeping, then the society her child moves in will to some degree suffer and be influenced wrongly. A child can never fully appreciate and be grateful enough for the influence of a good mother. Whatever success sons or daughters may achieve in life; whatever good they may have in them, is due greatly to her gentle teachings. America's noblest sons and daughters can justly attribute their nobility of purpose, their graces of heart and mind to the mother's teaching. To Christian motherhood can be attributed indirectly the success, progress and present condition of this grand Republic.

The benign influences of a good noble mother, can never be wholly lost on a depraved son or daughter. When other friends forsake, a mother's unseen influence still remains. Such men as Washington and Garfield have unhesitatingly attributed their success in life to maternal influences. Were it not for Washington's mother, how different would the history of our country have been. George Washington had an ardent desire for sea-faring life, and when quite young, meeting with no apparent opposition, decided to enter the service. All preparations were made—his personal belongings being on board ship, and then came the inevitable parting scene. All went very well, until he saw his mother's suppressed grief when duty prompted him to give up the sea, and remain at home to comfort his dear mother. He obeyed his heart's promptings, and in after years, he it was who was called upon to direct the destinies of millions in this Republic. His mother's sorrow, her smile, her wish, her word always remained an inspiring force. History tells us that John Randolph, the famous infidel, never could shake off the restraining influence of a little prayer, his mother had taught him when a child. Thus the influence of a pious mother, was indirectly the means of at least his acknowledgment, that she was right, and hence his power was limited in wholly influencing others wrongly.

At one time, even the great Napoleon acknowledged the influence of a mother, when he said, "What France wants is good mothers, and you may be sure then that France will have good sons." A mother's sphere fortunately enables her to verify, if she will, the forcible words of Daniel Webster: "If we work upon marble it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principle—with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men—we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity."

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Dreaded Event.

We can better understand the situation in which the princess found herself on the day set apart for the wedding by a consideration of the manner in which she spent the interval between the departure and return of the invading army. Her royal suitor was scarcely out of sight of the castle than she began to upbraid herself for promising to marry him under any circumstances whatever. Of course the promise would signify nothing if Trahaiarn should return in time to claim her for his own, but the hope of her ever seeing him again hung on a very slender thread. What then should she do? For hours she wrestled with her trouble alone, seeking no divine help, yielding to no suggestion of her maid. But towards evening finding her burden unbearable, she betook herself to tne small oratory adjoining the royal chapel, and sank in the extreme agony of her heart before an image of St. Winifred, who, despite the increasing popularity of the Virgin Mary, was still in great favor as a patroness of Gwynedd. Alone and in the anguish of her spirit she poured out her complaint, and besought the saint to cause the return of her betrothed if he was still living, or if he was dead to give her strength to pass through the ordeal awaiting her. Conscious as she was of her passionate nature she was afraid that in a weak moment she might yield to an impulse wholly inconsistent with the promise she had made, and therefore she urged her second petition with more earnestness and persistence than she did the other. At length feeling much relieved, and believing that the help she so much needed would be given her she returned to her room, and ere long was fast asleep.

On the following day she was much improved in spirits and in looks, and during the next three weeks the queen found her applying herself to the work of preparation for the wedding with far greater vim and interest than she had thought possible under the circumstances. Like all the ladies of rank in England and Wales at that time Nest had not been above learning such domestic accomplishments as were at a latter date considered fit only for women of the middle and lower classes. Being an adept at carding wool, spinning, weaving, sewing, and embroidery, her deft hands had

produced many a fine article which would now be called into requisition as a part of her wedding outfit. Among other things she had several gowns, tunics, kirtles, and mantles of home-made linen or woolen cloth, with flowers, animals, stars, and historical subjects worked on them in embroidery. These articles were of different colors and of a quality that distinguished people of rank from those who were socially their inferiors. A lady of humble station would have considered herself well-provided for her marriage had she no more in her trousseau than the princess already had, but Nest, and especially the queen, thought the rank of the prospective bridegroom demanded a larger outfit. Accordingly, the queen's hall was soon converted into a veritable workshop, with looms and needles in full operation. While the coarser work was consigned to the maids on this occasion, the princess and her mother devoted their attention to two court dresses, one of scarlet and the other of purple. These colors being in great favor among the Scandinavians, the queen was bound to have her daughter clad in a manner agreeable to their taste. Nor did her anxiety to conform to the customs of the people among whom the princess expected to live stop with colors.

"I am at a loss to know what figure would best suit the king," said she looking critically at the dress. "Had I only my own taste to satisfy I would embroider alternate rows of roses and lilies; but some other design may better please his majesty."

"Methinks a large battle-axe embroidered with yellow silk might be most agreeable to him," said the princess with ill-suppressed sarcasm.

"No, it shall be a ship," said the queen. "It shall be an exact copy of the 'Bison.' Magnus thinks more of his ship than of his battle-axe. I saw it the other day at Conwy. In your father's fleet there is not one like it. It has more than thirty banks of rowers. There was a great buffalo head on the bow, and its tail on the stern-post. Both the head and the tail together with the sides of the ship were gilded over, and therefore can be worked with yellow silk or gold thread."

"That might please the vanity of the king," said Nest, "but I fear his court would mistake the dress for a chart, and me for a fool. No, flowers or birds, or nothing for me."

It was a fortunate circumstance that the queen's chamberlain appeared at this juncture announcing the desire of a Saxon peddlar to show the ladies of the court a large assortment of dress goods direct from London and Paris. The queen's mind was thus diverted from a subject that might have resulted in a quarrel.

"Bring him in," said she, "that we might examine his bundle. Like as not he has never seen either London or Paris, much less his goods."

"Your majesty shall judge for yourself as to the genuineness of my goods," said the peddlar now entering the room and proceeding at once to open his pack. Then while Al-

dyth and Nest with their attendants crowded him and uttered exclamations of delight at what they saw, he held up one piece of goods after another for their inspection.

"This," said he, "was made for royalty to wear. It is the best piece of cendal that ever saw an English loom."

"I have seen better," said the queen. "Have you no foreign cloth?"

"I have, royal madam, and such as your exquisite taste cannot help admiring," said the peddlar, spreading his imported goods before the delighted gaze of the ladies. "This is a Russian damask in silk and gold, just what your majesty needs, if I may presume to say so. And here is a fine specimen of Sicilian silk of the most approved pattern. You would search the reals in vain for such another piece. I have but a few yards left."

"Then have those to whom you sold the rest left the kingdom?" asked Nest, thinking that the peddlar's words did not hold well together.

"They were never in it to my knowledge," was the prompt reply. "All but this remnant was sold in England. The first piece I sold to the lady of England, who, you know, is the wife of King Edward, and the last piece was bought by the wife of the young Earl Morcar."

The queen allowed the reference to her brother's wife to pass unnoticed, and finding that the remnant would be a valuable addition to the princess' outfit, she bought it after a successful attempt to beat down the price. Nest also was permitted to buy such minor articles as she needed, including a supply of gold thread.

Upon the peddlar's departure the ladies resumed their work, and soon were engaged in an animated conversation touching the merits of the various cloths they had seen. Glad would the maids have been to become the possessors of some of the fine specimens of goods which the peddlar had displayed, but according to the custom of the Welsh court they had to be content to wear the clothes discarded by the queen and princess.

During the excitement attending the preparations for the wedding Nest's mind as well as her hands were too busy to allow her to indulge in melancholy reflections, but the busiest time was scarcely over before she again began to show signs of sadness. Repeated visits to the oratory no longer brought her relief. Each day increased her repugnance for an alliance in the anticipation of which her heart had never taken any delight. While in this mood she sought the confessional, which differed but little from that in Catholic use to-day.

"Holy father," said she kneeling before one of the openings and addressing the king's chaplain, "I have been sore pressed of late, and in my distress I have offended St. Winifred, so that she no longer intercedes for me."

"That is bad, my child, that is bad!" was the reply. "But what is

the nature of thy offense? Tell me that."

"I know not, holy father, unless it be that I have wished that the King of Norway would be slain during this campaign."

"And is not that enough to offend even God himself? Is he not to be thy husband, and is it not a sin to rebel against God's will as well as to wish evil to those who love us?"

Choked with sobs and blinded with tears the princess made no immediate reply; but presently she said with an effort,

"I do not want to marry him, nor do I wish to break my promise; yet I know that if I become his wife I shall be forever miserable."

"I am sorry for thee, my child; yet I will not encourage thee in rebellion against what is a plain, though painful duty. Repent of thy sins and face the inevitable with the courage of a true Christian. God wills that thou bear this burden, which the hand of providence has laid on thy shoulders, to his honor and glory and the salvation of thy soul."

"Then forgive my sins, holy father, and aid me with your prayers that I might do my duty."

"May the Lord absolve thee. I will certainly offer prayers in thy behalf."

The princess now left the chapel in which stood the confessional, and returned to her room somewhat strengthened in her purpose to perform a painful obligation.

During her absence word had reached the castle of the approach of the two kings with their forces, and upon entering her room she learned the news from her maid. There had been times in her life when she would have hailed the news with joy; but for reasons which were far too vivid to her mind she felt no inclination as of old to mount the tower and witness the arrival of the army. Nor did she later, owing to a severe headache, permit Magnus to see her.

The circumstance which debarred the lover from seeing the princess was no obstacle to the father, for not long after his return Gryffydd entered Nest's room with fatherly greeting and tidings of joy. He said he was sorry she could not see Magnus, for he had talked about her all the way home. He also spoke in complimentary terms of his military qualifications and exploits. Nor did he forget to mention the successful manner in which the allied forces had invaded England far into the interior, and that they would have forced their way to the heart of London had not Harold persuaded Edward to restore Algar again to his favor, and his own estates, and to offer satisfactory terms to Magnus. All this, however, failed to interest the princess, although she tried to master herself sufficiently to appear pleased at what he said.

Returning to the hall Gryffydd soon found himself and his prospective son-in-law the center of a large group of courtiers, and the most of the night was spent in the hall amidst feasting and drinking. Early the next morning as the festivities

were being renewed the king's servants applied themselves to the work of decoration, a work that would have been previously attended to had it been known when the royal warriors would return. All the prominent rooms were adorned with wreaths and festoons, and arches of evergreen were erected in the court-yard and over the approaches to the castle. The chapel was also decorated with flowers and evergreens. Nor was the larder neglected, it being decorated with beef, mutton, and fowl in immense quantities.

While these necessary preparations were going on Nest was trying to compose herself for an interview with Magnus. Though she would have been glad to forego this ordeal she tried to persuade herself that the sooner she began to make the acquaintance of her future husband the better, since providence had meant them for each other. She was still struggling with herself when she was summoned to the queen's hall to meet Magnus. Being as brave as she was passionate she went immediately to the king, who received her with a most pleasant smile, and helped her to a divan beside him. They were both somewhat embarassed, yet each was determined to make the best of the situation. Magnus had the advantage over Nest, however, in that he was aided by love. The princess was to him the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and as he led her to the divan the touch of her hand sent a thrill through his whole being. Yet what was to him an extreme pleasure was to the princess anything but a pleasure. Her repugnance did not, as she had hoped it would, give way to a more favorable feeling. But she did her utmost to conceal it under an effort to be at least civil if not responsive; and though the conversation between them related to their marriage the princess behaved in a manner much to her credit. Once only did her repugnance threaten to destroy her self-control, namely, when Magnus bent over and kissed her. But she wisely cut the interview short at this point, on the plea that her headache had returned.

"I am sorry, love, that the wedding cannot take place to-night," said the king as they parted. "But I will not insist further since it is the custom of your people to marry in the morning. May time drive his chariot a little faster to-night than is his wont, and may the saints give you sweet rest and happy dreams. But why must you hasten?"

"I wish it were otherwise, but I must go," was the hasty reply.

"Then good-by love, till we meet again," said the king.

The princess made a faint response and hastened from the room, while Magnus disappointed at the shortness of the interview, but consoling himself that before long this bewitching bit of humanity would be under his absolute control, returned to the festive hall accompanied by his interpreter. He had no idea of the supreme effort that the interview had cost his intended bride, or of the new

resolve that was even now gaining stronger hold upon her.

Time passed swiftly with everybody but Magnus. The king's hall was never more full of guests, nor the guests more full of drink. Gryffydd was at his best, and so was Idwal, the family bard. The late incursion into England and the coming marriage of the princess furnished him with topics most agreeable to his awen (muse). He described advancing hosts and contending foes, the groans of the dying and the shout of victory. He sang of a royal warrior from across the seas with the heart of a lion and the arm of a giant; of a princess light as spring, beautiful as summer, bright as day; and of the marriage of two rivers, united never to part, one in purpose, one in love, ever murmuring in sweet content. His harp catching the inspiration of his heart vide with his voice, and Gryffydd declared that his bard had never acquitted himself so well. But at length both his voice and his hands grew weary, and he fell asleep while other bards displayed their skill. The day passed into night, and the night into day once more, and though Magnus was one of the last to fall asleep, he was among the first to waken. The harps were now silent, but a chorus of birds filled the air with music. Did Nest hear those delightful strains? Ay, doubtless, for this was to be her wedding day. Like her intended husband she, no doubt, had risen this morning before the sun. Would that she could take a stroll with him just now through the flower-clad fields to see the sun rise. But that was not to be. He needed the morning air, however, therefore he would wander a short distance by himself. Leaving the hall he entered a field back of the castle where a vision of daisies, celandines, and dandelions met his gaze. The birds were still singing, and the morning breeze was laden with fragrance. The king of day now glanced at the King of Norway over the eastern hills, and bathed his red silk robe in rays of gold. Magnus returned the glance as he strolled along, thanking the sun in his heart for smiling so brightly on his wedding morn. After stopping a moment to admire the beauty of the famous Vale of Clwyd he slowly retraced his steps, casting an occasional glance at the fields where the army was encamped. On approaching the castle his eyes rested for a moment on the beautiful arches erected for the wedding, and his heart gave a bound of joy as he thought how soon the event was now to be. But why was there no more activity around the castle? Why did he not hear sounds of music? Why did the guards stare at him so strangely as he entered the courtyard? Where were his own servants? All this was most bewildering to the king. He entered the hall. There were the wreaths and festoons beautiful as ever. There were the guests also, but no one lifted the drinking horn to his lips. The harpers were as silent as the grave. Everybody wore a strange look. What did it mean?

(To be continued.)

FIELD OF LETTERS

WELSHMEN AS FACTORS IN THE FORMATION OF THE REPUBLIC. Prize essay at the World's Fair Eisteddfod, 1893. By the Rev. E. Edwards, Minersville, Pa. T. J. Griffiths, Utica, N. Y.

I thoroughly agree with the learned adjudicators, that it is "a masterly piece of composition, a treasure of valuable information, and a real encyclopaedia of Welshmen who have been factors in the formation and development of this country." It is by far the most elaborate, thorough, and taken all in all, the most reliable work of the kind yet published. Doubtless it will be regarded as a standard book of reference on Welsh history.

The author reminds the reader of the "length and breadth of the field" to be surveyed. "This," as he says, "was difficult as it was desirable, and has demanded considerable time and labor." No one knows better than myself, his fellow-competitor, of the vast and indefatigable labor bestowed in the preparation of such prodigious work—"sifting the dust of the remote past." None but a man of indomitable energy and perseverance would undertake such a herculean task. Mr. Edwards was awarded $600 for his Prize Essay, but that large sum was inadequate compensation for his labor.

Though the author has spared no pains to attain inerrancy, yet like all human production it is not infallible. An American critic said of my production "If there be a defect in the volume it is that pride of race lies near the author's heart, so near as to be prominent." The same thing, probably, can justly be said of Mr. Edwards' valuable work. We believe the author, in common with other Welsh writers, at times, grounds his assertions on tradition rather than authentic history. I committed the same error, to some extent at least. If I were to write again on this subject, I would leave out reference to person of doubtful Welsh extraction, and even those possessing only small fraction of Welsh blood in their veins. For instance, take our ex-President B. Harrison. He avows that he is of Welsh origin, traceable to the times of Oliver Cromwell. The name, doubtless, is derived from Ap Harris. But it can not be proven that more than one sixty-fourth part of his blood is Welsh. On the same ground 63 other nationalities may, with equal right, claim him as their representative. In the Formation Period, we have Roger Williams, Pres. Davies, Lewis Morris, Robert Morris, Gen. Dan. Williams, and Mad Anthony, &c. The history of the deeds of these pure blooded Welshmen would fill volumes. In the list of half Welsh we have Judge Marshall, John Morton, Wm. Penn, and others of the formation period; and Daniel Webster, Seward, Lyman Beecher, and Gen. Thomas, and a host of others of the development period. I cannot find any support except tradition for the claim that Pres. Garfield was of Welsh origin. Mr. Edwards quotes approvingly the assertion of Dr. A. Jones that the Adamses were of Welsh extraction; but where is the proof except we accept as proof the broad assertion of Judge Powell in the "History of Ancient Britons," viz., "It is impossible to find an Englishman

who has not more or less Celtic blood in his veins."

There seems to be some important errors in dates in the valuable work of Mr. Edwards. A prominent Welshman in a letter to me has pointed out some, and it is to be regretted that such errors should have crept in. On page 202, reference is made to a large gathering at Youngstown in 1863, instead of 1893. Also on the same page he locates Radnor and Gomer in the Western Reserve. On page 293, it is stated that the Hon. Anthony Howells was chosen State Treasurer in 1886, which should have been 1877. He was appointed Postmaster of Massillon in 1886, not in 1889, and State Senator in 1889. On page 341, it is stated that many tin plates were sent to the then Senator McKinley. Pres. McKinley never was Senator, either State or national.

But notwithstanding these and other errors, the book is the best, most thorough and elaborate yet written on the subject. We trust Welsh Americans, generally, will have the privilege and enjoy the pleasure of perusing this valuable addition to Welsh literature. —W. R. Evans, Gallia, Ohio.

In a short opening article in "Cymru" for November, the editor describes the meeting of Parliament. Eluned Morgan continues her story of the Andes; J. Ivano Jones gives an interesting sketch of the life of Mrs. Anne Griffith Jones, Aberdare; then follows "Daniel Ddu o Geredigion," by J. M. Howell, Aberaeron; "Llangyfelach" by G. M. Thomas, Cwmbwrla; "The West Indies," by Dr. D. Arthur Hughes; "Vivisection" by Glan Menai; "Teulu Tan of Castell," by Ellis Williams, Dolyddelen; "A Trip to North Wales," by Jaffrenou; "Llanfaelog" by J. W. Huws, Aberystwyth; "Old Musicians," and Editorial Notes on books and authors. Among the poetical productions are Deio Carngarw's Hound and Songs by Alafon Dewi Hefin, Rev. Morien Mon Hughes, Ph. D., Rome, N. Y., and others.

Mr. Jaffrenou's story of his visit to North Wales suggests that the Welsh language would be greatly benefited by foreigners mastering it. Mr. Jaffrenou writes interesting Welsh, better Welsh than many Kymry use, talking or writing. It somehow seems that foreigners have more respect for the old language than her own children.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for December gives a good portrait of the Rev. John Evans, Abermeurig, a prominent Welsh minister among the Calvinistic Methodists with a short sketch of his life. One extraordinary fact connected with his life is his ministry of 42 years in Abermeurig. Trysorfa'r circulation is over 40,000.

On the front page of "Cymru'r Plant" for December, we find Winnie Parry's face. We had desired for some time to see how Winnie looks, and we find she looks very much like the author of "Y Ddau Hogyn Rheiny." Her face stands for an interesting personality. We would be sorry to miss her from the pages of "Cymru'r Plan.." Pembrokeshire is described in the present number. In many a sense, Pembrokeshire is a fine corner of Wales. It is west of Carmarthenshire—somewhat cornered. Although it is called "Little England beyond Wales," it may be appropriately named the "Transvaal of Wales," the people being largely Flemish. In the war with Cromwell the people showed they had considerable fight in them. We are glad to hear "Cymru'r Plant" is a success. It ought to enter every home in Wales.

"Cerddor" for December has several articles of interest on subjects pertaining to music. D. Emlyn Evans opens with a paper on "Musical Adjudications"

at the National Eisteddfodau; D. Jenkins discusses "Sacred Concerts"; the Very Rev. Dean Howell writes on "Welsh Hymnology;" Harry Evans on "Music in Wales". No. 44 in "The Gallery of Musical Celebrities" is W. L. Barrett. The musical number is "Clyw O Dduw, fy Llefain," anthem by Eos Llechid. "Notes" and "Varieties" are entertaining, as usual. In his observations on "Sacred Concerts" D. J. complains justly that these are not always genuinely "sacred." The quality "sacred," is very often infinitesimal. Very often they are sacred frauds; unmixed secularity in sanctity's clothing. In the States may be found "sacred concerts" with the smallest percentage of sanctity possible.

The December number of the "Drysorfa" has the following articles: "Every Man to His House, but Jesus to the Mountain," by the Rev. James D. Symmons, Abergwaun; "Recollections of Old Ministers in South Wales," by the Rev. B. Hughes, St. Asaph; "The Late Rev. W. R. Jones (Goleufryn); "The Word" by the Rev. Lewis Morgan, Tonrefail; "Owen Owens, Cors of Wlad" by H. Hughes Brynker; "The Forward Movement" by the Rev. John Williams, Newport; Monthly Notes, &c.

In "Monthly Notes" the editor refers to the decession of preachers from the ranks of the Calvinistic denomination, not through death but through desertion. He complains that a good much of this moving happens in South Wales. During last year four have left the Calvinistic fold, viz one to the Church of England, one to Unitarianism, and two to the Baptist Communion. One was an exceptional case. He was ordained to the Calvinistic ministry in August last, when he testified in the most solemn manner his loyalty to the Calvinistic creed and mode of church government; but in two months he was re-converted into the Baptist creed; stating at the immersion service that he had had misgivings regarding sprinkling for years. His conduct seemed so strange that his case is problematical. It is no discomfort or cause of great annoyance as none of the four was a success as a preacher. The editor thinks the desertion a gain since the denomination has more preachers than necessary. He seems also to disagree with the loose workings of the examining machine, which allows such backsliders to commence work in the Communion. The machine should be more closely watched, so as to turn out only the thoroughly qualified and truly loyal.

Contents of the "Dysgedydd" for December as follows: "The Glorification of Jesus and the Holy Spirit" by the Rev. J. Charles, Denbigh; "The Welsh Congregationalists and the Foreign Mission" by the Rev. John Hughes, Tanygrisiau; "The Church and Culture," by the Rev. M. C. Morris, Ystrad; "The Revival of 1859" (xi), by W. J. Parry, Bethesda; Sunday School lesson, Denomination Reports, Obituaries, Poems.

In the first place we have shown in a former paper that the old Welsh system was founded upon an Oligarchy—a privileged caste to a certain degree similar to the state of affairs in the Dutch Republics of South Africa under the Kruger regime; for, as in the latter, we find three degrees of political privileges, namely, (1) the Boer oligarchy, (2) the Outlanders, and (3) the Kaffirs, so, in the former, we find a somewhat similar state, namely, (1) the Free Cymry, (2) the Alltudion, and (3) the Aborigines (taeogs and caeths). Ancient Wales, however, unlike the Transvaal, was not a single state, but a confederation of states, united only by a common law and a lax acknowl-

edgement of the suzerainty of the Prince of Gwynedd, together with a common defence when danger arose across the English border or over the seas.—"Young Wales."

Among the articles in the November number of "Young Wales" are "The Development of the Agricultural Resources of Wales," a very readable and instructive discussion; "A Plea for Welsh Particularism," a smart paper full of interesting facts; and "The Development of Welsh Watering Places as Winter Resorts." Islwyn's "Nos," in English garb is beautiful, for he is one of our most contemplative poets. "Kipling-Mad" by Elphin, is a strong and strenuous poem. In the number there are also eight illustrations—Pwllheli, Nevin and the Rivals, Lake Vyrnwy (two cuts), Old Bridge on the Dovey, Borth, Aberdovey and Devil's Bridge.

"Cwrs of Byd" opens the December number with a humorous application of the Five Points of Calvinism. It is amusing to think how our forefathers discussed, argued and, quarreled over theological points which have never done a particle of good, and have only served to create dissension among the sons of men. There is nothing more ludicrous than Pascal's take off of the two kinds of grace, the sufficient and the efficient—in his "Provincial Letters." If the power (and breath even) wasted on these profitless discussions had been used on more beneficial lines, the world to-day would have been half a dozen ages in advance of what we find it to-day. Religious people hitherto have hated the practical. For those "Five Points of Theology," "Cwrs y Byd" recommends "Rent," 'Profits," "Interest," "Wages," and "Swindling," as points to think over. It is doubtful whether the "Five Points of Calvinism" have benefited the people in a practical way. Political Economy and general education and an energetic struggle for right, would work changes in the condition of the working classes. Who can help smiling when asked the question "What has unconditional election to do with rent?" The "original sin" of Wales is too much humility in the presence of its oppressors.

In "Yr Haul" for November, appears an address by the Very Rev. Shadrach Pryce, St. Asaph, "The Welsh Language in its Relation to Education in Wales." One of the difficulties encountered, he states, in teaching Welsh in schools is the corrupt manner in which the language is taught and spoken. The vocabulary also among the common people is so limited that the language must be learned anew and the construction re-mastered. There are two languages —the spoken and written Welsh; the first interfering seriously with the purity of the written. The English is so superior in this respect, and its use so simplified and facilitated that scholars prefer it to Welsh. He thinks the struggle of the Kymraeg against the inroads of the English hopeless, and its extinction only a matter of time. He seems also to believe that the continuance of the Welsh language among the people a hindrance rather than a benefit, as means of education and culture. A good number of the Welsh have a superstitious conception of the value of the vernacular.

Among the articles in the December number of the "Cronicl" are the following: Patagonia and the Relief Fund; Lord Roseberry and Cromwell; The Sunday School Corner; Events of the Month; War in South Africa, Poems, Obituaries, &c. The "Cronicl" will be enlarged and improved for the year 1900. It is intended to make it the organ of Welsh Congregationalists all over the world. Numbers of prominent Welsh representatives of Congregationalism in all parts who will contribute articles of interest and Congregational information.

SCIENTIFIC

ANCIENT CEMENT.

Some samples of the cement used in the antique water conduits of Ephesus and Smyrna were recently subjected to chemical analysis, and the various samples were found to be similar in composition. The water works from which the samples of cement were taken were constructed from a period several centuries before Christ to three hundred years after. The chief constituent of the samples was calcium carbonate mixed with a small percentage of organic material. This latter was found to consist of a mixture of fatty acids. Experiments were made with a cement such as burned lime and olive or linseed oil, but it was not found to be permanent. On the other hand, a mixture of two-thirds of either slag or lime and one-third olive oil hardened readily and possessed such great endurance that it led to the belief that this was the composition of the ancient cements which were analyzed.

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STONEHENGE.

An attractive solution of the purpose of Stonehenge was put forward at the British Association recently. Dr. Alfred Eddowes, addressing the Anthropological Section, advanced the theory that the building was a gigantic sun dial. The thirty great upright stones with their intervals showed, in his opinion, that the circle was divided into sixty equal parts, the grooved stone having been used for supporting a pole, which formed the pointer of a sun-dial for daily observation, or an indicator of the time of the year by the length of the shadow. Dr. Sebastian Evans, who presided, held that Dr. Eddowes had proved his point, that Stonehenge had been used as an observatory; but Mr. Arthur Evans protested against the attempt to introduce very precise and rigorous ideas into a rude monument; and contended that Stonehenge, which was on the site of an early Bronze Age cemetery, ought not to be regarded alone, but in relation to a large series of other stone monuments. One would like to know what is the date or period to which the oldest authentic sun dial can be attributed.

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CAN WHITE MEN LIVE IN THE TROPICS?

Benjamin Kidd, who is well known for his writings on social subjects in the tropics, has recently published a series of articles which attempt to show that it is impossible for white men to become acclimatized in the tropics. He goes on to say that all of the attempts to reverse by any effort within human range, the long, slow process of evolution, which has produced such a profound dividing line between the inhabitants of the tropics and those of temperate regions will end in failure. Dr. Sanborn, on the other hand, has shown that the causes of disease, deterioration and death in the tropics are due to pathogenic germs which have their limited and peculiar geographic areas, and differ greatly in the various tropical regions. Of course, if heat were the difficulty in the way, acclimatization would be altogether hopeless. There appears to be good reason, however, to believe that the real difficulty is the microbe; and if so, we may hope to fight against it in the tropics as successfully as has already been done in the temperate zones by sanitation and the gradual acquisition of immunity. The Medical News quotes Dr. Manson, who has written a book on

this subject, and Dr. Rho, of the Italian navy, who also believes in the possibility of tropical acclimatization. The death rate of European troops in the tropics, which used to be from 100 to 129 per thousand, is now as low as 12 per thousand in India . The death rate of Spaniards in Cuba is less than in Spain.

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ARMORED TRAINS.

The following description of one of the British armored trains, taken from the "London Industries and Iron," is interesting in this connection: "Each train consists of a powerful engine, 3 20-ton iron trucks, a water tank, and van. The sides of the trucks have been raised about six feet higher than the ordinary level, with half-inch boiler-plates. The sides are loop-holed with horizontal slits so that the men inside the trucks can either use their rifles or Maxims with as near an approach to safety to themselves as is possible to secure. Each vehicle is calculated to hold fifty to sixty men comfortably, and the whole train is painted in the regular khaki color. The armoring of the engine has greatly increased its bulk, but special care has been taken to make it as impregnable as possible. Both driver and fireman will be completely covered from view, and instructions are conveyed by bell signals. The engine is fitted in front with the 'Valiant' steam-pumping engine, taking steam from the locomotive boiler. A hose is attached of sufficient length to enable water to be taken in from rivers or other sources of supply that may be passed on the journey. It may be remarked that pumping engines of this pattern were used in the Sudan campaigns for supplying the troops with water, each pump being capable of delivering 1,200 gallons of water per hour through even three or four miles of hose pipe. With a view to allowing the troops free scope for action, the trucks are marshaled in front and rear of the engine and tender. The latter is a capacious vehicle, capable of carrying a large stock."

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WOMAN'S EDUCATION.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, president ot the International Council of Women, Indianapolis, says with regard to the education of her own sex:

"In fundamentals I would not differentiate the education of woman from that of man at all. I think what is good for the development of mental fiber in one sex is equally good for the development of the same fiber in the other. In advanced education I would differentiate woman's education from that of man by giving her more of history and philosophy. I would give her more history because she will get less of the value of history through her contact with life than man will through his. I would give her more philosophy for three reasons: First, her habits of life will probably give her more time in loneliness, which to the untrained mind is almost certain to induce a habit of day-dreaming and mental idling. Second, the habit of mind induced by philosophical study results in larger patience and surer fortitude, qualities which women particularly need. Third, as her life is likely to be given to details, and to details of relatively small matters, she needs the horizon and inspiration derived from considering large general questions, such as those which are the subject of philosophy. Practically I would differentiate her education by giving her more natural sciences, that her more limited contact with life may be supplied by quick perception of the relationships and resources of nature."

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COLD WEATHER AND HEALTH.

The cold season of the year is now upon us, although, in accordance with the usual erratic nature of present weather, we shall probably not experience our winter until the days

when we ought to be enjoying the delights of spring. The influence of the cold weather is to increase the liability to chest diseases, and rheumatic complaints especially. The death rate from all forms of lung trouble rises in the winter and spring, and it is the very young and the old that suffer most severely in this respect. The ordinary rules and precautions which we should adopt for the preservation of health are well known, but most of us do not attend to their observance, with the result that winter is often a very dire season for the majority. Thus, no person in our climate should clothe in anything else than woolen undergarments, and we should look to the soundness of our understandings in the shape of our shoes. Women especially are great sinners against health laws in this latter respect. They will wear boots with soles of a thinness altogether inadequate to protect them against the effect of damp and chill. Many and many a case of illness is traceable to damp feet, and yet the sacrifice of health proceeds apace. Then, I think it a wise warning to all that the first beginning of a cold should never be neglected. It often leads to worse things. A day in the house at first may save many weary days at home in the hereafter. People who possess feeble circulations should sleep in flannels, and they should fortify themselves by taking plenty of fat in their food. Fat is typically a winter food because it generates heat, and this, although at all times fat is a necessity for healthy life. Delicate persons should take a little cod liver oil emulsion after meals in winter if they are unable to take the pure oil, which is a food and medicine in one.—Dr. Wilson.

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The climate of Egypt is magnificent, and there are few winter resorts that are preferable, meteorologically speaking. The air is fine and dry and the sunshine is perfect, while with equable temperature, wholesome food and water, and gentle breezes, there is little to be desired. Unfortunately, the sanitary arrangements in Egypt are very bad, and most of the hotels, even in Cairo, are built on contaminated sites.

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE BEDROOM AND BEDSTEAD.

Perhaps the last article which the late Lawson Tait contributed to medical literature was "Hygiene of the Bedroom and Bedstead," which appeared in several British and American journals. It treats of the evolution of the bedroom and of that now necessary article of furniture, the bedstead, in Great Britain. It tells us, says The "Medical Record," that in the days of the cave dwellers and through the various stages of savagery and nomadic life, dwelling space was used for all purposes in common. It was not until the wandering hunter had, so to speak, settled down, that he saw the advantages of putting aside a portion of his dwelling for sleeping purposes. The Briton in the time of the Norman era had a very fair notion of what constitutes a comfortable bedroom and bedstead, although his castle might be outwardly grim and forbidding. The walls of the castle were thick and solid, thus securing a fair uniformity of temperature, while the downdrafts of cold air were modified by hangings of tapestry. For their bedsteads there was no need of hangings. The Saxon farmer, however, had to live under very different conditions. His house was of wood, and carpentry at that time was at very low ebb, so that the doors and windows were ill-fitting, and drafts were the rule. This resulted in the evolution of that abomination of abominations, the four-poster bed; and as Dr. Tait preferred to put it, "A small apartment was constructed inside

the bedroom in the shape of a four-poster, hung round with curtains, into which a whole family must have crowded, possibly with the addition of occasional visitors." The conservative Britisher clung to his time-honored four-poster until the fifties, when occurred the dawn of domestic sanitation. The first step in the right direction was the introduction of the metallic bedstead.—S. American.

"From time to time," says Electricity, "startling and wonderful electrical devices are brought out, probably the latest being an arrangement for automatically feeding a horse, invented by an enterprising resident of Youngstown, O. The arrangement, according to reports, consists of an alarm clock connected by wire to a hopper in the horse's manger. The alarm clock is set at any desired hour, the hopper filled with oats, and, at the appointed time, the alarm clock, by means of an electric apparatus connected with it, releases the oats in the hopper and out rolls the breakfast under the astonished horse's nose."

In 1897 in Germany 1,383,700,000 gallons of beer were consumed, 1,192,000,000 were drunk in Great Britain; 180,000,000 in France, and 90,000,000 in Russia. It is estimated that 36 gallons per head are drunk in Belgium, 32 in Great Britain, 25 in Germany, 21 in Denmark, 12 in Switzerland, 10 in United States, 9 in Holland, 5 in France, 3½ in Norway, 2½ in Sweden, and 1 in Russia. A writer in the "North American Review" declares that a large quantity of beer is consumed in order to satisfy the craving for the elements which are eliminated from wheat in making white bread.

PROF. MECHNIKOFF'S OPINION.

"Every organ of our body is composed of two kinds of cells—common and, as it were, noble cells. The noble cells determine the peculiar functions of the organs. * * * The common cells do not differ from each other; they are identical in all the organs, and their only functions is to connect and hold together the noble cells.

"Between these two kinds of cells there goes on an incessant struggle. The noble cells are stronger and for a long time they prevail—that is, they successfully resist. But eventually the struggle exhausts them, and the preponderance passes to the common cells. This signalizes the beginning of old age. The noble cells are crowded more and more, the common ones growing in size at their expense and interfering with the functions of the organ. Hence the abnormal, diseased appearance of the organs, and the increasing difficulties in in the way of living. Ultimately the peformance of the functions becomes entirely impossible, and we have death. [Mechnikoff gives the technical term macrophagi to the connective-tissue cells, while the noble cells, the leucocytes, he calls microphagi.]

"If, then, the subjugation of the noble by the common cells, after a protracted struggle, is the cause of decrepitude and shrunken old age, is it not possible to reinforce the former and stave off their defeat? If not, is it possible to weaken the common cells by some artificial means? Professor Mechnikoff is of the opinion that it will prove easier to do the latter than the former. We possess the means of destroying certain kinds of cells in the organism. For example, it is possible to inoculate birds in such a way as to destroy the red corpuscles in their blood without affecting the white ones. There is nothing improbable in the belief that a substance will be discovered, which, introduced into the human body, will exert a destructive or restraining effect on the common cells, without incapacitating them for their proper function, and thus strengthen and prolong the life of the noble ones."—"The Literary Digest."

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

DR. JOHN DAVIES, Spring Green, Wis.

Dr. John Davies died October 8, at the State Hospital at Mendota, Wis., from exhaustion caused by an operation for strangulated hernia, which was performed on Sunday, October 1, 1899. The remains were brought to the home of J. W. Williams, 521 Fourth street, where the funeral was held, Rev. Stoddard, of Black Earth, assisted by Rev. J. W. Hargrave, officiating. Dr. Davies was born in Llanbrynmair, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, and was in his eighty-first year. He was one of the oldest pioneers in Sauk county.

Dr. Davies was a man of exceptional ability in a scholarly way. In his younger years he was an instructor in mathematics and penmanship in the Mechanics Institute in Newton, N. W., England. In 1848 he came to America, locating at Evansburg, Pennsylvania, and a year later removed to Blossburg, that State, where he was ordained as a minister of the Welsh Congregational Church. He remained pastor of the church at that place until 1854. From there he went to Racine, Wis., where he took charge of the Congregational Church. In 1855 he removed to Spring Green. He was one to establish the first church in that part of Sauk county. It was the little Welsh church located a mile west of where the village of Spring Green now stands, in a little grove, and which is yet in existence, but was removed some years ago to its present location, nearly a mile north of the village. During his residence at Spring Green he served as Town Superintendent of Schools for three years, and as postmaster of the place for two and a half years, resigning both positions when he went to Bangor, Wis. Dr. Davies also held pastorates at Bangor and Fish Creek.

In 1851 Dr. Davies married Miss Ann Edwards, who survives him. Six children were born to this union, three of whom survive: Mrs. A. D. McGilvra, Miss Mattie Davies, and Mrs. J. W. Williams, of Baraboo. Dr. Davies and family resided a mile north of Spring Green until 1884, when they removed to Baraboo.

In the early days he possessed one of the most extensive libraries in the county. He received a liberal education in the mother country as well as in the county of his choice. He was a practicing physician as well as a minister of the gospel. As a mathematician he was a prodigy. The sum of long columns of figures could be discerned at a glance. He loved his books and made good use of everything he read. He took an active interest in the passing events of the day and his love for the best works in literature ever remained with him. He was thoughtful and independent in the formation of opinions, and possessed a dignity and firmness in maintaining his ideas of right and duty, and aimed to be just to all. He was also a great lover of children. These tastes remained with him to the last days of his life. Even at his advanced age and encumbered with paralysis, his penmanship was hard to equal. Of the hospital, where he had been for a number of years, Dr. Davies never could find sufficient words for its praise. His knowledge of medicine made it possible for him to realize that the treatment scientifically and from a humane stand-

point, of the institution, was of the highest order. While at this hospital he enjoyed all the liberties possible, which was appreciated by him.—"Spring Green (Wis.) News."

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"Cranogwen" was born near Llangranog in 1839, her father being the captain of a small coasting ship. She was mistress of Pontgarreg Elementary School from 1859 to 1865. Many of those taught at the school during this period now hold very important posts in England and Wales, and some in the colonies. "Cranogwen" has competed much in her time. In 1865 she was successful on "The Wedding Ring" at the National Eisteddfod at Aberystwyth. In 1872 she took the chair prize at Aberayron Eisteddfod for a poem on "The Wreck of the Northfleet." She edited "Y Frythones" from 1879 to 1889. Early in the latter year, after her return from her second visit to America, she had a serious accident through the upsetting of a car. Her first visit to America was a prolonged one, dating from April, 1869, to November, 1870. She wrote much to the American periodicals and to those at home during her sojourn in the States. After returning she lectured on "The Other Side of the Atlantic," and "The Other Side of the Rocky Mountains." She more than once adjudicated at the National Eisteddfod, and often at local Eisteddfodau. She was about the first to introduce the tonic sol-fa method of singing to the district around Llangranog. She also established the first Band of Hope in that part of the country. She has never publicly advocated woman's claims or rights. A memorial was presented to to the First Lord of the Treasury some two years ago praying that an annuity be granted to her. The reply of the First Lord was to the effect that the Treasury would contribute should a national testimonial be started. The memorial was signed by most of the members of Parliament for Wales, by dignitaries of the Established Church, and by Nonconformist ministers, proprietors of newspapers, principals of colleges, &c.

The first man from Glamorganshire known to fall in the South African war is Private Adams, from Briton Ferry. His parents are an aged couple, and they feel the blow very keenly. Adams was a very respectable young man, and had a large circle of friends.

Sir Josiah Rees, Governor of the Bermudas, who recently died, was of Welsh extraction, and was himself conversant with his mother tongue. He was the son of Dr. Thomas Rees, author of "The Beauties of Wales" and other works and the grandson of the Rev. Josiah Rees, of the Unitarian Church at Gellionen, near Pontardawe, projector of the first Welsh magazine in the year 1770.

New Quay, in Cardiganshire, is represented by two brothers in Mafeking, and also by two brothers in Kimberley. E. Arthur Davies was a draper's clerk in Johannesburg, and when the war broke out he went over to Mafeking, where his brother managed a chemist shop. John Evans opened business at Cape Town, but moved up to Kimberley, where he had a flourishing shop. His half-brother, Daniel, is a joiner, and went out and joined his brother some three years ago.

Mr. Justice Bucknill, writing to Mr. H. Lloyd Carter, the under sheriff of Carnarvonshire, thanked him for the book entitled "Highways and Byeways of North Wales, and said that the volume reminded him that the best way to win the confidence of the Welsh people was to learn their language. His Lordship has already gone through a course of Welsh, and he finishes his letter by saying, "and I am going to try my hand at it again." Will the Ridleys and the Darlings take the hint?

HON. WILLIAM L. JONES,
of Milwaukee, Wis.

The subject of this sketch was born at Llanerchymedd, Anglesey, in the year 1845. When he was about 14 years of age he entered the Home Office of the Royal Insurance Company, at Liverpool, Eng., as an apprentice. After serving his five years apprenticeship he stayed with the company another five years, filling various positions of trust faithfully and honorably. On the completion of ten years' service he came over to this country, reaching Milwaukee, where his excellent qualifications were immediately found out, and secured a responsible position. He

HON. WILLIAM L. JONES.

was not long before he formed a co-partnership in the local agency business, with a gentleman named Col. J. McC. Bell, under the title of Jones & Bell. While holding his interest in the firm, he accepted a position as special agent for the Orient Insurance Co., and traveled extensively in several States and getting more popular all the time. Before long the "giant London Company," North British & Mercantile Insurance Co. offered him a larger field, which was accepted and filled by Mr. Jones. About eleven years ago the last named company opened a branch office at Milwaukee, Wis., appointing Mr. Jones its resident secretary for the States of Wisconsin and Michigan. A year or two he stayed here before he was offered a very important position with the Northwestern National Insurance Company as second vice president, when last June he accepted the presidency of the Milwaukee Mechanics and Milwaukee Fire Insurance Cos.

Mr. Jones' career has been very successful and honorable from the beginning and is very well acquainted with every step in the ladder of his profession, working hard from the bottom to the highest rank, but we expect to hear more yet from him in other directions.

He has a large and happy family, but while the children are not able to speak the Welsh language, the father and mother are most proud of it. Mrs. Jones is also from the old village of Llanerchymedd. Both have visited their native land several times, since here.

J. E. J.

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Sir Hubert Parry, who has succeeded Sir John Stainer as professor of music at Oxford, is in many respects the most talented and learned of English musicians, although his work as a composer does not rank high when judged by the best standards. He entered at Oxford, in 1866, as a young man of 18, fresh from Eton, and in the following year he took the Mus. Bac. by examination. He became B. A. in 1870 and M. A. in 1874, while he has since become D. C. L. of Oxford and Hon. Fellow of Exeter College and is a Mus. Doc. honoris causa of Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin.

A notable task has just been completed by the Rev. David Picton Jones, who labored for many years as a missionary, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, in the Lake District of Central Africa, and who, on account of the breakdown of his health, has been compelled to take temporary rest, residing at Tenby. He has just finished translating the New Testament into Kimambwe, the language of certain tribes in Central Africa. This has never been done before. Mr. Jones was only recently pronounced out of danger after a dangerous fever. He was given up by his doctor for twenty-five days, but at the end of that period he showed signs of convalescence.

Like many another prominent Welsh divine, the Rev. Thomas Roberts, of Bethesda, rose from the ranks. Born at Denbigh in very humble circumstances, his early life was spent as a ploughboy on a neighboring farm. Later he was apprenticed to the printing trade with the late Mr. Thomas Gee, of Denbigh, and whilst working at the "case" evinced considerable ability as a writer. He contributed many articles to "Y Gwyddoniadur Cymreig," that monumental work which has been described, and aptly, too, as the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" of the Welsh language, and subsequently became attached to the literary staff at the "Baner" Office, whence he left for Bala College, to enter upon a ministerial course for the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Connexion, of which he became eventually so bright an ornament.

Montgomeryshire is overrun with Joneses. At the Llanfyllin Court the other day all the magistrates and the policemen were Joneses, and so was the defendant. He called it being "tried by his peers."

Kenfig Corporation is the baby corporation of the kingdom, and just as a baby has no teeth so the Kenfig corporation has no mayor, no council, no town clerk, no magistrate, no police-court, no policeman, and no steam roller. Happy Kenfig.

President Kruger is a determined Calvinist, and when the singing of hymns was first introduced into his chapel there arose a greater row than that which took place over the introduction of the organ into Bethany Chapel, Cardiff, some years ago. President Kruger looks on hymns as a dangerous innovation; but he dislikes the lyddite shell even more.

If we only look at the Congregational figures, Radnorshire cares less about missionary work than any other country in Wales. Pembrokeshire gives an average of 1s. 11¼d. per member, and Breconshire 1s. 6d., Monmouthshire 1s. 4¾d., Cardiganshire 1s. 4¼d., Carmarthenshire 10½d., and Glamorgan a farthing less, but Radnorshire gives not a sou more than twopence.

A Welsh Reservist who has gone to the front sent this back to a friend:

Loud beats fy nghalon, my heart,
I'm bound now for Afric's wild shore;
Dear anwyl! 'twas hard to part;
I'll soon be in touch with the Boer;
Then, whilst the shells whiz around,
I'll fight—diolch y nef that I can,
And if I am laid 'neath the ground,
I die as would every Welsh man.

William Leah, of Salford, contributes to the "Red Letter" an old story of North Wales. A tourist was spending his holidays there, and one day, walking along a road, was overtaken by a man driving a horse and cart. With characteristic hospitality the Welshman invited him to ride. After some conversation the driver asked, "Can you tell me the right time, sir?" at the same time pulling out one of those old-time watches commonly known as "turnips." After consulting his own watch the tourist replied, "It is three o'clock exactly." The Welshman took out a watch key and set the hands at twelve. "I said three o'clock—not twelve," explained his companion, thinking he had been misunderstood. "Oh! it's all right," was the reply; "she'll soon make that bit up, sir—she's a beggar to go!" And he whipped up the pony.

A writer in the "Cornhill Magazine" this month tells a charming story of Jenny Lind, who, as her friends well knew, was peculiarly sensitive to the beauty of Nature. She was once staying in Anglesey, and was taken by her host to the top of a hill behind the house to see the view of the Welsh mountains across the Menai Straits. Jenny Lind, so it is described, gazed

in silence for some minutes on the lovely scene, transfigured by the soft light of the setting sun, and then, suddenly stepping on to a slab of rock that cropped up out of the short green turf, began to sing the "Marvelous Work" from Haydn's "Creation." The matchless voice rose in an ecstacy of music like a living thing into the heavens, and the rapt expression of her face remained indelibly impressed upon her hearers.

It is a noteworthy fact that the first graduate by examination in the University of Wales, and the first Master of Arts have been women. Again, the second honorary graduate and the second fellow have been women. Moreover, unless we are mistaken, one of the first Gilchrist Studentships granted by the Court has been given to a woman. Six honorary degrees have been conferred by the University, and of the recipients two are dead,—Mr. Gladstone and Lord Herschell. The surviving honorary graduates are the Prince of Wales and Earl Spencer, LL. D., the Princess of Wales, Mus. Doc., and Principal T. C. Edwards, D. D.

Should present proposals be carried out only one Liberal member in North Wales will be deprived of a seat by the new Redistribution of Seats Bill. The intention of the government appears to be to take away the member from all constituencies numbering less than 5,000 electors, and to add a member to all constituencies with over 15,000 electors which have now only one member. Flint and Montgomery Boroughs are the only constituencies in North Wales which will be thus affected, and Mr. Herbert Lewis, the only Liberal member that will be deprived of a seat. In view of the Redistribution Bill it was stated some time ago that Mr. D. Lloyd George would be offered a safe English seat; but it now seems highly improbable that the Carnarvon Boroughs will be interfered with.

In an interesting biography of Mr. John Thomas ("Pencerdd Gwalia") in the "Musical Times" it is mentioned, among other things, that the harp was formerly held in such honor in Wales that a slave might not practice it. To be able to play upon it was an indispensable qualification of a gentleman, and a harp could not be seized for debt! Mr. John Thomas, the harpist of his day and generation, was born in 1826, at Bridgend. The beginning of his upward fame took place at Abergavenny, where, when eleven years of age, he won the chief prize. The "Pencerdd" was first introduced to Queen Victoria through the introduction of the Prussian Court, where he had previously had the honor of being received. Not the least interesting portion of the biography is the testimony of Hector Berlioz, who, writing in the "Journal des Debats" on March 2, 1854, said, at the conclusion of an altogether remarkable tribute:—"Mr. Thomas' playing charmed, fascinated, magnetised me. If I were rich, how I should enjoy the luxury of having such a virtuoso to soothe my sad hours and make me forget the realities of life!"

Much as has been written concerning the history of Nonconformity in Wales public interest in the subject is far from exhausted. The great work of the Rev. J. Morgan Jones (Cardiff) and Mr. W. Morgan, J. P. (Pant), on "The Methodist Fathers" enjoyed a phenomenal sale, and the controversy which followed as to the rival claims of Methodists and Independents is still fresh in the memory of our readers. Mr. Beriah Evans took up the cudgels on behalf of the Congregational body, and as a sequel he is now about to publish a story of Welsh Dissent, which, it is claimed, will contain materials

drawn from original sources, revolutionising popular ideas as to the early history of Welsh Nonconformity. The eagerness with which the volume is anticipated is illustrated by the fact that the orders received are sufficient to exhaust the first edition of 10,000 copies on the day of issue, thus establishing a record for a four-shilling book. Mr. Evans is now being urged, and wisely so, to bring out an enlarged English edition of the work.

Mr. Labouchere ought to be captured by the Gorsedd and maltreated into a bard. That it would be a great conversion is shown by the characteristic opinion Mr. Labouchere has just expressed about Stonehenge:—'Personally, I cannot see what tangible value the thing has. It is in no sense a 'national monument,' for the simple reason that the British nation, as we know it, did not come into existence for hundreds of years after the erection of the building of which this is the last vestige. Stonehenge is simply a prehistoric relic, which happens to stand on the soil of one of the islands which the composite British nation of to-day occupies. Such a relic is of as much value to the natives of any other country as to us. A Frenchman or a German would look upon it with just as much, or as little, interest as an Englishman. Why anybody should want to see it, or go a yard out of his way to look at it, I do not know."

When everybody was prepared to swear that the population of Wales in its rural districts was decreasing from day to day Mr. Darlington, one of her Majesty's inspectors of schools, in the annual report assures us that there are some spots where the inhabitants have multiplied and increased. He shall tell his own tale. "As to population," he says, "there has been a perceptible increase in a few places in the district (West Wales); for example, in that northeastern corner of it which fringes the North Wales coal field. But the population of the district as a whole is certainly diminishing; in fact, nobody knows, until the figures of the Registrar-General next time reach us, where the population goes up or down." In his district (Llanelly) Mr. Jones, another of her Majesty's inspectors, states: "During the last two years, there has been no great increase of the population in the mining and manufacturing portions of the district, and in the rural portions the population is stationary, if not decreasing."

"Yes," said one of our local historians, "we in Wales have had the experiences of Glencoe and Ladysmith brought to our threshold. When the complete history of Glanmorgan is written, you will not only read the circumstantial account of St. Fagan's battle (Ely), when all the able-bodied men were killed and the next harvest was gathered by women and children, but of reconnoitering parties of Puritans who scoured the Glanmorgan and the Breconshire Valleys. It is handed down in the records and traditions of many an old house on the mountains of seeking after Jacobites, of narrow escapes, of skirmishes. From Treharris and Llancaiach to Cefn Glas, Quaker's Yard, Jacobites marched. Up the valley to Merthyr the Puritans skirmished and looted, destroying a Jacobite ironworks at Pontygwaith, six miles from Merthyr. From the farm on the hill by Quaker's Yard was taken the boldest Jacobite of them all, David Morgan, by a Puritan troop."

D. Emlyn Evans writes to the "Cardiff Times":

The recent appearance of the Eryri Male Voice Choir at Windsor Castle, in obedience to the command of the Queen, emphasises the great interest

which her majesty has taken of late in Welsh music and Welsh singing. This interest apparently dates from the Queen's visit to Pale, Merionethshire, in 1889, when a choir selected from the adjacent village of Llandderfel and the neighborhood sang some Welsh music, notably a selection of Welsh airs specially arranged for the occasion, and which were published under the title of "Alawon Cymru" (Melodies of Wales) before the Royal party at the mansion. These were so much appreciated that the performance was repeated more than once, the conductor, Mr. W. T. Jones, being highly complimented by her Majesty personally, as well as by other members of the Royal Family present. Following upon this came the performances of the Welsh Ladies' Choir, conducted by Mrs. Novello Davies, and the two Male Voice Choirs from the Rhondda Valley, led respectively by Mr. William Thomas and Mr. Tom Stephens, before the Queen, the particulars concerning which and the success that attended them are probably within the reader's recollection.

As for the performance of the Eryri Choir, there are, from all one learns, nothing but congratulations due to vocalists and conductor for the manner in which they acquitted themselves, and sustained the reputation which Welsh singing had already gained in Royal circles through the efforts of the Choirs previously referred to. It also remains to compliment Mr. John Williams personally upon his having been the recipient of a baton, set with diamonds, from the Queen, as well as an ivory baton from the German Emperor.

It is interesting to note that the Emperor of Germany, during an animated conversation with Mr. Williams, and when he expressed himself highly delighted with the performance of the choir, took occasion to remark that their singing was more after the German than the English style, inasmuch as they "opened their mouths and sang out," adding that the Empress, who knew Danish, recognized in the Welsh pieces, many words similar to those found in the Danish language. Her Majesty could have been informed also that certain Danish and Norwegian national airs bear a striking resemblance to some of those existing in Wales.

Although mountaineering in Wales must be regarded as a small thing by the veteran Alpine climber, there are many spots which cannot be scaled without difficulty and danger. One of these is Twll Du (Black Pit), or better known as the "Devil's Kitchen," an immense chasm in the line of cliff frowning on Lake Idwal, North Wales, which was ascended a short time ago for the second time. The first ascent was made in March, 1895, by Mr. J. M. A. Thompson, of Llandudno. The recent ascent was made by Mr. Edwin Ashford, of Rotherham, who was accompanied by three gentlemen from Birmingham. From the outset the ascent was difficult, but by the aid of a rope the obstacles were surmounted without much exertion until the great wall or buttress was reached. This tested the skill of the climbers to the utmost, but with great care and the aid of the rope, it was scaled. At length the cavern, which was dripping with water, was reached; then a huge slab, which had evidently fallen from the top of the cavern, was ascended. The giddy height of the top of the cliff was gained by the aid of ropes, 220 feet in length. With this help the climber reached the summit of what is known as the Great Gable, and thus (says the "Leeds Mercury") completed the adventurous ascent.

NOT DOUBLE-FACED.

Decidedly the homeliest man in Congress is Eddy, of Minnesota. He rather glories in the distinction of ugliness, especially as all his other characteristics are enviable.

During his last campaign the enemies of Mr. Eddy charged him with being double-faced. He met the charge in a manner that disarmed all criticism.

"Great heaven," said Mr. Eddy to his audience, "do you think that if I had two faces I would wear the one I am showing you now?"

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HIS SIGN DOWN.

The story is told of an intoxicated man coming out of a saloon in one of the city's suburbs and falling upon the sidewalk. He was unable to arise. A bright and sharp-eyed miss, perhaps a dozen years of age, was passing. A thought struck her, and she opened the door of the saloon, and said: "Mister, your sign has fallen down!" The proprietor came to the door, and immediately recognized that a truthful point had been made at his expense, while at a safe distance stood the girl laughing at him.—Utica Observer.

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A NEW INDUSTRY.

Every industry is booming, even that of making conundrums. Here is the latest product: What character is there in the Bible who possesses no name, who suffered death in different form from any inflicted before or since that time, a portion of whose shroud is in every household, and the cause of whose death has been made famous by a modern author? Answer: Lot's wife. She possesses no name; no one else met death through being turned into a pillar of salt; salt is in every household, and Edward Bellamy wrote "Looking Backward."

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STRANGE THINGS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

It was here I met a woman who had never seen a peach, a young lady who had never owned a box of chocolates and, best of all, a handsome, intelligent young fellow, who had never seen a drunken man. It was here I attended a concert consisting of songs, recitations, organ solos and a duet, all furnished by one woman. The duet, she announced, was between herself and the organ, the organ taking the soprano and she the alto.—Bay of Fundy Letter in New York Post.

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PROFESSIONAL CURIOSITY.

From Collier's Weekly: "Yer honor," said the prisoner to the judge, I should like to have my case postponed. My lawyer is sick and can't come to court." The judge took two or three minutes to consider. "The case may be postponed," he said at last, "if you desire it. But I see here that you were taken in the act. What can your counsel have to say on your behalf?" "That's just what I want to know, yer honor," said the prisoner.

A BURGLARY STORY.

They were telling "burglary stories" on the veranda in front of the grocery store in a down east town.

"The man's hand was thrust through the hole he had cut in the door," said the star talker, "when the woman seized the wrist and held on in spite of the struggles of the man outside. In the morning the burglar was found dead, having cut his own throat when he found escape impossible; but the brave woman had not known he was dead, and so had not released her grasp on his wrist all night long."

"Huh!" growled the skeptic in the corner. "Why didn't she feel of his pulse "—Buffalo Commercial.

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EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE VOWS.

An English rural clergyman says that in his parish it was quite the fashion for the man when giving the ring in the marriage ceremony to say to the woman, "With my body I thee wash up, and with all my hurdle goods I thee and thou." He said the women were better up in this part of the service than the men. One day, however, a bride startled him by promising in what she supposed to be the language of the prayer book, to take her husband "to 'ave and 'old from this day forni't for betterer horse, for richer power, in siggerness health, to love cherries and to bay." What meaning this extraordinary vow conveyed to the woman's own mind, the incumbent said, baffled him to conjecture.—Short Stories' Magazine.

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KNEW A THING OR TWO.

A Lancashire lawyer tells this story concerning a client, something of a wag in his way, with whom he had long kept an account. When the latter was finally made up, the bill, mostly for trifling services, covered several pages of foolscap as the items enumerated the most trifling details. When the client called to settle he refused to enter the office, but stood in the doorway holding one end of the voluminous document in the direction of his legal adviser, with the request that he would take the money and receipt for it.

"Come in," said the lawyer most cordially.

"Not quite," replied the client. "I know a thing or two now. You'd charge me rent if I did."—London Standard.

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A SHOWER OF GRACE.

The story is told of a white minister who went to a colored church in Virginia to conduct services. He asked an old deacon to lead in prayer and this is the way he prayed that a shower of grace might descend on the white brother: "Oh, Lor', give him de eye of de eagle dat he may spy out our sins afar off! Weld his han's to de gospel plough; tie his tongue to de lines of truf an' nail his ear to de gospel pole! An', oh Lor', bow his head way down—ah! behin' his knees, and his knees way down—ah! in some lonesome, dark an' narrow valley, oh Lor', whar much prayer is needed to be made—ah! Den 'noint him ovah wid de blessed ile of de kerosene of salvation an' sot him on fiah wid de match of faith made perfec'—amen!"

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Some of the Welsh Reservists who have left for the Transvaal state that they intend to stay out there after the war, as there will be certain to be many places which people will be only too glad to get Reservists to fill. Sir Gordon Sprigg's nephew has stated that after the present trouble is over "there will be no better field anywhere in the world for young men than South Africa. Any young fellow, with health and common sense can get on there. Drink is the chief pitfall."

THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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CELTO-BRITISH CHURCH.

By Rev. Thomas Frimston, Llangefni, N. W.

Period: A. D. 51—A. D. 596.

Did such an Institution as the British, or Welsh Church (Independent) exist? What Church did St. David belong to—the Church from Augustine to the Norman period, or the Post Reformation Church? Did he belong to the Latin Church under which Christianity triumphed?

"Every Celt of the United Kingdom is, so far as language is concerned, either a Goidel or a Brython. The Goidels were undoubtedly the first Celts to come to Britain, as their geographical position to the west and north of the others would indicate, as well as the fact that no trace of them has ever been identified on the continent. They had probably been in the island for centuries when the Brythons, or Gauls, came and drove them westward. The ancestors of the people who speak Gaelic in Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Highlands of the north spoke a language which existed also in Wales and down in the sixth century, and probably later." Rhys' Celtic Britain, pp. 3, 4.

Guided by the above quotation as being representative of the period under observation, we have ventured to call the embodiment of Christianity as then practiced in this island, as Celto-British Church. It is variously given as Celtic, Ancient British, Cambro-British, Welsh, &c., but we believe that the above comes somewhat nearer the mark.

Introductory.—That such an institution as a Celto-British Christian Church did exist in these islands is a fact. But that it has left us no historian of its own, is a fact also. Almost all we know about it has been handed down to us by foreigners, and much of what has been left savors of Romish ideas. That Christianity made great progress in Britain from A. D. 51 to A. D. 596 is evident from the united testimonies of Romanus (A. D. 96), an intimate companion of Paul; Irenaeus (A. D. 178), who was but one step

removed from the Apostle John, having been brought up under John's disciple, Polycarp, Tertullian (A. D. 193-230); Hypolytus (A. D. 220); Origen (A. D. 230); Lactantius (A. D. 306); Arnobius (A. D. 306); Eusebius, Bishop of Cesarea (A. D. 325-340); Athanasius (A. D. 326); Epiphanios (A. D. 368); Jertius (A. D. 306); Arnobius (A. D. 398); Theodoret, Bishop of Cyropolis (A. D. 423-460); Venantius Fortunatus (A. D. 560); Sophroneus (7th century); Nicephorius (A. D. 806). All these agree that Christianity had reached Britain and made considerable progress at these respective dates.

The earliest British historian was Gildas, who flourished at a time when the Britons had been driven by the Saxons to the western parts of the island, He was son of Caw, a Northumbrian chieftain, born about A. D. 500, and sometimes called Gildas Albanicus. The Saxons making serious inroads into Strathclyde, Caw and his family had to seek shelter in Gwynedd (North Wales). The old king settled for life in Mona (Anglesey); his sons fled to Siluria (Monmouthshire), where they were welcomed by King Arthur, whose seat of government was then at Caer-leon-on-Wysc. Here Gildas joined the seminary of Catwg, the Wise, which had been founded by Garmon in Glamorganshire. It is said that Gildas founded a college at Bath in the year 555, whereupon he was called Gildas Badonicus. Gildas was also a nephew of Geraint, son of Erbin, Prince of Dumnonia (Devonshire). Gildas' work as now given contains much that is spurious, though as regards the main points is on the track of truth.

Next to him comes Bede, a popish monk, who was born in 673, and who spent his life in the monastery of Iarrow-on-Tyne, and died in 735, leaving his work in MSS., which after passing through the hands of the monks for 900 years, was published in 1643.

Nennius, who as he himself said, was a disciple of Elvad, Bishop of Bangor, who in 755 persuaded the people of North Wales to adopt the order of the Church of Rome in keeping Easter, &c. Aldelin's letter (who was a Saxon Abbot to the Prince of Cornwall, in the year 692), gives us also allusions to the religious state of things in the island at that time. Taliesin, a royal British bard who flourished 520-570, has left us also some poems descriptive of the times. Succeeding bards have done much to the same effect, and the National Triads of the Isle of Britain, refer to very early religious movements within these shores. Modern scholars, such as Camden, Stillingfleet, Usher, Gibson, Godwin, Rapin, Burgess, Soames, and a host of others, who have closely examined the subject, are all decided in their opinion, that the Britons had been converted in Rome under Paul's ministry while there, claiming in that way Paul as being founder of British churches. Another prevailing opinion is, that Christianity was

introduced into this island by means of the Britons themselves, who serving under the Roman eagle at Palestine came direct home from those shores by sea. This theory is somewhat countenanced by a discovery of a Roman coin in Anglesey, on a site of a Roman camp, bearing an image, and inscription—"This is Jesus Christ, the Savior."

Some critics impugn the authenticity of the Triads. But we do not see why these ancient documents being pre-eminently national should be discarded any more than early records of other nations, provided they agree with other well-known contemporaneous histories. Romance is not truth, but it may contain truth. Historical facts are generally found to be the bases of fabulous legends, and may be justly referred to in confirmation of facts derived from authentic sources. Caesar frequently contradicts himself, we, nevertheless, value him on points which bear the stamps of truth. Some of the Triads we find either quoted or dictated, by Diogenes Laertius (A. D. 100). If the Triads make any reference to the continental colonization of the Cymry, these sceptics at once spurn the idea, but if Herodotus describes them as having made an early settlement in Lesser Tartary, they acquiesce in the fact with wonderful composure. When, "of the three sovereigns by vote of the Isle of Britain," the Triads say, "Caswallon was the first," that must be rejected as spurious; but when Caesar relates the same fact, it must be received as gospel. And so reject they the Triad xxii: "The three holy families of the Isle of Britain; the family of Bran, the Blessed, &c.," suggesting that Bran is an unknown quantity in Celtic nomenclature; whereas that declaration is contrary to fact, Rhys in his Celtic Britain plainly indicating that Bran was pre-eminently used in Irish (Celtic) lore, associated with Kingship, and was the name of a Celtic god. Strike this Triad once off, and Roman history becomes a mystery. Whatever mystery there be in regard to details, the main fact is evident that Caractacus, the Brythonic chief or king having been taken captive to Rome, Ostorius Scapula was propraetor of Britain in the year 51; and Gildas (A. D. 564) in his book De Vict. Aurelii Ambrossii, affirms that the Britons received the gospel under Tiberius, the Emperor, under whom Christ was crucified, and that many evangelists received their teaching direct from the Apostles, and in their turn brought home the good news to their countrymen, who held on to Christianity even unto the Diocletian persecution (A. D. 290) and afterwards.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

The free lectures recently inaugurated in sections of the large cities, where the poor dwell, are undisguised blessings, and they make for upliftment and righteousness. This system is in keeping with the splendid work done by the various "Settlements," of which the "Hull House" in Chicago, is the first established, and best known—best known because it has been guided and inspired by such a mind as that of Miss Jane Adams, the most notable woman in America, because she has dared successfully to solve the social problem that perplexes all communities. Among the agencies employed in this humane work, music is one of the most potent. Science is now in the hands of the poorer classes. Free lectures and musical evenings are given in many halls situated in the midst of the thousands, who never go outside of their narrow circles. What a moral antidote to the temptations of the city these entertainments are! For the last two months, the Helen Heath Settlement, which is under the wing of All Souls Church, has had Sunday afternoon "Musicali," given by new talent each time. Their hall has been crowded each time with men, wives, brothers, sisters, eagerly listening and appreciating the different programs. It is a veritable temple of learning to them. The lectures are upon topics worthy of the best audiences in the down-town halls, such as science, art, literature and music. These "Settlements," and there are from fifteen to twenty of them, are actually co-educational with the Schools and Colleges.

Oddities are not wanting even in the names of some musical parties—the "wandering minstrel" section. A double quartet of ladies from a neighboring town caps all in "proper names" oddity—wonderfully met, or wonderfully and purposely rhyme-arranged so as to catch the "poor deluded public." Doubtless, the public will be pleased to see a party with such names as follows in the order of parts—Misses Leach, Beach, Neech, Deach, Meach, Teach, Fleech, Keech. If they sing half as well as they are named, they ought to be a success.

Mme. Marchesi, the noted vocal teacher at Paris, spoke as follows, lately, concerning the American women who have been her pupils: "American women are admirable, and I am devoted to them. I have but one reproach to make concerning them, and that is not of their character, but of their education, which little fits them for an artistic career. The majority come to me knowing no languages but English, with a keen understanding of business and the practical side of life, but

a complete ignorance of art. They are somewhat fickle and not extremely serious in their work; they like variety in professors as well as in everything else; they have not the application of girls who have received classic and artistic training; and one more influence which determines their professional caliber is their puritan heritage. Inherent suppression of all emotion, constant effort at self-control, are the enemies of sentiment, poetry and theatrical abandon to which the Latin nations lend themselves so naturally. It results that Americans make light-opera singers more often than dramatic artists. They are not accustomed to intellectual labor as we understand it over here; they seldom finish their studies."

How are we to account for, and explain the ever-increasing references to music, as a theory, and to song, we read of in so many of the novels of 1899? Is it not significant that there is hardly a novel of note without many such references, and quaint definitions of the subtle influences of the "heavenly art" upon the soul! Naturally in such a delightful work as "The First Violin" by Jessie Fothergill, one would find admirable paragraphs, because it describes German rehearsals of great works, wherein much strong language is used, and that most effectively, in order to reach the goal of true interpretation and expression. Another magnificent piece of fiction, "Aylwin," by Theodore Watts-Dutton, the English-Welsh scholar and literateur, frequently describes the wonderful effect of Welsh song. This remarkable novel describes Welsh scenery, music, habits and characteristics of the peasantry in North Wales, with the pen of a master, but deals out too many doses of obsolete superstition. Several times the heroine, Winifred Wynne, sings the following delightful well-known lyric:

"Mi gwrddais gynt a Morwynig,
Wrth odreu y Wyddfa wen,&c.,

of which the following capital paraphrase is given:

I met in a glade a lone little maid,
At the foot of y Wyddfa the white;
Oh, lissome her feet as the mountain hind,
And darker her hair than the night;
Her cheek was like the mountain rose,
But fairer far to see,
As driving along her sheep with a song
Down from the hills came she."

The reference to the Welsh "crwth," Welsh goblins, gypsies, caves, villages of Snowdon, and the frequent glowing eulogies of Welsh sceneries, and of Welsh people, make "Aylwin" a book that ought to find a way into every Welsh home. Besides, it will teach Welsh-Americans to love beautiful Wales more than ever. "Aylwin" is published by Dodd, Mead and Co., New York.

The reader will allow one other reference to one of the most weird, strange and fascinating novelettes of the day, "The Whistling Maid," by Ernest Rhys, and published in the December "Lippincot's Magazine," in which Wales is described by one of her sons, as it was in the time of the orders of knighthood and chivalric gallantry. It is truly delightful to read of Malen, Howel Farf, Rob-

art Goch, Rhosser of Rhos, and how charmingly Luned could whistle the "capping stave of "Mentra Gwen." "There's luck in the whistle," says old Malen.

The "Musical Times" of London says that in some forty thousand schools, and in thousands of places connected with places of worship, and in educational institutes, lessons on musical matters are given week by week to millions of pupils of all ages. The same journal in an article on "Class Singing," January number, describes excellently the qualifications of teachers. It has been remarked frequently that the great need at the present time in Wales, and in Welsh communities in this country, is good elementary classes, even for a large majority of those who constitute Eisteddfod choirs. Of course, in order to secure success on this line, we must have competent, patient, humane, and tactful teachers—those who are able to create thirst and hunger for education. In this manner the "Musical Times" refers to the honor bestowed lately upon Dr. Hubert Parry. Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry, M. A., D. Mus., Hon. D. C. L., Hon. Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, Director of the Royal College of Music, was, on the 5th ult. (Dec.) elected by Convocation Professor of Music in the University of Oxford. "The right man in the right place."

OLD WELSH LEGENDS.

By the Rev. J. T. Morgan (Thalamus.)

The sword taken by Arthur from the stone in the churchyard, like that taken from the oak tree in the great mead-hall by the Teutonic Sigmund, and snapped in twain in the conflict with Pellinore, is brought back in the form of Excalibur, by the Lady of the Lake, who answers to the Greek Thetis, or the Teutonic Hjordis. After the conflict, Merlin cast a spell upon Pellinore, so that he fell to the earth in a great sleep. Being healed of the wounds which Pellinore had given him, Arthur said to Merlin that he had no sword, and that he needed one; Merlin said, "Wait a while and you shall have one by and by." When they came to a lake in the midst of which an arm was seen rising from the water and bearing a sword aloft, Merlin said, "Yonder is the sword of which I spake, and yonder is the Lady of the Lake, whose is that sword? Speak fair to her when she comes to you, that she may give it you." Arthur spoke tenderly to her and besought her for the sword, and the Lady of the Lake said, "It shall be thine if thou wilt give me a gift

when I ask for it;" and when the king promised her, she bade him row himself in a barge that lay near, and take the sword with its scabbard; and when Arthur laid his hand upon it, the hand that bare it up went under the water. Presently the sage asked the king, "Which likest thou the better, the sword or the scabbard?" And Arthur said it was the sword. "Then ye are unwise," said Merlin, "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword, for while ye have the scabbard upon you ye shall never lose blood, though thy wounds be never so sore; wherefore see that you keep the scabbard always with you;" but Arthur would not believe it. Excalibur is the fatal weapon, whose scabbard answers precisely to the panoply of the Greek Achilleus, for while he wears it Arthur cannot shed blood, even though he be sore wounded.

Arthur had a wicked sister named Fay Morgan, the Enchantress. She was the Queen of the Fairies, and the wife of Uriens, but like all other women in the good old days of chivalry and romance, she loved a brave man named Accolon far better than her own faithful husband. Arthur loved his sister, but she hated him, and did her utmost to secure his downfall. At last she stole Excalibur and its scabbard. One day Arthur and many of his knights went hunting, and were led astray by the enchantments of Fay Morgan. When night came, they saw a ship richly adorned, and suddenly there burst forth a great light, and twelve damsels came forth and welcomed Arthur by his name, and led him with Uriens, his brother-in-law, and Accolon, to a table laden with wine and costly things, and then brought them each into a fair chamber that they might rest. But in the morning Uriens found himself at Camelot with his wife, and Arthur found himself in a dark prison, and there he heard the moaning of many knights who were shut up with him. The king found out that they had been entrapped by an evil knight named Damas, who kept back part of his heritage from his good brother, Sir Ontzlake, whom men loved as much as they hated Damas. And there came a damsel who asked Arthur if he would fight for Damas, and he said he would, "for it is better to fight with a knight than to die in a dungeon—but only if all here be set free." When Accolon awoke, he found himself by a dark well-side, and there came to him a dwarf who brought him greetings from Fay Morgan, and bade him be of good cheer; and he said, "In the morning thou shalt fight with a knight at the hour of prime, and here is Excalibur, Arthur's sword, and the scabbard." And it came to pass that Accolon fought with the king's sword against the king whom he loved, for he knew not who it was who fought for Sir Damas. Long and terrible was the fight, for the false sword which the enchantress had given to Arthur hit not like Excalibur, and the blood streamed from the king's body because the scabbard which he

wore was not the scabbard of Excalibur. Arthur grew weaker as the strife went on, and Accolon grew stronger. Arthur's sword broke at the cross, but he would not yield. The Lady of the Lake was looking on, and when Accolon would give Arthur a deadly blow, she caused Excalibur to fly from his hand, and Arthur leaping forth seized it in his hand, and said, "Too long hast thou been from me." "Now," said Arthur to Accolon, "thou shalt die," and he dealt him a blow that the blood rushed from him in a torrent. When Accolon found that he had been fighting King Arthur, he told him how Fay Morgan had sent him the sword and scabbard; and the king said, "Thee I can forgive; but upon my sister I will take such vengeance that all Christendom shall ring with it, for I have worshipped her more than all my kin, and trusted her more than mine own wife."

When the tidings came that Accolon was dead, and that Arthur had recovered his sword and scabbard, Fay Morgan's heart almost burst with grief; and entering the Abbey where the wounded king lay asleep, she was unable to take Excalibur from his hand, but stole the scabbard, and with her attendants hurried away for dear life. When Arthur awoke and was told of his sister's visit, he followed her in great haste; and seeing herself pursued she threw the scabbard into a lake, and turned herself and attendants unto stone. As the sun rises from the sea in the morning, and descends into the sea in the evening; so must Excalibur be returned to the lake from whence Arthur had it. When the king was dying he told Sir Bedivere to throw it into the lake; but the knight having coveted the precious sword hid it under a tree; and Arthur knowing all sent him the second time; but the third time he threw it as far into the water as he might, and there came a hand and an arm above the water and caught it, and brandishing it thrice vanished away. And that was the last seen of Excalibur. And Arthur died, saying, "I go to the vale of Avalon to heal me of my grievous wound, and if thou never hear more of me, pray for my soul."

But what became of his sister, the Enchantress? In the time of Charles the Great, better known to many as Charlemagne, there was weeping in the palace of Godfrey, King of Denmark, for the queen had died in giving birth to a son. They took the babe from his dead mother's arms at midnight, and having named him Olger, or Ogier, carried him into another room and laid him on a bed of down. Presently there was a gentle rustling in the room, and there appeared about the bed six shining fairies, whose beauty was so awful and so wonderful that none but a child might gaze upon them without fear. The fairy Glorian took the boy in her arms and said, "I give you to be the strongest and bravest knight of all your time." Another, called Palestina, said, "And I will give you battles to fight." Faramond, the

third fairy, said, "No man shall ever conquer thee." Melion said, "I give thee to be always sweet and gentle." Pristina said, "Thou shalt be dear to all women, and happy in thy love." Then Fay Morgan, which was queen of them all, said, "Sweet one, there scarce remains a gift for me to give you after all my sisters have promised, yet I give you this; that you shall never die, but after you have lived a life of glory on the earth you shall be mine, and I will bring you home to dwell with me forever in Avalon, the land of Faery."

King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel.

Charles the Great summoned Godfrey, King of Denmark, to do him homage for his lands, but Godfrey would not. The great Emperor brought his mighty army against Godfrey and defeated him, and he was obliged to promise to appear before the Emperor every Easter and pay his allegiance. As a pledge that he would keep his word, the Emperor required him to give up his little son Olger for a hostage; and Olger was carried away to the emperor's court; and the great Charles was glad to have so fearless and handsome a youth in his retinue. The child became the champion of France; and wherever he went about the battle-field he reaped among the enemy till he ramparted himself within a wall of slain, while the enemy in full flight would cry, "Save yourselves, for Michael the Archangel fights against us." What Excalibur was to Arthur, Durendal to

Roland, was the famed Damascus sword, Courtain, to Olger. He reigned in Britain many years with his wife Clarice, till, being tired of peace, he went and fought the battles of the cross in Palestine. He took Acre, Babylon, and Jerusalem, of all which cities he was made king. Anxious to see Charles the Great and his court again, he set sail for France. But a storm came down and the ships were at the mercy of wind and wave, till they were parted one from another. All were lost except Olger; he stood alone at night upon the sinking ship, kissing his sword Courtain. Then he heard a voice in the air cry, "Olger, I wait for thee. Fear not the waves, but come." Then he cast himself into the sea and placed safely on a rock, and following a strange light he came to a palace of ivory and gold and ebony, glorious to behold, &c. And there stood suddenly at his side Fay Morgan, queen of the fairies, who said, "Welcome, dear knight, to Avalon. A weary time have I longed and waited for thy coming; now thou art mine, my love. Let the restless ages roll; we will dream on forever in this changeless vale." She put an enchanted ring upon his hand, so the years slipped from his shoulders and he stood before her in prime of youth and vigor. And she placed upon his brow a priceless crown no earthly treasure would suffice to buy—the Crown of Forgetfulness. Then Olger remembereth no more of the things which were past. There he found Arthur healed of his wound, with whom he talked of knightly deeds, and often rode with him in friendly jousts against the forms of Sir Lancelot, and Sir Tristem. Two hundred years passed by, like yesterday to him dreaming in Avalon.

But France fell into trouble. Battle raged, but there was none to lead her armies forth to victory. Fay Morgan heard and pitied them, and said, "Olger must go back again to fight for France," and she asked him, "Do you know how long you have dwelt with me?" And he answered, "One does not reckon time in Paradise." She lifted the crown of forgetfulness from his brow, and his memory came again; and he said, "I must go. Clarice will wonder why I stay, and Carahen will think me wrecked." The Enchantress said, "Guard well the ring upon your hand, for, wearing it, your youth and vigor will never fade." And she brought him a torch, saying, "See that you kindle it not, so shall you live for ever; but if by mischance it should break out and burn, cherish the fire with care, for the measure of your days is the last spark of the torch."

He was carried through the air to France. On the battle-field the Franks, broken into disorder, fled everywhere before the paynim. Suddenly appeared in their midst a knight of mighty stature, whose course about the battle-field was tracked with a long line of slain; and the frightened Franks stayed in their flight, saying, "It is Olger the

Dane!" till the whisper grew to a cry, and the cry to a great battle shout, "Olger the Dane! Olger the Dane!" and the Franks swept the paynim from the field as a tide sweeps litter from its course.

After this victory the Queen would wed with Olger, and they made ready for the bridal, and all the lords and ladies of France came to be present at the marriage. The church shone with the blaze of gold and heraldry. Stately music echoed through the aisles as a grand procession entered, and the trumpeters and heralds proclaimed the Queen of France and Olger the king that shall be crowned. And suddenly there shone a light brighter than all the gold and jewels, and Fay Morgan floated down upon a white cloud, and caught away Sir Olger. And the cloud received them both, and wrapping them from mortal sight went up and waned into thin air and vanished in the church.

But Olger is not dead. He is in a garden where the trees are always green, and the flowers fade not, and the summer never dies; where the sun goes not down, and the soft sweet sky is never darkened with storm; a garden in the Vale of Avalon, the land of Faery, where King Arthur's sister is queen over all.

THE MINSTREL'S PLAINT.

Sorrowing I strike the plaintive string.
Deign, mortal bards, to hear me sing,
The minstrels of the land are gone,
And I am left alone, alone.

Oh! where has Cambria's spirit fled,
Is that, with all her heroes, dead?
Her bards have lost the tuneful lay,
Her sons, by strangers ruled are they.

Why prate of Cambria's sword and shield,
When to the invaders sway ye yield?
Why ask so oft if there be peace,
While unavenged is valiant Rhys?

The last of all the kings was he,
Who fought for Cambrian liberty,
And I, his minstrel, weep in vain,
For Rhys was here in battle slain.

Ye mock the muse in Dian's face
Renegades from a noble race;
Beware lest Dinas bell should toll,
To wake Ap Tewdwr's warriors all.—*Scott.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE TEMPTATION.

By the Rev. George James Jones.

The Location of the Scene.—The Evangelist uses the expression, "led of the Spirit," but the word "led" is used to "signify more than a mere leading," and is the same translated "brought" in Luke 2: 22; Acts 9: 39; 12: 14. It is also used in describing the bringing of the sacrifice to the altar. In Acts 7: 41 it is translated "offered." Under an irresistible impulse Christ was carried away by the Holy Spirit into the wilderness. "God tempteth no man, but he sometimes brings men into temptation" (Abbott's Com. on Matthew, p. 76). There are four words in the Hebrew language meaning almost, and yet not quite the same thing, but not one of them means "a sandy waste," but on the contrary "untilled pastoral land," which may be covered with a luxuriant vegetation. (See Schaff-Herzog, Enc. p. 629). Several wildernesses are mentioned in the Bible, the most important being, the wilderness of Sinai, the wilderness of Moab, the wilderness of Beersheba, the wilderness of Judah, the wilderness which is a continuation of the wilderness of Judah, the wilderness of Beth-aven, the wilderness of Gibeon, the wilderness of Dothan.

The wilderness of Judah comprises the easterly and southerly slope of the mountain of Judah, and is bound on the north by the wilderness of Jericho (between the north end of the Dead Sea and Jerusalem), and on the east by the Dead Sea, on the west by the mountains of Judah, and on the north runs out into the wilderness of Sin (or Tsin), and of Edom, between the mountains of Seir and the southern point of the Dead Sea. The fifth wilderness in the order named is considered as the place of the temptation of Jesus. "It is the wilderness that goeth up from Jericho throughout Mount Bethel." A tradition, said to be no older than the time of the Crusades, fixes the scene of the temptation at a mountain to the south of Jericho, which from this circumstance has received the name of Quarantania. Naked and arid, a mountain of malediction, rising precipitously from a scorched and desert plain, and looking over the sluggish, bituminous waters of the Sodomitic sea, thus offering a sharp contrast to the smiling softness of the mountain of beatitudes and the limpid crystal of the Lake of Gennesareth. Imagination has seen it a fit place to be the haunt of evil influences, a place where in the language of the prophets, the owls dwell and the satyrs dance. And here Jesus, according to that graphic and pathetic touch of the second Evangelist, "was with the wild

beasts." They did not harm him. "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder; the lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." So had the voice of old spoken, and in Christ, as in so many of his children, the promise was fulfilled (Farrar).

Associated Relations.—In the wilderness Jesus passes through the transition period, not only in the sense of passing from an obscure life to a public life, but through the crisis of his life, through the ordeal which made all future success, power, authority, glory possible to him. The old life of common habits and interests he left behind him as he entered the solitary and forbidding place. But, and I wish to say it reverently, were he defeated by his adversary, he would have returned to that common level of men, and quietly sunk to oblivion. But as he passed the crisis successfully he returned and assumed a place among men as man, but he was not one of them. He had such tenderness, dignity, majesty of character as to mark him the man. We know of nothing superior in him before he entered the wilderness, but after he stands before the world as the man—the only true man. On his victory he entered upon a new life, every step of which is a miracle, and every fact of which is a new glory flashed upon the world. The victory Jesus gained at that horrid retreat made the place famous, and is visited annually by many devoted pilgrims. Because of that victory "Quarantania" has become associated in tender relations with the "Mountain top," with "Gethsemane," and with "Calvary." Could men fully understand the philosophy of the temptation and the glory of the victory, a new key would offer its service to them that would open the mystery of trial and of triumph. The wilderness is the door leading to all moral grandeur and spiritual achievement. Every man who has made the world better by living in it experienced the power of a personal encounter with his enemy in the wilderness, and the thrill of the new life filling his soul consequent to the victory. Hagar found the agony and the thrill in the sufferings of her supposed dying child, and in the revelation of the refreshing, healing well-spring close at hand; Caesar, on the banks of the Rubicon and in the triumph at Rome; Luther, in resolving to nail the theses to the door of the Wittenberg church, and in his victory over the Pope; Wellington, in strict military discipline and at Waterloo; Washington at Valley Forge and in the recognition of the republic; Lincoln, in mastering problems involving the eternal rights of men, and in the emancipation of the slaves; Garfield on the tow-path and in the executive mansion; Moody in an all night prayer for power from on high, and in the reception of that power till he cried, "O Lord, that is enough, I can not endure any more." It is not a question of whether men will enter the wilderness, but whether they will conquer in it. Men must enter it, yea, do enter it. The path leading from the cradle to the grave runs through it. There is no escape from

it. Men must enter, and fight, and win in it, or fail to reach their possibilities. Many a life of hopeful promise is blasted in the wilderness, becomes a prey to its savagery, and ever after is a wreck and wrecking others. On the other hand, many a life of apparent inferior moral qualities enters the wilderness, stands the test, and comes forth revived, enlarged, garnished, glorified, and ever after is a bright and shining light leading men to truth and to God.

The wilderness is not an entirely insolvable enigma. Those who have conquered in it, the pious, the godly, the spiritual understand its deepest philosophy, though they may not be able to explain it in words intelligible to the inexperienced. The deepest factors of life are not susceptible of expression according to rhetorical laws, but they are understood perfectly by the soul, and that intelligence is transmitted to other souls of kindred experience. In this light must be viewed the inability of the carnal mind to perceive the meaning and to understand the force of Bible truths. Many materialists may be more intelligent in secular things, and may be looked upon as great lights in their own narrow spheres, but there are faculties within them untouched by the Spirit of God, and they are blind to the things of God. When the Spirit of the infinite brush against the spirit of the finite, new directions are given to affections, new visions are given to perceptions, new glories are brought within reach, and the man rises up to the measure of his responsibilities and possibilities, and uses the old Book as his chart and compass, companion and guide, shield and friend; yea, as the title deed to all the promises of his Lord. Such a man is a benediction to his race. Let no one say that he can not win the day and wear the crown. Jesus as man conquered the devil when the devil was most formidable. We are told that Jesus did marvelous things and said beautiful things, but that he gave to the world no system of religious doctrines; but he did. His own life is the most marvelous system of truths the world has ever seen, or ever will see. In all particulars he regarded what men consider smallest detail of conduct, and out of the insignificant wove the mightiest and grandest character. The devil knew that divinity could conquer him, but up to the wilderness experience he did not believe that humanity could overcome him. Every man so far had fallen before his blows, and he regarded himself as invincible, but in the person of the Nazarene he found his master. He knows now that every Christ-man is stronger than he. As Shakespeare said of the race:

> "A guilty conscience
> Makes cowards of us all;"

knowledge of the power of the true Christian has shorne the devil of much of his strength; he has not the prowess he once had. Let men put on themselves the whole armor of Christianity, and the devil will step behind them. His power is shattered, his citadel is crumbled, his weapons rebound against him. He does not face the sword of the Spirit.

The Necessity of It.—Jesus was led to the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. That is a definite statement of the purpose for which he was led to the wilderness. As he had been subject to his earthly parents, so he now is subject, in the outset of his official course, to his heavenly Parent, and is by his will thus carried up to be tempted (Alford). Jesus was tempted in all things in which human nature might be tempted, and he suffered that temptation in an extreme human condition, when nature had been reduced by hunger. The temptation continued in different forms during the forty days; the features named by the Evangelists were culminating attempts of the evil one close to the end of the forty days. Two extremes meet in the temptation; humanity weakened to almost starvation, and in the circumstances, that humanity calling all its reserved powers so as to be able to withstand the pangs of hunger and the power of the tempter without deviating one iota from full obedience to the divine law. "To have availed himself of his divine power to escape the bodily discomforts of humanity, would have been to fail in his mission of becoming our pattern and sympathizing high priest at the very outset. Accordingly, there is no case in the New Testament in which Christ exercises miraculous power for his own benefit" (Abbott). The devil had to be conquered by humanity, not by divinity. With what force of warning and of shame does the emphatic trite reply of Jesus thunder in the ears of those putting bread and butter between them and full obedience to the divine will. Food is a necessity. To be hungry is not to sin. Yet if need be, let the body starve that the soul may live. There are no reasons for living beyond the honor and glory of God. Better death than disobedience. God has so arranged the multitudinous products of nature that in spite of all a comfortable living is possible to the robust, industrious and healthy. And in all Christian countries provisions are made to supply the need of the sick and the unfortunate. Such institutions are expressions of the divine in human sympathy. Absolute necessities are few, and are cheap; they are within the reach of all able bodied persons. It is for men to govern their wants according to their circumstances. There is a vast difference between the wants and the needs. God has made the needs sure to all seeking first the kingdom of Christ and his righteousness (Matt. 6: 33). The trouble is man makes himself a slave to his wants. He wants much wealth, he wants a large place in the world, he wants commanding influence over his fellows, he wants the quintessence of all luxuries, and to obtain them he overburdens himself with cares and anxieties. Appeals of patriotism, of philanthropy, of religion, do not touch him unless he sees in them something to feed his vanity; the man is shriveled up in himself. There is nothing of the Christ in such a character. Jesus suffered the pangs of hunger without exercising his

divine power to change a stone to bread so that humanity might gain the victory over its giant enemy, and the will of God be honored. No man can be of true service to the world, to himself, to his God, before he has mastered the devil.

The Consequences of It.—The consequences of the victory are as far-reaching as the comprehensiveness of it. The invulnerability of Jesus and his mastery over the enemy, his "coming up from Edom victorious," and "with dyed garments from Bozra," his "treading the wine press alone" constitute the very foundation on which the superstructure of his kingdom is established. When the tempted one had "fathomed the depth of Satan, and his kingly 'get thee behind me' ended the long, momentous temptation of the wilderness" (The Age Temptation, p. 35), and the devil had departed, defeated, "behold angels came to minister unto him"—the heavenly hosts recognized in that kingly character one worthy of the throne, and they came to minister unto him, to serve him. Christ was beginning to ascend. The celestial beings recognized at once the consequence of the victory. In that masterly character they saw their king; his victory won was his title to the throne, and the spirits of the celestial habitations hastened round their king and Lord. The wonderful deeds of his life were made possible by that victory, and the heavenly hosts anticipated the end and flashed to his feet. There remained then only one half of the realm to win: the human half. The heavenly half was already won. The struggle for the human is long, and the task is mighty, but from the vantage ground of the present century we see glimpses of the glory of redeemed humanity. Christ's kingdom is securely established. Millions of men and women are ready to die for him to-day, as others have died in the past, if need be. The leaven of the new life is working destruction to the institutions of evil, while Jesus majestically and securely ascends the throne of earth, and rules the kings of men.

But kindly remember that the last thing that happened to Jesus before he was led to the wilderness solitude to be tempted was a mighty outpouring of the Spirit upon him; he was "anointed with the Holy Spirit and with power." It was the anointing that enabled him to overcome. And it is the Holy Spirit that enables all men to overcome. Pray for it, pray for it, dear friends; it is yours for the asking. So soon as men have renounced selfishness and sin, and have dedicated their faculties and powers to do the will of God, and pray for the Spirit, a mighty baptism comes upon them and they are invincible. Glory to God in the highest.

STONEHENGE.

By Antiquarian.

Stonehenge is the most remarkable monument of ancient times in Britain, and is situated on Salisbury Plain, two miles from the town of Amesbury, Wiltshire, England. It is a structure of artificially raised monoliths in a neighborhood where sepulchral tumuli abound, and where many ancient British remains have been found. To-day, it has been so much defaced and damaged that it is only a pile of moss-grown stones, of not much interest to the ordinary visitor, although full of significancy to the antiquarian and archaeologist. When entire, it consisted of two concentric circles of upright stones, inclosing two ellipses, surrounded by a double mound and ditch circular in form. Outside the boundary was a single upright stone, and the approach was by an avenue from the north-east, bounded on each side by a mound or ditch. The outside circles consisted of 30 blocks of sandstone, fixed upright at intervals of 3½ feet, and connected at the top by a continuous series of imposts, 16 feet from the ground. The blocks all were

Stonehenge.

squared and rough-hewn, and the horizontal imposts dovetailed to each other, and fitted by mortise-holes in their under sides to knobs in the uprights. About 9 feet within this peristyle was the inner circle, of 30 unhewn granite pillars, 5 to 6 feet in height. The grandest part of Stonehenge was the ellipse inside the circle, formed of 10 or 12 blocks of sandstone, 16 to 22 feet high, arranged in pairs, each pair separate, and furnished with an impost (a cap stone), so as to form 5 or 6 trilithons. Within these trilithons was the inner ellipse, composed of 19 uprights of granite similar in size to those of the inner circle; and in the cell thus formed was the so-called altar, a large slab of blue marble.

It has been a question of much discussion as to the age, origin and purpose of these wonderful piles, but however obscure the origin may be, there is no doubt but they are pre-Christian, and belong to very ancient times. Probably, they are in no way connected with what is commonly known as Druidism. Some have held Stonehenge to have been a great temple devoted to sun-worship, and also by successive races and creeds for religious services; and others have suggested it might have been a pagan court of justice or a ring for judicial combats. It was probably constructed gradually. Although history fails to cast any light on the mystery, fable has stepped in with a full and entertaining account of the origin, age and purpose of the remarkable remains.

Vortigern, in fear of attacks from internal enemies from all sides in Britain, became resolved to accept the offered services of Horsa and Hengist, who landed A. D. 449. These were Saxons, for whose assistance, Vortigern promised to bestow upon them lands and other possessions. Vortigern gave Hengist permission to bring more Saxons from "Germany," and according to Geoffrey's history, 18 ships full of the best soldiers came, and they brought also with them, Rowena, Hengist's daughter, the Eve of the Welsh nation, which caused its downfall as an independent people. Although this story is very entertaining and at times very amusing and droll, there is no doubt as to its being an utter fiction. Subsequently there happened a war between the Britons and the Saxons, assisted by their British followers, which led to Hengist leaving the country. This insurrection was led by Vortimer, Vortigern's son. After Vortimer's death, the Saxons returned in force to Britain. Hengist suggested a convention of princes and nobles to arbitrate the differences and misunderstandings, which met at Ambrius, a mythical place. All the British nobility arrived, but Hengist and his followers having secretly armed themselves with daggers under their garments, who at the word of command "Nemet oure Saxas," stuck his next British neighbor, by which ruse 460 "barons and consuls" were assassinated. This is what the Welsh call "Brad y Cyllyll Hirion" (The

Treachery of the Long Knives). There was present, a certain Earl of Gloster, by name Eidol, who took up an iron bar, with which he gave every Saxon his death blow; breaking heads, arms and legs as he moved around; and he did not desist until he had killed 70 of the enemy, after which slaughter he was compelled to escape. In a subsequent affair Hengist was defeated in a duel by this Eidol, who while Hengist stood on trial before the British king, Aurelius, took his sword and cut off his head, taking the prophet Samuel as his warrant, who hewed king Agag, the Amalek, in pieces.

Aurelius one day, after he had routed the enemies of Britain, and was contemplating restoring things political and ecclesiastical, came to the monastery near Caer Caradog (the Welsh for Stonehenge), where the 460 noblemen whom the wicked Hengist had treacherously murdered lay. The sight of the place touched the king, who shed tears, and forthwith began to think something should be done to perpetuate the memory of that piece of ground. In a council, Merlin suggested that the king should send for the Giant's Dance, in Killareus, Ireland, to be put over this ground to honor the burying-place of those men with an everlasting monument. An army was sent to Ireland under Uther Pendragon to bring these great stones over, who had to defeat the Irish under their king, Gillomanius, before the Giant's Dance could be removed, the Irish being utterly surprised at the idea of the Britons crossing the sea for a big pile of stones, when Britain abounds in such rocks. However, the British army brought the stones over, by the help of Merlin, the wizard, and they were placed very much in the order in which they are now found on Salisbury Plain. Of course, this is a mere conjecture; but it is the best that can be done until history furnishes a revelation.

* * *

Though thou are little, dearest Wales,
Though strait thy limits are,
Upon thy mountains and thy vales
Are beauties rich and rare;
Thy bounds are narrowed, but to me
Sufficient thy variety.

—*E. O. J.*

THE KYMRY IN BRITAIN—THE BRITONS.

PART II.

By Rev. Daniel Philips, M. A.

(Continued).

Between the departure of Julius Caesar in B. C. 54 and the advent of Aulus Paulus in A. D. 43, nearly a century of great events and mighty changes had intervened. Pompey, Crassus and Caesar became self-constituted Triumvirate of the Roman world. Civil war immediately followed. Pompey was conquered by Caesar and beheaded by treachery at Alexandria in Egypt, by a former pupil, the King of Egypt, and brother of Cleopatra. Crassus lost his life in the east, and Caesar became the dictator of Rome. Soon Caesar died by the hands of Brutus on the floor of the senate, and the Roman Republic was buried with Brutus and Cassius on the plains of Philippi. Then Octavius, Anthony and Lepidus became self-constituted Triumvirate. Soon Lepidus was deprived of his portion. Anthony was slain by the sword, and Octavius was left the sole dictator of Rome. The Roman Empire was founded by Julius Caesar. Octavius under the title of Augustus became the second Emperor, Tiberius Caesar the third. Caligula succeeded Tiberius, Claudius Caligula and Nero Claudius. Christ was born in Judea. The kingdom of heaven was established on earth. The Apostles proclaimed it in all the world.

It was ten years after the death of Christ, and just ninety-nine years after the second landing of Caesar that Aulus Plautius commenced the conquest of the island. Meanwhile the Britons had undergone many changes. Their leading men and brave warriors had passed into the land of the shades. But others had risen in their stead and inspired with the bravery of their fathers were ready to take their place. The heroic virtues of their worthy ancestors under the daring leadership of the brave Cassivelaunus in resisting the landing of Caesar taught them to resist to the utmost the landing of Plautius. Had they been versed in the science of war as they were used to courage, and had they been as united as they were brave, neither Plautius nor Caesar would have landed on the coast of Britain. Removed from the seat of civilization with its constant improvements in the arts of war, and discordant among themselves, when they ought to have been a unit to resist the common foe, they were forced to permit the Roman eagle to pounce on the island. Had Tacitus's History of

Claudius Caesar come down to us intact, we would have received, doubtless, a full and faithful description of the landing of Plautius as of the landing of Caesar. From the fragmentary accounts which have come down to us through other sources, we clearly see the brave inhabitants of the island defend themselves to the utmost. But the fates would have it that the key should be put in the hand of Rome to open the country for religion and civilization, as the key was put in the hand of Greece to open the east to religion and civilization. Aulus Plautius turned the key and opened the door for the Roman legions to enter and establish a Roman province on the southern coast. Ostorius, the successor of Plautius in the command of the army and the government of the island, to use the language of Tacitus, "marched against the Silures, a people resolute and fierce by nature, and moreover rendered confident by the valor of Caractacus, whom his many perplexities and many victories had raised to pre-eminence over all the generals of the Britons. But though possessing an advantage in the dangerous nature of the localities, yet as he was inferior in the number of his troops, he cunningly transferred his seat of war to the territory of the Ordovices, where being joined by all such as feared peace with the Romans, he resolved to put all to the hazard of a battle. For this purpose he chose a place against which it was difficult to advance, and from which it was difficult to retreat—everyway incommodious to our army, and every way favorable to his own. He then took post upon the ridges of some lofty mountains, and where their sides were gently inclining and inapproachable he piled up stones for a rampart; his position was also skirted by a river, dangerous to be forded, and troops of soldiers manned his intrenchments.

Moreover chieftains of the several nations were busily employed in going from rank to rank, exhorting and animating their followers, by dissipating their fears, by kindling their hopes, and by other incitements employed in war. But as for Caractacus, he flew from one quarter to another, protesting, "that from that day, that battle, they would have to date the recovery of liberty or the commencement of interminable bondage." He invoked by name those who had repulsed the dictator Caesar, by whose valor they had lived exempted from the terrors of the Roman axe, and the oppression of the Roman tributes, and were enabled to protect the persons of their wives and children uncontaminated.

As he thus harangued them, he was answered by acclamations of the multitude, and each soldier bound himself by the oath held most sacred by his nation, "that they would never turn away from the weapons of the enemy nor shrink from wounds."

This display of courage and alacrity amazed the Roman General; besides the river to be passed the rampart they had raised, the frowning ridges of the mountains, every part exhibiting symptoms of fierce

determination, and every post well-manned—all these things alarmed him. But the soldier demanded battle; all things they cried were to be surmounted by courage; and the praefects and tribunes, by expressing similar sentiments, inflamed the ardor of the army. Ostorius, seizing the auspicious moment, having carefully surveyed the situation, where inaccessible, and where to be passed, led them on excited, and without much difficulty cleared the river. When he approached the bulwark, while the conflict was carried on by means of missiles, there were more of our men wounded, and many began to fall; but after they had formed themselves into the military shell, demolished the rude and shapeless structure of stones, and encountered hand to hand upon an equality, the barbarians betook themselves to the ridges of the mountains; and thither also our soldiers forced their way, both the light and heavy armed—the former assailing them with dart, the latter fighting foot to foot; while the ranks of the Britons on the other hand were broken, as they had no covering of breastplates or helmets, and if they resisted the auxiliaries, they were slaughtered by the swords and javelins of the heavy-armed, and by the sabres and spears of the auxiliaries, when they faced the heavy-armed. Glorious was the victory gained on that day: the wife of Caractacus was taken prisoner, his brothers also surrendered at discretion."

(To be continued.)

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

Gryffydd arose and taking Magnus by the hand said huskily,

"There can be no wedding without a bride. My daughter is nowhere to be found! She has disgraced the living in her loyalty to the dead. Pluck her image from your heart; let her name perish."

CHAPTER XXV.

Surprises.

Gryffydd ceased speaking and Magnus stood like one struck with lightning in the midst of the silent and astonished guests that filled the hall, when the clatter of horses feet was heard. Nearer and louder grew the sound, denoting no ordinary degree of haste. Then it suddenly ceased, and a voice whose tone indicated a high degree of anxiety and apprehension demanded of the guards stationed at the gate,

"Am I too late? For heaven's sake tell me quick."

"Too late for what?" was the in-

quiry. "You have forgotten to tell us your business."

"By my confession to heaven, if it is not the prince!" cried another voice. "And there is Cadwallader too!"

"Make way there, ye confounded idiots, or else I'll trample you to death," said Trahaiarn, urging his horse off the draw-bridge into the court-yard in a fit of impatience, and waiting not for the guards to recover their senses sufficiently to make the desired reply. A moment later, leaving his horse in charge of his squire, he hastened towards the king's hall, into which he entered in time to find Gryffydd and Magnus still standing in the bitterness of disappointment. Unwashed and unkempt with a thick growth of black beard covering the greater part of a face whose only hairy ornament heretofore had been a heavy moustache, the prince created an impression as strange as that which he received from the condition of things in the hall; and before he had time to recover from his embarassment at what he saw, Gryffydd, mistaking him for a bearer of evil tidings said in an irritated voice.

"Speak man. Why dost thou stand there like a mute? If there are more evils to come upon me let me hear them. Tell me that she has found a grave in the Clwyd. Speak I say."

"Heavens! is my betrothed dead?" cried Trahaiarn completely bewildered. "Tell me that she is dead rather than that she is married to an alien!"

"Who art thou?" inquired Gryffydd fixing a searching look on Trahaiarn's face. "Are we all bewitched? Is the dead come to life? Art thou Trahaiarn or his ghost?"

"I am all there is left of thy vassal, O king," replied the prince scarcely knowing what he said by reason of his extreme anxiety to learn what had transpired.

And now followed a scene of excitement such as was never witnessed in the castle before. Gryffydd forgetting for the moment his disappointment at the disappearance of his daughter embraced the prince in the most fatherly manner, then relinquished him to the brotherly demonstrations of the princes Meredith and Ithel, while the Welsh guests in their joy at Trahaiarn's return rent the air with shouts of gladness. All this seemed very strange to Magnus' men, who saw in the newcomer only a dirty looking adventurer. Magnus, however, was not so slow in learning who he was, having surmised that it was the missing prince before he was positively informed that it was he. Nor had he any reason or inclination to remain longer under Gryffydd's roof. Indeed Nest's disappearance together with Trahaiarn's unexpected return made an early departure extremely desirable. Accordingly he and his men left for Conway early in the afternoon escorted by Prince Meredith with a number of the Welsh courtiers, and before sunset he sailed for Norway.

In the meantime Trahaiarn having received and given all desired explanations hastened to remove such

traces of his long imprisonment as his inclination and toilet made possible, and in due time returned to the hall looking much like his former self, except that he was thinner, and had an older look. Having learned that the princess and her maid had secretly left her room the night before, leaving no clue to indicate her place of concealment, it was natural that he should be very anxious to go in search of her. He also had a strong desire to punish his captors for the suffering they had caused him. Wavering at first between these two desires he finally decided that as the search for the princess would occupy several days, if not weeks, and the chastisement of the outlaws demanded immediate action, he would set out as soon as practicable against the latter. Accordingly with Gryffydd's consent he chose a large force of men from the army still encamped a short distance from the castle, and forming two divisions he found Meredith willing to take command of one, while he took charge of the other. As soon as Meredith returned from Conway, therefore, they started on their mission of revenge, the prince royal going in the direction of Cefn, and Trahaiarn proceeding towards the scene of his imprisonment, reaching a point east of Ruthin before daybreak. Here the prince divided his men into two forces of equal strength, giving charge of one of them to a young chief, and leading the other himself. Taking a circuitous route each proceeded to the robber's haunt, while Cadwallader played the part of a scout. The object of this precaution was that the approach of one division from the south and the other from the north might make it more difficult for the outlaws to make their escape should they attempt to leave the cavern. While the two bands pursued their respective courses the grey dawn appeared and gradually expanded into twilight, enabling them to see their way more clearly. But the faint light that aided their advance also enabled such of the outlaws as were on the watch for enemies to see them approaching and to disappear unseen into the cavern. So that when the two divisions arrived near the robber's den shortly after, it was without catching a single glimpse of the enemy. Was it possible after all that Hoel had sought another refuge? Had he been so indiscreet as to seek safety in the caves at Cefn, a thing that Trahaiarn had not thought likely, although he had sent Meredith there? While the prince revolved these thoughts in his mind, Cadwallader ventured a short distance into the cavern and saw that the curtain was gone. He listened but could hear no sound, and sniffed the air but could smell no smoke. Yet he was loth to believe that the place was deserted. He peered into the gloom again, but although it was now broad daylight outside, there was scarcely light enough in the cavern to enable him to discern objects far beyond where he stood. Trahaiarn spoke to him, and he was about to reply, when he was startled by a faint groan as if of a man in

pain not many feet away. This was enough. He was sure now that the cavern was not so deserted as it seemed, and turning to the prince he said,

"The arrow which sped from your bow the other night did but wound the accursed hermit, I fear; for it must be he that I heard groan just now."

"Art thou sure that thou hearest a groan?" asked the prince.

"As sure as I am talking to you."

"Then the old villain is not alone! Nor is he far from death, or else he would not let even a groan betray his friends."

"It is time that he should do us a good turn."

"Ay, and if his friends do not aid his exit from this life before I get to him I shall reward him for his kindness by making good the intention which I but poorly carried out the other night."

The prince now stationing the greater part of his men on each side of the cavern by way of precaution in case the outlaws should rush out of their hiding place, commanded the rest to bring all the withered branches and dry logs that could be found in the vicinity and pile up inside the cavern. The command was immediately obeyed, those without armor bringing the wood from the forest, and mailed men placing it inside the opening. It was well that the prince had thought of this plan, for the work had scarcely begun when the outlaws, comprehending the meaning of the preparations, sent a shower of arrows among those who were piling the wood. This display of hostility, however, did little other than give Trahaiarn evidence of the presence of the outlaws inside, and stimulate the men detailed for the work into greater activity. Nor were subsequent attempts to hinder the work more successful. This made the robbers desperate, and choosing to run the risk of being overwhelmed by superior numbers rather than wait to be smothered to death where they were, they made a simultaneous rush for the opening, some climbing over the logs only to fall to the ground pierced to the heart with arrows, others with the fury of madmen advancing into the midst of their enemies and engaging in a hand to hand fight. Among the latter was Hoel, who, clad in the armor which Trahaiarn had on when he was captured made straight for the prince, striking right and left with a Danish axe. The prince, however, receiving on his shield the blow aimed at his head sprang upon his assailant with the quickness of thought, and grappling with him fell to the ground, succeeding after a hard struggle in wresting the axe from his hand, but not before receiving a slight wound from one of Hoel's men, who immediately after fell dead to the ground. But though Trahaiarn had his enemy in his power Cadwallader deprived him of the pleasure of dispatching him by seizing the axe and burying it in the robber's head. The last outlaw was now dead, and the prince rising to his feet saw the ground strewn with the slain. He had had his revenge,

and had rid the country of its worst enemies.

Curious to know what the cavern still contained he now entered it accompanied by Cadwallader and a dozen others, and striking a flint he lighted a torch and advanced to the spot where he had so long sat as a prisoner and a prey to gloomy thoughts. A shiver passed through him as he thought of the sufferings he had undergone, and his voice trembled as he said,

"But for thy devotion and ingenuity, Cadwallader, I would still be crouching there a miserable and hopeless wretch."

"Ah! what have we here?" said the squire pretending not to hear, and bending over a human form a few feet beyond the prince. "Be kind enough to bring the light here, somebody."

The prince who still held the torch took a few steps forward followed by the rest, and looking down upon a face upon whom the marks of death were visible he exclaimed,

"The sacred toe of St. David! if it is not the traitor Einion ap Howel!"

"Then Einion ap Howel and the hermit are one and the same person, for has he not on the hermit's garb?" said Cadwallader.

The man whom they all thought dead now uttered a deep groan, and opening his eyes he gazed bewildering at the prince. Then in a voice scarcely above a whisper, he said,

"Where is Hoel? Tell him to come to me."

"Hoel is where thou wilt soon be, and where all traitors ought to be," said Trahaiarn.

A look of malinity came into the dying man's eyes, and summoning all his strength he said,

"Friends of tyrants, thy doom is settled! Einion ap Howel curses thee; Howel the hermit consigns thee to perdition."

He said no more; death had sealed his lips forever.

Leaving him where he was the prince and his men now searched the cavern for plunder which they surmised must be there; and their search was presently rewarded with much booty. This they carried outside, and after burying the slain in the cavern the whole force left for Rhuddlan, where Meredith had already arrived.

In the evening Emrys, one of the king's guard, desired and obtained an interview with Trahaiarn in the latter's room in the castle.

"You know that the Norwegian king returned to his kingdom without his bride," said Emrys.

"I would have been dull indeed not to know it, since I have heard scarcely anything else since my return," replied Trahaiarn.

"Little would he have thanked me had he known who aided the princess to escape. Indeed I fear king Gryffydd himself would make up the loss of a royal son-in-law by divorcing my head from my body had he known my secret."

"Didst thou then aid the princess to leave the castle? If so, where is she now?"

"I will tell you where to seek her after I have told you how she escaped. Ye know perchance that Enid, the maid, swears by her mistress more than by her patron saint. Leastwise her woman's wit knows how to serve her devotion to her mistress. Knowing that I was averse to the marriage she disguised herself by donning a man's attire and accosted me soon after I was relieved from my post of duty two days ago. As there were many strangers in the hall by reason of the expected marriage no one suspected who she was, and she unfolded to me a plan of escape, and secured my promise to aid her, even in broad daylight, and while many were passing to and fro. According a little before the first cock-crowing, night before last I helped them over the wall back of the stables into a coracle which I had placed in the moat, and while they hasted away I returned to my comrades."

"Thou art a worthy fellow, Emrys, and I shall not forget thy timely service. But go on; thou hast not told me where the princess expected to seek refuge."

"That is a secret, noble prince, which none but you should learn from me, for I swore to the princess that in case you should never return the secret should die with me."

"Good; but now that I have returned I shall help thee to keep it until such time as we think proper to divulge it to others."

"Well, then, unless Princess Nest has changed her mind you will find her in the convent at Gwytherin."

After this interview the prince returned to the hall with a new purpose in his heart, and the glow of pleasurable anticipation on his countenance.

(To be continued.)

IT IS FINISHED.

Rendering of "Gorphenwyd" from the Welsh.

By E. L. Williams (Neptune), New Cambria, Mo.

'Tis finished, and Zion's chief joy who can measure
To ransom the foe came the Saviour with pleasure,
Complete the atonement, and Heaven is delighted.
With faith in His merits the pure is requited;
Deep stains are washed whiter than snow in the fountain
That pours from the piercing on Calvary's mountain;
The midnight of noon and hope's splendor emitted;
The Judge was condemned and the unjust acquitted.
The throe and the struggle, the bloody sweat straining
Each pore, and Gethsemane's icy tears staining!
Than the merciless nailing the kissing was keener,
Than the dart to His heart the denying was meaner,
The purple was worn and the mad vipers banished
At the cross of the Master death's victory vanished!
In the heat of the battle the sad rock was shivered,
And all things in nature but man's bosom quivered!
The riven Rock of Ages forever is streaming;
The crowning of thorns is forever redeeming;
His tears are a balm; there's a song in his sighing;
With boundless endowment we're blest by his dying!
'Tis finished! The prophecies end in completeness—
The last bitter lees have been changed into sweetness.
Hallelujah to Him that endured our sadness!
"It is finished," let anthems repeat in sweet gladness!

FIELD OF LETTERS

WELSHMEN AS FACTORS, &c.: The Rev. W. R. Evans has laid me under tribute for his kindly notice of my book. I thank him, and confess myself sorry for errors which mar the work, allbeit I was in no position to avoid the appearance of some of these. Touching the error resulting from "pride of race" the author pleads guilty; and, again, had that "pride" not been so near my heart as to be prominent, he had lacked the inspiration which impelled him to undertake "such a herculean task." As Mr. Evans observes, the large prize offered "was inadequate compensation." It was to the author a joy and comfort to claim everything "in sight;" and to his mind the Adamses were no less "in sight" than Jefferson and others, and they seemed equally "full-blooded." We remember that Hon. A. Howells remarked at a public gathering, that he was prepared to forego every other claim if only Jefferson's be retained. Was not Dr. Jones equally trustworthy when referring to the Adamses, as when following the "tradition" concerning Jefferson and his Welsh extraction? We know that "tradition" is largely the basic element of the best history, whether secular or sacred. Any one starting out with the "ipse dixit" it cannot be proven, might undermine not a little of "things most surely believed" and accepted as authentic. The author questions the wisdom of a destructive and iconoclastic spirit, when it is unreasonably severe. My reviewer is pleased to award Mad Anthony the honor of being a "pure blooded Welshman," whilst the author, despite a traditional statement from his own lips (see p. 104) of his being "a Welshman," is placed among "half Welshmen." Be it so, "Rhydd i bob meddwl ei farn, ac i bob barn ei llafar." We must "agree to differ," and I do this the more freely as my reviewer is pleased to affirm "notwithstanding these and other errors, the book is the best, most thorough and elaborate yet written on the subject."

Allentown, Pa. Rev. E. Edwards.

The "Little Cronicl," as it used to be called, has gone in for expansion, and appears for January twice as large as its usual size. It has been increasing in circulation and popularity for the last half century, and all at once, it has burst out into bloom. There is, certainly more breathing space on its present enlarged pages. The contents are as follows: "Denominational Notes," by the Editor; Various Articles; Sunday School Corner; History of the Month, Poems, &c., &c.

The Rev. Elvet Lewis points out the difference between names of to-day and names of long ago. Then we used to talk of "meeting houses;" since, they have been called "chapels," and now they are denominated with self-complacence "churches." Long ago, the church to which the reverend gentleman belongs was called "Independent," now the appellation has been extended one syllable, viz., "Congregational." This change in name has also been accompanied by a considerable development in spirit and creed.

—When Charles Stewart Parnell fell, in a moral sense, many Irish held that moral rectitude had nothing to do with politics; that an unchaste man

could be a political leader. But the public opinion among the chapels and churches of Nonconformity burst into a veritable tempest which Parnell had to regard. This is what the Irish called "the Nonconformist Conscience."

The "Cerddor" for January in its talk on "Musical Instruments" denounces the way in which the sale of musical instruments and other commercial goods are combined. It is a disgrace, it says, how numbers of poor instruments, especially church organs, are worked into small churches as adjuncts of bargains in clothing or groceries! Musical instruments should be bought on their musical merits, not because they are bargains or purchasable on easy terms and at cheap rates. The quality of the organs should be considered, and not the importunity of merchants. A musical dealer with an old supply on hand will combine with a local grocery or a ready-made clothing establishment to foist old squeaking or hoarse organs on churches and chapels, and thereby ruin the voices of the whole community.

No. 45 of Welsh Musical Celebrities is Mr. John Williams, Organist, Carnarvon; and the musical number is "A Change of Key," music by Bryceson Treharne, and words by Elfed and Treharne, followed by the usual notes and varieties.

December number of "Cymru" opens with appropriate Christmas thoughts by the Editor. Among the other articles are "Old Musicians of Aberystwyth;" "Rhys Pugh's Discovery" (A Christmas Tale) by Anthropos; "James Clwnn John," by Rev. J. S. Jones, St. David's; "Ioan Tegid's Grave" (with illustration); "Old Christmas Carols;" "As I saw Bishop Lloyd," by John M. Howell; "Vivisection;" "A Tour in the West Indies;" the musical number is a "Christmas Carol" by L. J. Roberts, Rhyl. The other illustrations are Clynnog Church, Old Tan y Fron Chapel, David Jones, Bank, Aberystwyth; Llanystumdwy in Summer, James Clwnn John, Ioan Tegid's Grave, and Nant y Gwyddyl. There is also a fine collection of poems.

The Editor thinks there would have been no trouble in South Africa had the Government sent as its representatives Scotchmen instead of Englishmen. The Englishman offends by his ways, although he is honorable and honest. The Editor thinks that the Welshman would be superior to the Scotchman and the Irishman as the Queen's servant among the Dutch. It seems had the Welsh been there, by the way the Welsh papers talk, they would have made common cause with the Boers. A wide awake eye and a strong hand among the Boers, certainly would have prevented this war. It seems that the British Government has sinned on the side of too much laxity. Anything is liable to happen to a loose hand.

The contents of the "Traethodydd" are as follows: "A Review of the Century," by W. Williams, Glyndyfrdwy; "W. E. Gladstone" (a poem); "Wales and the Law Courts," by T. A. Levi, LL.B., Aberystwyth; "The New Methodist Hymnal," by Dyfed; "Howell Harris' first visit to Montgomeryshire," by R. Bennett; "Municipal Politics and Morality," by A. T. Davies, Liverpool; "Higher Education in Wales," by J. E. Lloyd, M. A., Bangor College; Literary Notes.

The greatest fact of the century was the publication of Darwin's Theory of Evolution embodied in his book, "The Origin of Species," which saw light in 1859. It is a fact that great periodical discoveries are forced upon the mind at certain seasons. Not only Darwin had seen the light of this great truth of evolution, but many in different countries had felt it suggested to their minds. Alfred Russel Wallace, independently of Darwin, had been led to

discover this general law of nature, or of creation, "this birth of a generalization, illuminating the mind after a long period of patient search." As soon as this truth began to be studied and applied, it seemed to explain a myriad of facts, which hitherto had appeared hopelessly contradictory. This law of generalization suggested, and discussed by Darwin has led to a wider application, and has made, successfully, towards the unification of nature. Its beautiful mission is unity in diversity.

"Nonconformity and the Times" is the leading article of the "Dysgedydd," then follows "The Church and Culture," by the Rev. M. C. Morris, Ton, Ystrad, S. W., continued from the last number; "Everyone to his Work," by the Rev. W. J. Nicholson, Porthmadog; "A Cluster of Notes," by the Rev. T. S. Lewis, Llanigan: the Congregational Council at Boston, U. S., by the Rev. Machreth Rees; "Events of the Month," by the Editor; Reviews, Reports, &c.

The "Dysgedydd" takes a discouraging view of the Brito-Boer war. It attempts to account for British defeats in South Africa on the ground of British degeneracy; or because of the innocent fact of the Boers fighting for their homes, while the British are merely invading for lucre alone! However, it decides that the Boers are too much for the British; and it may be that this is Providence's way of correcting and punishing Britain's pride and arrogance. It appears according to the "Dysgedydd" that God is active on the side of the Boers, to return to the side of the British in case of repentance. Such views are amusing in an educated age.

"Cwrs y Byd" opens with a sermonette by the Rev. D. Jones, Gwernllwyn, wherein he condemns war. War as an amusement or as a "business" is certainly despicable, but sometimes, like surgical operations, it seems very necessary—inevitable. The sword is as necessary as the constable's club, where the cause of civilization is in peril. In the "Order of Things," the Editor somewhat misrepresents the law of franchise in different countries. The franchise is bestowed in Cape Colony, according to Bryce, after two or three years' residence, and not "when the authorities please," as the Editor states. He says the Transvaal gives the right to vote after 7 years. According to the testimony of good authorities, it takes 14 years, and, finally, depends in the consent of the "powers that be." According to "Cwrs y Byd's" own statement England and the United States represent justice in the matter.

On the fore pages of the "Drysorfa" is a sketch of the life of the Rev. W. John, Penybont, with a characteristic portrait; then follows several articles, largely biographical of Welsh celebrities of the pulpit—the late Rev. Henry Rees, and the Rev. David Charles, Carmarthen; "John Wickliff," by the Rev. John Davies, Pandy; "A Review of Life," by the Rev. N. Cynhafal Jones; "The Gospel as a Basis of Hope," by the late Rev. Owen Thomas; "A Lesson of the Century;" Monthly Notes," by the Editor.

—Rev. Morgan Howell's letter to his wife, published in this "Drysorfa," is very quaint and characteristic. It was written before the Welsh had begun to address one another with the modern polite "chwi." A peculiar social custom among the Welsh of past generations was for parents to "thou" each other, while the children would "you" them. In this quaint letter, the preacher "thou's" his wife, in the true ancient Welsh style. Although brief, the letter is truly interesting. It is not the century question that bothers him, as much as the millenium. He had deeply studied the Book of Revelation, and every day expected the outpouring of the vials of wrath upon those who had the mark of the beast and who worshiped idols,

and the consequent fall of Babilon, and the restoration of the Jews. It is newsy where he states that during the convention held at Liverpool where he then was, about 67 sermons had been preached, and he confesses ignorance of the number of other meetings! The Lord helped him, he tells his wife, to give the devil several good whacks!

—Among the notes also is a reference to the Rev. William J. Jones, of Welsh Prairie, U. S., one of three brothers in the Welsh ministry—three such equally efficient preachers that the last heard was always considered the best. This Rev. W. J. Jones left a number of instructions to young preachers, such as "Always get your sermons hot;" "Aim to strike the consciences of your hearers;" "Don't forget the truth that your sermons should be reproduced in your life." Think more of the weight and depth of your sermons than of their length."

In "A Plea for Welsh Particularism" (Chap. VI) in "Young Wales" for December, Robert Owen, Welshpool, discusses the re-construction of Wales on its old foundation and on its ancient lines. He wants everything English abolished and even the old Welsh names and customs adopted. Such names as Arfon, Marthen, Gwent, for Carnarvonshire, Caermarthenshire and Monmouthshire would, certainly, be better; but yet it is doubtful whether such nominal changes would benefit the country in a practical way. There is cause to fear that a good deal of our patriotism is superficial, confined, merely, to love of language. Also, what benefit would the revival of the ancient institutions of Wales be to the modern Welshman? There is a constant tendency in Welsh patriotism to go back to the past rather than to advance towards the future. Don't we love Welsh forms rather than the powers of civilization?

"The Sais-Gymro and the Eisteddfodau" points out many of the defects of the modern Eisteddfod. Literarily, the common Eisteddfodau are fast deteriorating into mere childishness, and this, undoubtedly accounts for the contemptible stuff that is often sent into competition. The institution is too generally in the hands of the ignorant and the illiterate. The Eisteddfod should be thoroughly re-organized. "Hugh Meredith" (a Tale), an ordinary story, vaguely sentimental, rather unromantic. "Language and Nationality," by T. Darlington, M. A. This article undertakes to show that Welsh nationality is a real thing, with a clear and definite meaning, and that the national language is an essential element. It betrays a tendency to sentimentalism. The Celt should be taught to look at things in a more practical and matter of fact way.

"Eternal punishment in another light" is the title of a very interesting book of 46 pages just published at Carnarvon,, and written by "Caractacus." The author, it appears, is the Rev. W. Price, Baptist minister, Holyhead. The writer deals very ably with his subject, and concludes that just as Christ's sufferings consisted in being forsaken by His Father, the merited punishment which awaits the ungodly in the world to come is to be forsaken by God. He expresses a hope that what he has written will fortify his readers against a doctrine which threatens to overrun the land—a doctrine which represents punishment as a comparatively small matter, and one from which it is not worth much of an effort to escape, and a doctrine which necessarily tends to levity in spiritual matters."

SCIENTIFIC

Barrel organs were formerly quite frequent in English churches, and one has recently been unearthed in a church near Rochester, England. It has six stops and six barrels, and is capable of grinding out sixty tunes in all. Among them are such archaic specimens as "Job," "Old 11th." The organ was operated by the sexton.

It is an extraordinary fact that up to the present time dead animals were left to decompose on the Paris streets, as there were no facilities for removing them. The Prefect of Police has at last taken steps to have such nuisances removed on application. The cost is not to exceed $1. This is to be paid by the applicant. This seems a rather extraordinary sanitary regulation.

There is now in active operation in New York a power station which will ultimately contain by far the largest aggregation of horse power ever gathered at a single station. About half of the total number of units, which will have a combined horse power of about 70,000, has been installed, and the others have been ordered and are now being built by the Edward P. Allis Company, of Milwaukee, Wis.

A French naturalist quoted by "Popular Science News" asserts that, "if the world should become birdless, man would not inhabit it after nine years' time, in spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects. The bugs and slugs would simply eat up all the orchards and crops in that time."

The manufacture of "khaki" cloth has been greatly increased by the war in South Africa, and over 15,000 people are now engaged in making cloth for the soldiers. The word "khaki" is of Hindoo origin, and means dust or clay colored. It is made entirely of cotton, and is exceedingly durable. It was probably first used by the English regiments in India, and was also worn by them in the Egyptian campaigns. The color is not attractive, but it is very satisfactory for service in warm countries.

To show how posterity is being destroyed, Zola takes representative families from the various classes of French society, and the result is a horrifying picture of perverted and violated human feelings. Naked, brutal egoism governs, and it shrinks from nothing low, vile, or criminal. It is a veritable hell which Zola paints, filled with unnatural fathers, mothers, lovers, physicians, nurses. All are greedy and eager for money and power, and for these they sacrifice born and unborn thousands. The evil emerges here in colossal proportions.

Those who will look on the world without illusion will be compelled to admit that the chief guaranties for its peace are to be found much less in moral than in purely selfish motives. The financial embarrassments of the great nations; their profound distrust of one another; the vast cost of modern war; the gigantic commercial disasters it entails; the utter ruin that may follow defeat—these are the real influences that restrain the tiger passions and the avaricious cravings of mankind.—W. E. H. Lecky.

Some genius has invented an electrical horse-whip, so constructed as to give a slight electric shock to the animal. "The handle," says "Electricity," "which is made of celluloid, contains a small in-

duction-coil and battery, the circuit being closed by means of a push-button. The extremity of the whip consists of two small copper plates insulated from each other, each of which is provided with a tiny point. The plates are connected to the induction-coil by means of a couple of fine insulated wires."

In Cuba, two very remarkable insects deserve special mention. One is the large "vegetable bee," a member of the bee family, condemned by nature to clavaria tribe on his back, and the other, carry an umbrella shaped fungus of the superb cucullo, a monster fire-fly, who emits rays of light from two eyes on his back and one in his breast. Three of these creatures under a glass shade suffice to illumine a moderate-sized room, and, if it were not for the rhythmical flickering glare produced by the breathing of the insects, it would be easy to read by their extraordinary glow.

Running from Phillipsburg to Newark, N. J., there is a most remarkable canal. It is 60 miles long, and was operated before any railroads were built in the State. At times it runs side by side with the Lackawanna Railroad. Locks are not used, the boats being drawn up and down elevations on great cars on a truck 18 feet wide. This is likely to be the last year of its operation, as an effort will be made at the next session of the New Jersey legislature to secure it as a means of furnishing Jersey City with an additional water supply.

A list of guns in possession of the Boers has been published on what is said to be trustworthy authority by the "National Zeitung." According to this account, the Boers have eight 7.5 cm. Krupp guns, sixteen 7.5 cm. Creusot guns, eight or nine Maxim-Nordenfelt field guns, twenty-four 3.7 cm. automatic Maxim guns, eight 12 cm. field howitzers—four from Krupp and four from Creusot—four 3.7 cm. Krupp mountain guns, four 15.5 cm. Creusot guns. In all, with old guns, the Boers possess some eighty or ninety pieces of artillery. During recent years the Boers are said to have bought 40,000 Mauser rifles, and 25,000,000 cartridges, as well as a large number of Martini-Henry rifles.

Typhoid fever death rate per 100,000 population, taken from American cities, on an average of seven years was 42 cases, where water was taken from lakes.

An average of five American cities over a period of seven years, taking their water from rivers, 58 cases.

Average of six European cities, over a period of seven years, using filtered water, 12 cases.

The above comparisons apply more to the city of Chicago than probably any other city in the United States. Chicago uses lake water exclusively, and according to all statistics, has had as many as 154 cases of typhoid fever to the 100,000 population; while Munich, whose water is submitted to the filtration process, has had as low as three cases of typhoid fever per 100,000 population.

AGNOSTICISM IN JAPAN.

The increasing tendency toward agnosticism has retarded the progress of Christianity in Japan and actual converts have not increased in proportion to the increase in population. Many who embrace it in the belief that it is responsible for the advance of western civilization drop it when they encounter the miracles of which it tells. Some have been known to adopt it temporarily for the sake of learning the language. The attitude of another class is indicated by a pamphlet written some years ago in which it was seriously explained that Christianity was very good for the western people as it helped to restrain them from murder and robbery and the other great black sins to which

they were naturally addicted, but that the Japanese needed no such religion, for they were naturally good.

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WHAT IS DEATH.

Professor Weismann, of Friburg, has thus formulated this opinion: Death, he says, is not a primitive attribute of living matter; it is of secondary origin. There are animals that never die; for instance, infusoria and rhizopods, and in general all unicellular organisms. An ameba divides into two almost equal parts, each of which continues to live and later divides again, so that there is never any corpse. Death appears only among pluricellular organisms with differentiated cellules (and is then) based solely on utility. * * * Used-up individuals must give place, for the good of the species, to healthy ones. Hence we must regard death as an opportune institution, not as a necessity of life.

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MARK TWAIN ON LYING.

To sum up, on the whole I am satisfied with things the way they are. There is a prejudice against the spoken lie, but none against any other, and by examination and mathematical computation I find that the proportion of the spoken lie to the other varieties is as 1 to 22,894. Therefore the spoken lie is of no consequence, and it is not worth while to go around fussing about it and trying to make believe that it is an important matter. The silent colossal national lie that is the support and confederate of all the tyrannies and shams and inequalities and unfairnesses that afflict the people—that is the one to throw bricks and sermons at. But let us be judicious and let somebody else begin.

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A NAME CELL.

An Austrian savant has declared that the human brain contains a "name center." He says that it is the office of this cell to retain names. A striking case which would seem to confirm this theory recently occurred at Cleveland. A brakeman was shot by a conductor, and the former could not remember the names of persons or things, although he could perfectly well describe the functions of all articles exhibited to him. The surgeon probed for the bullet and found it in the exact spot necessary to affect the remembrance of names, according to the Austrian's theory. When the pressure on the brain had been relieved, the patient remembered names as well as he had done before his injury, and told the name of his assailant.

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IT IS HUMAN AND DIVINE.

In my own thought the specialty of Christianity is found in the fact that it has no specialty. I find that other religions can be described more or less perfectly by certain formulas. They have certain salient points; one has one, and another has another. One emphasizes one truth and another another. One elevates a certain aspect of life, and another another. In Christianity the whole level of life is lifted. We can not put it into a formula except so far as we may wish to emphasize certain aspects of it. We can not attach a tag to it which shall describe its content. We say that it is love to God and man, but how about that personality which has been the source of its greatest power over the hearts and lives of men? Its distinction I find to lie in its universality.—"The New World."

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THE MOST MUSICAL PEOPLE.

I believe the Americans are the most musical people in the world," says John Philip Sousa. "It's a bold statement, but I base it on the very democratic fact that one hears more music whistled in the streets of our cities than in any other country in the world. There is more of the mass love of music. The

critics say that our popular music is banal from a symphonic standpoint, but at least it teaches interval and rhythm, and those are the basis for a future better knowledge. I will venture to prophesy that in from 25 to 30 years from now America will be pre-eminently the musical nation of the world. The inclination of the human family is to pass through successive periods of commercial activity, art and luxury. We are in our commercial period now, and when the brains from which have sprung the telegraph and telephone turn to art there will be an American age to succeed the Renaissance, the Elizabethan and the Victorian eras."

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THE OSTRICH.

The ostrich is a curious and remarkable bird, with its enormous body, long legs and small head. The experiences of the ostrich farmers, both in Africa and America, are most interesting, and there are tales without number of the strange antics of the curious birds. Naturally the first thought which occurs on seeing an ostrich is, How fast can it run? When feeding, the stride is only from 20 to 22 inches; when walking, but not feeding, the stride is 26 inches, but when terrified the bird possesses wonderful sprinting qualities and takes steps varying from 11½ to 14 feet. Taking 12 feet as the average, they would cover about 25 miles an hour, but the stories of birds traveling a mile a minute are open to question. Other traits of which we are always hearing is their lack of both suspicion and intelligence. Bushmen clothe themselves in one of their skins, and under cover of this go near enough to kill them with poisoned arrows.

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A TELEPHONE IN EVERY HOUSE.

Speaking of the recent cuts in telephone rates in various parts of the country, and especially in southern New England, where in some towns "inward" telephone service may now he had for six dollars a year, "outward" service being charged for by the single message, the Providence "Journal" says: "The day is coming when practically every household will have a telephone, just as it has other modern facilities. This may seem a broad statement, but no one can read the figures of the last few years without seeing how general the use of the instrument is getting to be. In 1880, there were 60,873 telephones under rental in the United States. That was one for every 823 persons in the community. But at the close of last year the number had risen to 1,124,846, or an instrument for every 66 persons! At the same rate the next ten years will find the telephone as ordinary a household convenience as a furnace or illuminating gas; even more so than the latter, for in the smaller towns electricity is being introduced as an illuminant more extensively than the older light."

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The shape of Porto Rico on our maps is aggressively square, unnaturally mathematical, and is an exception among islands, which are apt to be of most irregular shape; and our new possession is now being charted anew, and the appearance of it on the new maps will be something of a surprise. The appearance of the east coast line will be profoundly modified. Before a twelve month will have elapsed, the shape of the queer parallelogram will be changed. The straight up and down east boundary will prove to slope off gradually to the northeast. It is considered that this error in the shape of the island was due partly to lack of scientific knowledge on the part of the Spaniards, and partly to a desire to keep commercial rivals at a distance.

An International Congress of Ethnology will be held at Paris in connection with the Exposition from August 26 to September 1, 1900.

An Eisteddfod was recently held at Boulder, West Australia. Mr. G. W. Hall, late of Swansea, presided at one of the meetings.

Quite a large proportion of Welshmen hold appointments in the Cape Mounted Police, now doing such good service in Natal and Cape Colony.

In Wales, if any uncommon thing happens—the unexpected arrival of some rare visitant, or the doing of some unusual thing—they make a cross with a poker at the back of the fireplace. In Lancashire they make a cross on the ceiling.

The book upon the Welsh people by Professor Rhys and Mr. Brynmor Jones may be expected soon after Easter. Both gentlemen have practically finished their labors, and there remains but little more to do than to pass the proofs finally for the press.

Welsh writers have made several attempts to translate Outlanders, or Uitlanders. One paper has Owtlandwyr. The "Tyst" has "Allanwyr," a translated form, while the "Llan" has accepted the well-established equivalent "Ailltiaid." The Ailltiaid were the Outlanders of mediaeval Wales.

The custom retained in Wales of lighting fires (coelcerthi) on November Eve is said to be a traditional memorial of the massacre of the British chiefs by Hengist on Salisbury Plain. The practice is, however, of older date, and had reference originally to the Alban Elfed —or New Year.

Pietermaritzburg sounds imposing, and the names takes up a lot of room on the map. Mr. W. Powell Morgan, formerly of Canton, lately of Johannesburg, and now of Pietermaritzburg, says that in reality, if the State buildings were taken out, the place would be something like Cowbridge. Yet Pietermaritzburg is the seat of the Natal Government.

It will be good news to folklorists to learn that Professor Rhys has a book on folklore nearly ready for issue. For the first time we shall have our folk tales not merely presented in a taking fashion, but their place in the general scheme of folk literature satisfactorily fixed.

Should the Pembrokeshire Yeomanry Cavalry go to the front, they will be able to say more than any other regiment, for they can boast that this is the second occasion on which they have been on active service against the enemies of the Queen. The first time was when they mustered to repel the French invaders at Fishguard.

Brittany is full of unknown stone monuments popularly ascribed to the Druids, of which one of the most interesting is a huge monolith, standing about a mile outside the town of Dol. It is surmounted with a crucifix, placed there to counteract the evil effects of the Pagan rites offered before it in for-

mer times. There is a legend that since the crucifix was placed upon it the stone has been gradually, but almost imperceptibly, crumbling away. There it stands a strange and silent memorial of a bygone age, with an orchard stretching on either side, and the base fringed with trails of wild briars and ferns.

Owen Glyndwr styled himself the Dragon, a name he assumed in imitation of Uthyr, whose victories over the Saxons were foretold by the appearance of a star with a dragon beneath, which Uthyr used as his badge, and on that account is became a favorite emblem with the Welsh.

On the road between Afon Wen and Carnarvon may be seen a sign which usually puzzles the English tourist. It runs as follows:—"John Jones, licensed to sell tea and tobacco, draper, ironmonger, a chyfferi anifeiliaid." "A chyfferi anifeiliaid" means of course "medicine for cattle," but it takes a long while for the Englishman to realise it.

Snowdon was held as sacred by the ancient Britons, as Parnassus was by the Greeks, and Ida by the Cretans. It was said that whoever slept on Snowdon would awake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap on the hill of Apollo. The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to the tract of Snowdon. Our princes had in addition to their title that of "Lord of Snowdon."

The farmers of Montgomeryshire are slowly moving towards co-operation. The process is slow, but none the worse for that, perhaps, if there is progress at all. Ireland has made progress, and it is said that the Hon. Horace Plunkett may visit Montgomeryshire. If a start could be made in Montgomeryshire, farmers in other counties would take the matter up. Mr. Denniss, the manager of the Cambrian Railways, is interesting himself in the movement. Farmers are jealous of new movement and they want the profit in advance and without risk or effort on their part.

There was a large number of Welshmen in Johannesburg. On one occasion the Rev. D. Burford Hook was much affected on attending the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in that town to find in one of the rooms some 50 or 60 Welshmen singing in their own tongue the hymns they had learned at the cymanfaoedd among the hills and valleys of old South Wales.

A Nonconformist minister in Carmarthenshire has published a booklet, and has adopted quite a novel way of disposing of copies to friends at a distance, by writing on the inside of the cover the words:—"If the recipient thinks the booklet worth its price, let him forward the money to the author; if not, let him return the book after reading it."

All the Welsh Nonconformist denominations have decided to hold their annual assemblies for this year in Carnarvonshire, and they have been fixed as follows:—Wesleyan Methodist Provincial Synod, at Conway, the 12th of June and the following days; the General Assembly of the Calvinistic Methodists at Llanberis, on the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd of June; the Union of the Welsh Congregationalists, at Portmadoc, on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th of July; and the Welsh Baptist Union, at Bangor, on the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th of September. The annual conference of the English churches of the Calvinistic Methodists is also to be held in Carnarvonshire, at Llandudno, where also the English Congregational Union of North Wales will hold its annual meetings.

The recent discovery in London of oil paintings of John Elias and Christmas Evans, which has attracted considerable attention, is rivalled in interest

to Bibliophiles by the discovery in Wales of a work of no little importance. It is an account of a botanical tour in Wales, written in Latin, by Thomas Johnson, and published in 1639. The book contains a dedicatory preface to Thomas Glynne, of Glynllifon, himself no mean antiquary and botanist. Glynne is represented to-day by Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Penrhyn, and the present owner of Glynllifon. He was an indefatigable collector of antiquities, of books, and of botanical specimens relating to Wales. Unfortunately, his excellent, and in a sense unrivalled, collection was entirely destroyed by fire at Glynllifon many years ago. Johnson's book is now being translated into Welsh by the Rev. W. E. Jones ("Penllyn"), of Colwyn.

The crystalised wisdom of the glorious Welsh mottoes are to be handed down to the youth of Eglwysilan, for over the Welsh names of the schools, carved deeply in the stone walls, are placed for the edification of the rising generation, the briefest but most expressive incentives to study which could possibly be put before them. On the outer wall of Coedybrain school is the motto: "Golud y dydd ydyw'r boreu;" at Castell Coch the words are "Goreu cam, cam cyntaf;" and at Abertridwr is the soul-inspiring motto of the Pan-Celtic League—"Deffra! mae dydd!" (Awake, it is day). Such patriotism combined with educational fillips is enough to elicit cheers at Christmas time for the spirits of the mighty dead who are said to swarm around Caerphilly Castle.

Welsh Wesleyan Methodism is just a century old—younger than Welsh Calvinistic Methodism by about 60 years. John Wesley frequently visited Wales, and on several occasions preached both in North and South. But the first to establish Welsh Wesleyan societies was a farmer's son—Edward Jones, of Bathafarn, near Ruthin. Through the influence of Dr. Thomas Cope, a Welsh mission was started at Ruthin, and two Welshmen, the Rev. Owen Davies and the Rev. John Hughes, were appointed as missionaries. Owing chiefly to the prominence which they gave the Arminian doctrines, as opposed to the rigid Calvinism then in the ascendant, their efforts were crowned with success. The late Dr. Thomas Rees used to say that the success which attended the Welsh Wesleyan movement was phenomenally rapid. The Welsh Wesleyans propose celebrating their centenary in divers ways.

Referring to the exhibits in the Welsh cattle classes at the Smithfield Club Fat Stock Show, held at Islington, lately, the "Standard" says:—"Welsh cattle, which are among the best of butcher's beasts, are more numerous than usual, and quite superlative in quality. So good are the steers that both their whole classes have been commended by the judge. There can hardly be any mistake in ranking the Welsh as the best lot of their breed ever seen at this or any other fat stock show. Colonel Henry Platt, as usual, is to the fore, having taken the first prize in the heifer class and the breed cup; but he was beaten by W. E. Oakeley and R. Hughes in the younger steer class, and by R. M. Greaves and Mr. Hughes in the older one.

The first book printed in Wales was picked up by Mr. Wm. Scott, of Cardiff, some months ago at Bridgend, and I was rather surprised, after searching in vain for it in the Welsh Catalogue of the Cardiff Free Library lately published, to read in the "Cymro" (Liverpool) that that gentleman had presented the book to the Welsh library of the University College of Aberystwyth. The title of it is:—"Eglurhad o Gatechism Byrraf y Gymanfa; o waith Thomas Vincent, gweinidog y Maudlin, Heol-y-Llaeth, yn Nghaer Ludd. Preintiedig yn Nhrefhedyn, gan Isaac Carter, dros Tho. Bey-

non, John Davies, D. Davies, Tho. Mackaeg, Nich. Thomas, Ev. Morris. Ac a gyfleithiwyd i'r Gymraeg gan J. P. a T. J., 119." 6mo., 449 pp.—Catrawd in "Cardiff Times."

First of all, Morgan Lloyd wrote a notable book, published in 1663, called, "Llyir y Tri Aderyn" "The Book of the Three Birds"—cast into the form of a conversation between a Dove, which represents the Puritans, and a Raven, which stands for those in the world who are frankly evil, while the lordly Eagle, in whom is figured Oliver Cromwell himself, directs the discourse, asks pertinent questions and preserves the peace. Already, in 1651, Morgan Llwyd and five other members of the Church of Christ in Wrexham sent a letter to the brethren of the "selected congregations" in London, wherein these congregations are congratulated on Cromwell's great victory at Worcester. And, finally, in 1653, he and 152 more that "waite for the Lord Jesus in Denbighshire," dispatch a remarkable address to the Protector himself, approving of the dissolution of the Long Parliament as "grown too rusty for the supernatural now on the wheels." This address was found among the papers of John Milton, the poet. With what feelings Morgan Llwyd regarded Cromwell in his later days is not quite certain.

As to the circumstances which tend to retard educational progress in the Principality, Mr. Legard, Her Majesty's Inspector, places in the foreground the irregularity of attendance; in the second place, the early withdrawal from school of scholars. The statistics show that in the Welsh counties proper the percentage of average attendance is only 75.86, and in Monmouthshire 74.78, so that practically a quarter of the children on the books are absent every time the school is open. In the county of Pembroke the percentage is only 11.90, and not a single Welsh county rises to the average of the English counties, which is 81.55. Of the three county boroughs in the Welsh division, the percentage of attendance is—at Cardiff 79.86, at Swansea 82.17, at Newport 79.17; and not one of these county boroughs rises to the average of the English county boroughs, which is 83.02.

The chief inspector afterwards dwells upon the advantage of agricultural training for different parts of Wales and of the necessity for manual instruction. He touches upon the needs of infant schools, of the failure of the teachers, with few brilliant exceptions, to realize their freedom of action. In this matter, he says, teachers themselves require to be taught, and he advises the Welsh school board to adopt the excellent plan of the school board for Barry, and place a skilled instructor on their staff.

"Instruction," he says, "has been too much confined within the school walls, and the rich material lying outside the school has been neglected. In Cardiff, however, a valuable step in the right direction has been made by organized visits of parties of school children to the central public library, where interesting conversational lessons have been given by the accomplished public librarian, illustrated by the treasures that the library contains."

Mr. Legard hopes "that in time something more ambitious may be attempted in the way of school excursions, that play such an important part in school life in Germany. It is sometimes said that after school life is over children forget much of what they have learnt, but if a party of school boys went after due preparation with their teacher on an excursion to St. David's or Carnarvon, to the Brecon Beacons, or 'Snowdon's shaggy side,' it would be the fault of the teachers if the boys did not learn some lessons that they would remember all their lives."

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

PROF. IORWERTH T. DANIEL.

The subject of this sketch, Iorwerth Tydvil Daniel, was born in Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire, South Wales, March 8, 1868. His parents are Rhys Gwyndaf and Eliza Daniel. When about four years of age, the family moved from Merthyr to Trefforest, near Pontypridd, where they made a brief stay, afterwards going to Stockton-on-Tees, County Durham, England. While very young Mr. Daniel took a deep interest in music, and as an alto singer was known far and wide. He commenced his musical studies under the instruction of his father, who is an able musician, and who was well known in Merthyr Tydfil and Abercanaid about thirty years ago. Mr. Daniel inherited his love of music from both sides of the family, as his mother, in her younger days, was noted as being the possessor of a soprano voice of rare excellence. After a stay of several years in Stockton-on-Tees, the family returned to Clydach Vale, in Rhondda Valley, afterward going to Landore, near Swansea, where Mr. Daniel's parents, and two brothers and two sisters, now reside. As an alto singer,

PROF. IORWERTH T. DANIEL.

Mr. Daniel took part in many Eisteddfodic contests, in all of which he was successful. In 1881, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Swansea to open the new Alexandra Docks, "Iorwerth," as Mr. Daniel was familiarly known, was recognized as the leading alto of Dr. Parry's choir of 2,000 voices, which rendered a selection composed by the eminent Welsh musician, entitled "Hail, Prince of Wales." With this event Mr. Daniel's career as an alto ended, his voice changing to a deep basso-cantante. He resumed his Eisteddfodic career, and was particularly successful. In 1884 he entered the Musical College of Wales, under Dr. Joseph Parry. There he was a fellow-pupil of the celebrated Welsh-American musicians, T. J. Davies, Mus. Bac., of Pittsburg, Pa., and Dan Protheroe, Mus. Bac., of Milwaukee, Wis. During his course of study in that institution, Mr. Daniel took part in several oratorios and operatic performances. In an examination held in London in 1886, under the auspices of the Kensington School of Art and Science, he also won first certificate with honors, out of nearly three hundred contestants, for proficiency in Oratorio and Ballad singing, Sight Reading, Theory of Music and Harmony.

In 1887 he came to the United States as a member of the first party of Welsh prize singers to visit America. At the conclusion of a successful engagement under the direction of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, of Boston, Mr. Daniel decided to locate in Cleveland, Ohio, where he secured a position as bass soloist in Trinity Cathedral, a position he held for three years, relinquishing it to accept a quartette engagement in the Jennings Avenue Congregational Church. His subsequent engagements were St. Paul's Episcopal Church and the Plymouth Congregational Church in Cleveland. In August, 1895, Mr. Daniel was offered a responsible church engagement in Glens Falls, Warren County, New York. He accepted. There he is engaged as choirmaster of the Church of the Messiah, where he directs a vested choir of thirty voices; choirmaster of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, with a mixed chorus of about twenty-four voices; professor of vocal culture in the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute; director of the Philomela Ladies' Society, of Glens Falls, numbering 30 voices, and the Tanymarian Male Chorus of Fair Haven, Vt., numbering about 30 voices. As a conductor, Mr. Daniel's ability is unquestionable, having proven successful in many Eisteddfodau in various parts of the country. He is also recognized in Northern New York as an authority on the voice, having, since his advent to that section of the country, taken special courses under some of New York's most prominent teachers. He has a large class of private pupils, giving instruction in vocal culture, theory of music and harmony.

This sketch of Mr. Daniel's musical career would be incomplete without reference to his successes as musical adjudicator. He has been engaged for years in succession by the Utica Eisteddfod Committee to adjudicate at their New Year's musical contests, and his work has been each time very satisfactory to all the contestants, which is truly remarkable. To form and deliver decisions satisfactory to all on such excited occasions when the spirit of faction and jealousy is often high, is extraordinary. Mr. Daniel's decisions are not only satisfactory as mere decisions, but also generally instructive; and a pleasant and disarming feature of his work is his perfect frankness and honesty. He is possessed of the delightful ability of speaking out his mind without offense; with every decision comes a sufficient application of balm to heal the sores of the unsuccessful and the unfortunate. In the delivery of his decisions he is also eloquent and entertaining. We would not hesitate to recom-

mend him to our Eisteddfodic committees as an able and satisfactory adjudicator in music.

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A shop-assistant once became a bishop —a fitting thing in a nation of shopkeepers. He was the late Bishop Lloyd, of Bangor, who began as a shop-boy at Abercarn.

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Colonel Baden-Powell, so well known in connection with the present war in South Africa, is a brother of the late Sir George Baden-Powell, M. P., who died not long ago. The Rev. J. Myfenydd Morgan, vicar of St. Dogmaels, has still in his possession a portion of the late Sir George's wedding cake.

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A lady now living at Nantyglo saw many of the great French statesmen of a generation ago. Mrs. Roberts, wife of the Rev. D. Roberts, Garn Fach, lived for 14 years in the service of a prominent Frenchman, to whose house Gambetta and Thiers were frequent visitors.

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A brass tablet has been placed in Llanrhaiadr Parish Church to the memory of Bishop William Morgan, the translator of the Bible into Welsh, and the vicar of the parish from 1578 to 1588, during which period he accomplished his great work. A special service was read by the vicar (Canon D. Jones), and a special lesson by Archdeacon Thomas, who also gave an address on the work of Bishop Morgan and offered the dedication prayer.

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A Merthyr Tydfil man, Martin Evans, 19 Tudor Terrace, has been awarded in the "Tit-Bits" the guinea prize for the best description of a Welshman. Competitors sent in their contributions on post cards. After referring in rhyme to the good qualities of his subject, Mr. Evans says, "He is full of Christian feeling—loves his God with fervent awe. And he revels in a language which would break an English jaw," and concludes that, though for fishing he has no liking, he is very fond of Wales.

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The last volume of the Daniel Owen memorial edition, which Messrs. Hughes and Son have just issued, contains the "Cofiant" written by the Rev. John Owen, of Mold, and a series of Owen's short papers entitled "Offrymau Neilldduaeth." The frontispiece of the volume is a photograph of Mr. Goscombe John's statue of the Welsh novelist, which, in the pose of the figure and the expression of the features, is "like itself." Underneath the statue is the inscription, "Nid o'r doeth a'r deallus yr ysgrifenais ond i'r dyn cyffredin." There is already a tombstone over Daniel Owen's grave.

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We have briefly announced that amongst the officers who have volunteered for active service in South Africa in the City of London Imperial Yeomanry, and have been accepted is Dr. Arthur A. Howell, son of the Dean of St. David's, and brother of the vicar of St. Bride's, Liverpool, and also of the member for the Denbigh Boroughs. Dr. Howell first joined the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers as medical officer, and last year was appointed to the captaincy of a company. He surrenders a lucrative London practice to go out in command of a company in the "Lord Mayor's Own."

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The romance of Welsh education has been again demonstrated in the career of Mr. G. M. Jenkins, B. A., of Owens College, Manchester, a Congregationalist and a native of Pontlottyn. Not very long ago he occupied a post on the Rhymney Railway, but to-day is acknowledged one of the brightest students of his college. Two years ago he secured his B. A., and immediately afterwards he won a three years scholarship. Last year he captured the college prize—much coveted by the students—and recently another £21 prize.

He has also been appointed tutor at the College, where he is still studying for greater honors.

One of the secretaries of the Cambrian Archaeological Association writes:—"By the death of Mr. Stephen Williams, of Rhayader, the association loses one of its most energetic and able members. Though not always accurate in his ecclesiology, Mr. Williams generally had something interesting to say in connection with the monastic ruins of Wales, and, being an ardent volunteer in all of the society's expeditions, would frequently give interesting and impromptu narrations, in which description, architecture, and history were well blended. He did good work at Strata Florida, the Westminster of Wales, and his last paper on the finding of gold ornaments at Rhayader, and the effort to find the burial place of the last Llewelyn will be remembered with interest. He was one of the few zealous members who will be greatly missed in this the sere and yellow day of the society's annals."

The great buccaneering period in West Indian history, from the second quarter of the sixteenth century till the end of the seventeenth, is one of the most romantic and exciting that can be conceived. It was organized for a systematic series of reprisals on the Spaniards. The centre of operations was the island of Tortuga, near San Domingo, where, when not hunting the Spaniards or being hunted by them in return, they enjoyed peace of a kind. Pre-eminent amongst these buccaneers, stands forth Henry Morgan, the Welshman, who organized fleets and armies, besieged rich cities, reduced strong fortresses, displayed throughout his long career an absolute genius for command, was finally knighted by Charles II., and ended his wild and spirited career as Deputy-Governor of Jamaica, a somewhat tame conclusion. Had he loved gold less, and power more, he might have died Emperor of the West Indies, but he was content to retire into comparative obscurity, after having made the western hemisphere, from Jamaica to Rio, ring with his name and fame.

The late Bishop Lloyd struggled to identify himself with almost every phase of national life. On succeeding to the bishopric one of his first steps was to improve ecclesiastical music. A Musical Committee was formed accordingly for the diocese, containing a representative from each rural deanery, and the first result of its labors was the publication of the "Cyfarwyddwr," which in the opinion of many critics is the best exposition of Talli's system as applied to the Welsh language. Welsh hymnology also found a friend in the bishop, who two years ago published "Emyniadur yr Eglwys yn Nghymru," which will probably be for many years the standard hymn book of the Welsh Church. To say that he was an Eisteddfodic chairman is to say nothing. That at Festiniog, soon after his consecration, he came forward as the composer of an englyn shows that he was fit to hold high office in the land of song."

Anent "Preaching Competitions," the "Cronicl" says: "Which was the best?" is very often a query after a preaching convention. It shows a spirit of competition; and a poor spirit it is. People have so gone to the bad, that what they are after is "good" preaching, from a point of view of mere eloquence; and little they care whether the sermon serves its original purpose of saving souls. The first preacher was mighty but the other wasn't worthy to hold a candle for him!" is too often heard after a preaching cymanfa. Such worthless talk! The good Lord expects something better and more beneficial from his gospel than such.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

A minister asked an old Welshman recently "Would you like to go to heaven?' "If you please, sir," replied the old man.

A Swansea Irishman, advertising in a local paper warning tradespeople against giving his wife credit, winds up as follows: "And so please don't trust my wife, as I have never married her."

They tell a story of an economical Irishman who went into a hardware store to buy a stove. The clerk showed him some, but the Irishman was not satisfied with any of them. Then coming to a high-priced stove, the clerk said, "Now, sir, there is a stove that will save one-half of your coal." The Irishman promptly said, "I'll take two."

A Welsh educationalist, writing to congratulate the "South Wales Daily News" on the "patriotic sound of its leading articles," bursts into poetry:—

"O! shall I slay my brother Boer?"
Shrieked steadfast piety,
John Bull must ask, all bruis'd and sore,
'Shall Brother Boer slay me?"

"The women of Utah," Artemus Ward once remarked, "generally marry Young." Again, writing of a lecture which he delivered at Salt Lake City, he stated that from a pecuniary point of view it had not been a success, since he had been thoughtless enough to send Brigham Young a complimentary ticket "good for himself and family." Brigham Young and family availed themselves of the ticket, arrived early, and consequently there was little room left for the people holding tickets for which they had paid, who came later.

An amusing story comes from the Cape, and is told by "The Engineer." The station master at a junction on the way to to De Aar was notified of a "goods train" arriving. It came and disgorged, not goods, but armed marines. Later on steamed up an armored train with bluejackets, and having guns covered with a tarpaulin and ironically labeled "Fruit."

Senator Depew is telling a story of a New York factory which used to shut down for a week every Christmas for general overhauling. "This year," says the senator, "the place was rushed with orders, and there was no let-up except during the actual legal holidays, and many of the men weren't idle even then. One of the workmen growled a good deal about having no holidays, and finally wound up by saying: 'If this sort of thing keeps up I'll vote the Democratic ticket.' "

Some churches in England are finding a new source of income. Among them is that of the famous Methodist, Hugh Price Hughes. Another is that of Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaran). These churches have telephones in or near their pulpits. People distant some miles, in neighboring towns, it may be, who do not attend services, ask to be connected on Sunday evening with this or that church, where some well known preacher is to be heard. Becoming interested in the sermon or the appeal, checks come next day from some of these

folk—checks that the churches have not heretofore received.

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MY LADY.

My lady is like Ladysmith;
She is besieged in vain,
Less yielding than a monolith
To soft sweet summer rain;
Bring all Love's army, horse and foot,
Bring light and heavy gun,
To rout, to rout they shall be put;
She is not to be won!

—Pall Mall Gazette.

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NOT FOR SHOW.

Judged by British standards, the girls of the Transvaal are not beautiful. Here and there you may find a handsome Dutch woman, but not often. Their dress is plain, and they wear old-fashioned poke-bonnets. Of course, the Transvaal ladies are not unattractive. No ladies are. They are, however, rather for utility than for show. They often make model housewives. There is a big, matronly, generous air about those who have reached a certain age which induces friendliness, but grace and beauty, either in form or coloring, they do not possess. Boer women, too, are curiously afraid of exposing their faces or arms to the sun.

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A REGULAR ATTENDANT.

A Newton, Mass., young lady saw a peculiar feature in a church in a Maine town which she visited this summer. Hearing the cooing of a dove, she looked around and saw a white dove perched on the organ and listening to the music with great appreciation. She learned afterward that the dove had been a regular attendant at church for eight or ten years, being attracted by the music, of which it was very fond. It was twelve years old, and was the pet of a lady who lived near. After church the dove was taken to his Sunday school class by a boy, and seemed to enjoy the proceedings. Unlike many church-goers, the weather made no difference to the dove, but every Sunday, summer and winter, he was at his post on the organ. —Our Dumb Animals.

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THE TABLES TURNED.

"We are here to-night," said the deacon, "to make good resolutions fer the new year, which has fell foul of us in the twinklin' of an eye. Now, I want to start the ball a-rollin'. You all know that I've got a high temper, an' I've did considerable fighting in the yar that's past an' gone like a man that owes you ten dollars. What I want to do is to swear off from fightin' in the new year, which, as I have said before, has fell foul of us. But I can't stop till I lick Brother Jones—'cos it's in me to lick him an' I wants to ease my conscience. Ef he'll just step outside with me fer five minutes I'll lick him, an' then swear off fer good."

They retired to the outer darkness, but in less than five minutes the deacon returned, much the worse for wear.

"I can't swear off this time, brother-in'," he said. "He licked me!"

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A FEW STATISTICS.

Here are a few statistics about the 20th century, which will open on a Tuesday, January 1, 1901, and close on a Sunday. It will have 24 leap years, the greatest number possible. February will have five Sundays three times—1920, 1948, and 1976. The earliest possible date on which Easter can occur is March 21. The last time it occurred on that date was 1818. The latest that Easter can occur is April 25. It will occur but one time in the coming century on that date—1943. The middle day of the century will be January 1, 1951. There will be 380 eclipses during the coming century. In 1935 there will be seven eclipses. There will be eight

solar eclipses visible in the United States—1918, 1923, 1925, 1945, 1954, 1979, 1984 and 1994. There will be 12 transits of Mercury. There will be no transit of Venus until 2004.

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THAT TOUCHED HIS HEART.

"Yes, monkey shooting in Borneo is great sport," said Old Traveler, as he settled himself comfortably in the biggest chair in the hotel lobby. "Monkeys are such human-acting things! I shall never forget a pair that I saw one day. They were in fine range, and I was just about to shoot, but decided to watch them a few moments before doing so. Well, it was amusing. There they were, walking alone, side by side, like a pair of lovers. Finally, they came to a log, sat down and talked a while, and then decided to move on. Well, Mr. Monkey, who was the larger of the two, got up first. Then he turned to Miss Monkey, and you never saw anything more gallant than the way he extended his arms and helped her up. It was too much for me. I didn't have the heart to shoot after that."

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A UNIQUE OBSERVANCE OF MEMORIAL DAY.

Five little villages in southern New Jersey unite annually in a unique observance of Memorial day. They are all near enough to the sea to be dominated by the thought of it. So it is not strange that when they come to think of the men who have died for their country their minds turn to the vast grave at their very doors. There are only five hundred inhabitants, all told, in these five villages, but the idea of decorating the great sea-grave does not appall them. When Memorial day comes around, the children of the neighborhood, carrying flags and garlands and crowned with flowers, go to a pier which runs out into the ocean, where, after marching up and down and singing patriotic songs, they throw their flowers and garlands into the waves, while a bugle sounds and a salute is fired. This ceremony of decorating the common grave of those who have been lost at sea not only can be made a beautiful and impressive one, but has also the significance which would appeal to the people.—"Harper's Bazar."

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SOME FAMOUS FACES.

Napoleon, with a face as if it had been modeled from a Greek cameo, was never, in Talleyrand's judgment at all events, quite a gentleman. He gesticulated too much and was altogether too violent for the correct taste of the great noble trained under the old regime. Perfection of body is not necessary, either, for many misshaped men have been dignified even when they were not, like the Duc de Vendome, Princes of the Lilies in the days when that distinction meant so much.

Little men and wizened men have both inspired awe, for great soldiers trembled if Louis XIV frowned, and no man received without weakened knees a rebuke from William III. The protruding under lip of the Hapsburgs has never detracted from their majesty, and Victor Emmanuel, who, for all his good manners, always suggested to the onlooker a bull face to face with the matadore, was for all that every inch a king.—Spectator.

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THE BOER ANALYZED.

Mark Twain has met the Boer and this is what he says of him: "He is deeply religious; profoundly ignorant; dull, obstinate, bigoted; uncleanly in his habits; hospitable, honest in his dealings with the whites; a hard master to his black servants; lazy, a good shot, good horseman, addicted to the chase; a lover of political independence; a good husband and father; not fond of

herding together in towns, but liking the seclusion and remoteness and solitude and empty vastness and silence of the veldt; a man of mighty appetite and not delicate about what he appeases it with. He cannot read, he cannot write; he has one or two newspapers, but he is apparently not aware of it; until latterly he had no schools and taught his children nothing; news is a term which has no meaning to him, and the thing itself he cares nothing about. He hates to be taxed, and resents it. He has stood stock still in South Africa for two centuries and a half, and would like to stand still until the end of time, for he has no sympathy with uitlander notions of progress."

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DR. PARKER, LONDON.

He now preaches to the largest congregation in the world. This summer that remarkable invention, the electrophone, was installed in the City Temple. It carries every word Dr. Parker utters and every hymn that is sung to all the hospitals in London. On June 25, the first Sunday the invention was tested in the temple, Dr. Parker said:

"I speak now under circumstances that to our forefathers would have seemed laughable, incredible; in addressing you I am addressing the hospitals of London, and I have been entreated to have microphones placed in this pulpit so that the people at the hospitals—the incurable hospitals—and many other asylums of disease and distress, can listen to the service; they are gathered around their tables at this moment, and I am glad that they have heard the thrilling music which has resounded under this roof, and perhaps some word of prayer or meditation, uttered under the inspiration of God by my own lips may find a lodgment in the memory of their hearts. I send my sympathetic love to all these listening invalids; they hear every tone I am uttering, and I say to them in their solitude and in their pain, God help you, God be gracious unto you!"—Chicago Standard.

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THE INQUISITIVE TONGUE.

The curiosity of the tongue does not cause the human being so much trouble as the curiosity of the eye. But the tongue, within its limits, is the most curious of all.

Let the dentist make a change in the mouth let him remove a tooth, or replace with his admirable artifice one that has long been absent; let him change the form of a tooth by rounding off a corner or building up a cavity, and see what the tongue will do! It will search out that place, taking careful and minute account of the change. Then it will linger near the place. If it is called to other duties it comes back as soon as they are discharged, and feels the changed places all over again, as if it had not explored and rummaged there already.

It makes no difference that these repeated investigations presently cause annoyance to its supposed master, the man; the tongue in nothing more than in this matter, proves that it is an unruly member and will not be controlled.

It seems to have an original will and consciousness of its own, and nothing will serve it except the fullest satisfaction of its curiosity. It will wear itself out, perhaps, but it will find out all about the strange change.—"Boston Transcript."

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A TRIBUTE TO ST. DAVID.

By Rev. John E. Jones, Milwaukee.

David, the Patron Saint of Wales, was a devoted preacher who earned his fame by labor and self-sacrifice. In recalling him to memory our thoughts are carried back some fourteen centuries into the dim past, and our imagination is called upon to picture before our minds the scenes of long long ago.

The Hebrews also, you will remember, have their David of antiquity. A great king, warrior, poet and prophet was he. But unlike the Welsh, the Hebrews have authentic records of the life and character of their David. Tradition has not been allowed to tamper with the real facts in his history, and legends have not gathered like moss about his personality. Thus David, the king of Israel, after a lapse of 30 centuries, stands forth before the world in his true character.

Unfortunately this is not the case with the Welsh David. In his case the records are unreliable and misleading in the extreme. The student of history in his endeavor to learn the truth concerning him soon finds himself in the midst of a labyrinth of tradition and legends; and the traveler in the dark following a Jack-o-lantern is no more to be pitied than a student of history who gives credence to the traditions and legends of the Middle Ages.

Much is being said of the antiquity of the Eisteddfod and its great value as the university of the ancient Britons. But if half the good things that are placed to its credit are true, it is astonishing to me why the traces of its influence are so meagre. Why was it not the means of preserving more historical records? Why did it not lift higher the standard of morality among the masses? Why did it not enrich the literature of the country to a greater extent, and why did it not do more to unify and solidify the national life?

The Britons were almost continually at war among themselves, while if they were united they might have successfully withstood the attacks of the Romans and Saxons upon their

coast. The masses were ignorant, books being almost unknown to them, and, virtually, all the people had to occupy their thoughts in their leisure hours with witches and ghosts. These are the facts even of that period which may be regarded as the golden age of the Eisteddfod. An opinion may be offered which perhaps is the true explanation. The Eisteddfod is based largely on the principle of competition, and man is seldom, if ever, at his best, in the realm of thought, when working for a prize.

Exceptions, perhaps, may be taken to these views. But whether or not any of the responsibility may rightfully be placed at the door of the Eisteddfod, the fact remains that the Welsh have no reliable record of their early history. Thus when we would fain learn something about our Patron Saint, we find to our disappointment that the narratives are so overlaid with traditional and legendary matter that it is almost impossible to distinguish the real David of history from the supposed St. David of tradition.

That there lived in South Wales about the beginning of the sixth century a priest by the name of David may be accepted as an historical fact; but if we were to believe as true all that tradition has to say about him, we would have before us a person of superhuman powers, who performed miracles even before he was born. It is said he caused springs of water to flow out of the earth, restored sight to the blind, brought back the dead to life, and at last when earth's work was ended he was translated like Elijah without tasting death, and was seen going up, gliding through the air into the realms of bliss. In the 12th century he was canonized by the Pope, and the 1st of March was made sacred to his memory. So runs tradition.

But after all this nonsense has been brushed away, there remains an historic character who rightfully deserves our gratitude, a man of ripe scholarship, of great eloquence, and profound piety. Like John the Baptist, "a burning and shining light" in the midst of great moral and spiritual darkness; a man who consecrated his fine natural abilities and high attainments to the betterment of his countrymen, going about preaching the Gospel and establishing churches; confounding heretics and "working in defense of the truth." Surely a life like this, so pure and unselfish, so beautiful as exemplifying the truth of the Gospel deserves our commemoration. It gives emphasis to the truth that self-sacrifice is the only condition and price of immortality, and that is what we are all yearning for. So strong in our day is the temptation to make wealth and earthly fame the end of life, that we may hail with joy the recurrence of St. David's Day to remind us anew how true greatness and immortality are to be attained.

Friends and fellow countrymen, wealth and fame are not the "summum bonum." Earthly treasures

and honor are not what constitute true greatness. As for me, let these knock at whose door they may. Give me, rather, the benediction of the dying when the alabaster box of God's promises are broken for them. Give me the satisfaction that comes from painting out "the good old way" to the wayward; and above all, give me to share in the joy of the perishing soul when he feels the thrill of God's redeeming love. This only I ask, and nothing less will satisfy me.

THE CYMRY IN BRITAIN—THE BRITONS.

PART II.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips, M. A.

(Continued.)

Caractacus himself sought the protection of Cartismandua, Queen of the Brigantes, but, as is generally the case, adversity can find no sure refuge; he was delivered up in chains to the conquerors, in the ninth year after the commencement of the war in Britain. Whence his renown overpassing the limits of the isles, spread over the neighboring provinces, and became celebrated even in Italy; where all longed to see the man, who, for so many years, had defied the Roman arms: not even at Rome was the name of Caractacus unassociated with fame; and the Emperor while exalting his own glory, added to that of the vanquished. The people were summoned to see him as a rare spectacle, and the praetorian bands stood under arms in the field before the camp. Then first the servants and followers of the British king moved in procession, and the trappings and collars and all he had taken in wars with his neighbors were borne along: next came his brothers, his wife and daughter, and last himself attracting the gaze of all. All the rest descended to humiliating supplications, under the impulse of fear; but Caractacus, who seemed not to solicit compassion either by dejected looks or pitiful expressions, as soon as he was placed before the tribunal thus spoke:

"If my moderation in prosperity had been as great as my lineage was noble and my success brilliant, I should have entered this city as a friend rather than a captive; nor would you have then have disdained to receive a prince descended from illustrious ancestors and the ruler of many nations into terms of alliance. My present lot, as it is to me ignominious and degrading, so is it a matter of glory and triumph to you. I

had men and arms, horses and riches, where is the wonder if I was unwilling to part with them? If you Romans aim at extending your dominion over all mankind, it does not follow that all men should take the yoke upon them. Had I at once been delivered into your hands a prisoner at discretion, neither had my fall nor your glory been thus signal. If you inflict punishment upon me, the affair will sink into oblivion; but if you preserve my life, I shall form an imperishable record of your clemency."

Claudius upon this pardoned him, with his wife and his brothers. The prisoners released from their chains did homage to Agrippine also, who at a short distance occupied another throne, in full view of the assembly, with the same expressions of praise and gratitude as they employed to the emperor. Tacitus is never happier than in acknowledging the skill and bravery of the enemy. This adds lustre to his candor and the bravery of his people. To receive such marked clemency from the hand of Claudius, and such telling eulogy from the pen of Tacitus, Caractacus must have been a remarkable brave leader of a remarkably brave people. He had withstood the armies of Rome two years longer than Washington had withstood the armies of Britain, and had displayed as much bravery a captive before Claudius as he had displayed a commander before Ostorius. His downfall, like his ascendency, was brave, glorious and immortal.

The next great commander and governor of the island was Suetonius, who made himself famous by the destruction of the Druids and the slaughter of the Iceni. Consumed with ambition to distinguish himself in the arts of war, and determined to exterminate the instigators of the opposition to the arms of Rome, he devoted his energies to attack the Isle of Mona, our modern Anglesey, remarkable for the valor of its inhabitants, for the refuge it afforded to fugitives, and for the influence it exerted as the seat of the Druids. He led his army across the strait, and "on the shore," to use the description of the Roman historian, "stood the enemy, a dense array of arms and men, with women dashing through the ranks, like furies; their dress funereal, their hair dishevelled, and carrying torches in the hands. The Druids around the host, pouring forth dire imprecations, with their hands uplifted toward heaven, struck terror into the soldiers by strangeness of the sight; insomuch that, as if their limbs were paralyzed, they exposed their bodies to the weapons of the enemy, without an effort to move. Afterward, at the earnest exhortations of the general, and, from the effect of their own mutual importunities that they would not be scared by rabble of women and fanatics, they bore down upon them, smote all that opposed to the earth, and wrapped them in the flames themselves had kindled. A garrison was established to overawe the vanquished, and the groves de-

dicated to sanguinary superstitions destroyed, for they deemed it acceptable to their deities to make their altars fume with the blood of captives, and seek the will of the Gods in the entrails of men."

While Suetonius was thus employed a revolt broke out among the Iceni. His subordinates had plundered the kingdom, had subjected the queen, Boadicea, to stripes, and had unblushingly defiled her daughters; and the Iceni enraged at these indignities flew to arms and retaliated the wrong with the slaughter of seventy thousand Romans. Having reached the seat of rebellion by forced marches he formed his army into line of battle, when Boadicea took the field against him, and, seated in chariot, with her two daughters before her, traversed the field, and as she came to each nation, she called them to witness, "that it was usual for Britons to war under the conduct of women; but on that occasion she entered the field not as one descended from ancestors so illustrious to recover her kingdom and her treasures, but as one of the humblest among them, to take vengeance for liberty extinguished, her own body lacerated with stripes, the chastity of her daughters defiled, that the Romans, in the fury of their inordinate passions, had proceeded to such extremes, that the persons of those within their reach were not safe; they would not leave old age unmolested, nor virginity uncontaminated; that the gods, however, aided their righteous revenge; a legion, which dared an engagement, had already fallen, the rest skulked behind their entrenchments, or were looking about for a way of escape; they would not be able to endure clangor and shouts of so many thousands, much less their spirit and their strength. If they reflected on the numbers of their men, and the motives that brought them into the field, they would see that in that battle they must conquer or perish." Suetonius having exhorted his men to daring valor gave the signal to commence the battle, which resulted, as was to be anticipated where contending forces were so unequally equipped, and disciplined, in favor of the Romans, when according to some, nearly eighty thousand Britons were slain. The brave and noble Boadicea, rather than to be dragged through the streets of Rome to grace and triumphal march of the conqueror, ended her existence by poison. "The glory gained that day," says Tacitus, the great Roman historian, "was signal indeed, and equal to the victories of ancient times."

What a picture this of war! What a picture this of Roman civilization! And what a picture this of British resistance! And call you wars of conquest "glory!" Butchering eighty

thousand men, women, and children, for defending their homes, their purity, and their lives, "glory!" Capturing, stealing, defiling, murdering an island, to which they had not the least claim, "glory!" Then give us infamy.

(To be continued.)

COMING HOME.

By Mrs. Anna A. Lewis.

Back to the dear old home they come,
Gathering one by one;
Back to the dear old home for rest,
After life's work is done.

Back to the dear old home they come,
Where oft their childish feet,
Danced in innocent sportive play
Along the village street.

Back to the dear old home they come,
With weary feet at rest;
With pale hands folded meek and still,
Over a pulseless breast.

Back to the dear old home they come,
Borne with reverent tread,
And laid to sleep beneath the sod
Beside their kindred dead!

Back to the dear old home they come,
Never again to roam;
Even in death there is no place
So dear as "Home Sweet Home."

PEMBROKE AND PENRHYN CASTLES.

By Antiquarian.

Through the British, Roman and Saxon periods, the history of Pembroke is somewhat similar to the other parts of West Britain, being populated by tribes of Britons, divided and led by their respective chiefs or "penaethiaid." They had frequent recourse to wars and factional fights which weakened and demoralized them greatly; consequently they became so helpless that they became subject to some of the Saxon kings, Edgar, Alfred and Athelstane. They were yet more subjugated by the Conqueror and the succeeding Norman kings, and completely vanquished and brought under the yoke of Edward I. For generations this part of Wales had a peculiar history of its own.

In the olden times, this county with parts of Cardigan and Carmarthen were called Dyfed—Dimetia—but often the name is confined to Pembroke. The name means Land's End —Pen y Fro—South Wales' Land's End. Although it is a mere corner of Wales, in ancient times it had its kings, or rather independent princes, who were extremely jealous of their sovereignty, and quick to resent any outside interference, and too ready to go to war for slight and imaginary causes. Little is known of the operations of the Romans in Pembroke; but it is known that they passed over it and made some ways, especially one through to St. David's. There are many British remains in Pembroke, in the shape of dolmaens, cromlechs, etc., especially the Ogham Stone in Llandudoch, St. Dogmell's, one of the most notable in the Principality. There is another of the kind near Cilgerran. The county is remarkable for castrae, carneddau (cairns), camps, mounds, cromlechs, etc.

The coming of the Normans inaugurated a period of excitement, disturbance and turmoil which lasted for generations, which filled half the land with foreign settlers, viz., Fflemings and Normans, and which led to the building of the strongest castles for defense. In fact, the history of these castles constitutes the history of the county, for 400 years, from the time of William Rufus down to the reign of Henry VII., when the union of Wales to England took place.

Pembroke town stands on a small cape in Milford Haven, about 10 miles south east of Haverfordwest, on the Tenby and Pembroke R. R. The place and castle were founded by Arnulph de Montgomery in 1092, and the town was once surrounded by a wall, parts of which remain today. The Castle is situated on the side near the sea, and was large,

strong and defended by fortified walls. Henry Tudor was born here, who fought and conquered Richard III., on Bosworth field, and ascended the throne of England as Henry VII. This castle also stood a siege

Pembroke Castle.

in the time of Charles I.; and its present ruins suggest the grandeur and strength of the fortress. They consist of a great entrance, round towers, a round dungeon or prison, 52 feet diameter and 75 feet high, and the walls 14 feet thick, a hall and chapel and an underground apartment, 77 feet by 57 feet, called Wogan. It was these fortified castles, impregnable in those days, that saved the power of the Normans amongst a people who feared no foe.

Taking the train at Aber, we are a little over five miles from Bangor, we pass under the slopes of Moel Wnion, which has been in front of us as we traveled from Llanfairfechan, and look across the Straits of Beaumaris and its castle and the monument to Sir Richard Bulkeley above it. A mile or two past Moel Wnion a fresh scene bursts upon our view—the Valley of the Ogwen, with Carnedd Llywelyn and Carnedd Dafydd on one side, Elidyr Fawr and Y Garn on the other, and the Glyders at the end of Nant Francon—all

mountain giants, with a stature of over 3000 feet. After we cross the Ogwen, we have a peep on our right of Penrhyn Castle and the village of Llandegai.

A favorite excursion from Bangor is the one to Penrhyn Castle and Bethesda. Those who associate Welsh castles with the picturesque will be disappointed here, because it is nothing else than a splendid mansion built in the old style. It is situated opposite the church and village of Llandegai, and is on the site of the celebrated old palace erected by Rhodri Molwynog, Prince of Wales, in 720, and which was demolished by Meredith ap Owen in 987. It was rebuilt in the reign of Henry VI. The present castle is of recent date. The work was commenced by the first Lord Penrhyn, and was completed by his successor, G. H. Dawkins Pennant, Esq., who through marriage became Lord Penrhyn. The present castle took 20 years to build, and in dimension and style it is as magnificent as any in the kingdom. It is built of Anglesea marble, and contains many most splendid apartments crowned with high towers. The keep and one of the towers are square, with ornamented crests. The internal style of the

Penrhyn Castle.

building harmonizes with the magnificence of the outside. The outside buildings and the stables are also in keeping with the finest in the country. It is throughout planned after the early Saxon and Norman styles. Miss Costello after a visit described its many courts, its corridors, its magnificent apartments, its dim lighted chapel, etc., as a fairy dream. The varied scene cannot fail to strike the eye and charm the imagination. The wealth of the owner and the skill of the artist and architect are impressed on the visitor by the internal splendor, the external massiveness and magnificence of the palace as well as the grandeur and the beauty of the grounds and gardens. It stands on an elevation with a charming view. The park is surrounded by a wall 13 feet high, and seven miles around. It has several entrances with beautiful lodges, but the chief is from Bethesda, which is delightfully grand. The house is well worth a visit, and visitors are allowed to see the interior on certain days, and the sight seeing cannot be complete without a look at the Hirlas Horn, which belonged to Sir Rhys Gruffydd, who was sheriff of Carnarvon in 1566. Near to the Castle is situated Llandegai, the model village. The church, well worthy of a visit, contains several noteworthy monuments, ancient and modern, including one to the memory of the famous John Williams, Archbishop of York, owner of Penrhyn; and another handsome one, of Lord and Lady Penrhyn by Westmacott. Among the attractions are also the Penrhyn Slate Quarries, the bulk of the product of which are shipped from near Bangor.

"DIVINE HEALING," "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE," ETC.

By Rev. W. R. Evans, Gallia, Ohio.

Barnum possessed keen intellectual insight, and was a close observer of men and things. His vocation afforded him more opportunities for the study of human nature in all its manifold aspects. As a result of his study and observation, he gives us the following epigram, "People like to be humbugged." The longer we live and the more we study human nature, and the ways of the world, the more we are convinced of the truthfulness of the statement. Despite the exalted privileges and educational advantages of our age and country, people by the millions are humbugged every day, and what is still more strange they "like" it, or at least, like the person that humbugs them.

An egotistical, self-assertive person of strong will and personal magnet-

ism; slumbering conscience, unblushing cheek and flippant tongue, with an air of piety, can proclaim any fake or sophism however fanciful or absurd—the more absurd the better—thousands will catch on to it, and at once become zealous and devoted followers of the knavish quack. Not long since some insane or knavish woman announced herself as the Messiah, and deceived many. Another affirmed that she was the Holy Ghost. This pretended Messiah died, but foretold that she would arise on the third day, but the resurrection never occurred. The old monster, death, could not be so easily humbugged as her silly adherents.

The "Holy Ghost" (?) is alive yet, we believe. People by the thousands in this enlightened age (?) are deluded by impostors and quacks to believe all sort of heresies and nonsense. Observe the advertisements in the newspapers. A clairvoyant will tell your fortune, your future consort, etc., all free if you send your name, your age, and furnish a lock of hair from the right temple, and—a five dollar bill. Of course, it does not require extraordinary sagacity to tell that the head upon which that hair grew was soft and empty. Another will promise to teach you how to hypnotize, and how you may sway the minds of others—"absolutely free," of course. Prof. S. A. Weltmer, through the new science, Weltmerism continues to startle the world by his astonishing cures. Through his absent treatment he is able to reach all classes, tested in the past two years on more than 100,000 cases, and it is recorded that in every instance relief was almost instantly brought on." The Mormons also cure by laying on of hands and anointing with oil, and faith.

Here steps in the Christian Scientists offering to cure all cases without drugs or faith. Mr. S. A. Jefferson says, "You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me (that is better still). All you really need is the wish to be healed" (Isn't that cheap?) He further assures suffering humanity that there is no failure. "Over one million cases of disease in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as incurables. The evidence of these facts is simply indisputable," &c. But last of all comes the "Divine healer" with an air of piety, declaring that these Christian Scientists are the devil's agents. Dr. Dowie tells us concerning Christian Science, Mind healing, etc., "Divine healing is diametrically opposed to these diabolical counterfeits, which are utterly anti-Christian. These impostures are only seductive forms of spiritualism. Trance evangelism is also a more recent form of this delusion, and it deceives many." Claiming or arrogating the exclusive right of way, Mr. Francis Truth, the divine healer, C. P. Bowdoin Square, Boston, Mass., announces "that

there are no incurable diseases!" We read in the good book, "That it has been appointed for men once to die," but it seems that Mr. Truth (or more appropriately Mr. Lie) has the power to annul that decree. He promises "health, vigor and strength for all who desire it." He further promises to "cheerfully advise you without any cost, and send you the 'divine healer' absolutely free;" also to "cure any and all diseases without drugs or the surgeon's knife." He says he is broad-minded, liberal, tolerant and kind-hearted. It makes no difference whether you believe in divine powers or not. Mr. Truth cures unbelievers, sceptics, infidels, atheists and revilers."

"Absolutely free!" It puzzles me how he gets his bread and butter. His portrait before us indicates that he is well fed. And his coat of prince Albert's style must have cost some money. It is plain that such people make good living, because fools are not yet all dead. We doubt not that Christian Scientists, Divine Healers and Mormons can present testimonials of people being healed by them without drugs. They do effect a cure in many cases, possibly, where medicine has failed; but generally the person is a female, ignorant and superstitious, and suffering from some kind of nervous disorder. The cure is effected by mental impressions, no doubt, whether by a Christian Scientist, Divine Healer, Catholic priest, Mormon, witch doctor, or a hypnotist. We do not particularly object to such method of treatment. In hysterics and kindred diseases that may be the only effectual treatment. What we do disapprove is the deception practiced. These false teachers do much mischief, not when they effect a cure—which is simply mind cure—but when they use that cure as a means of establishing false theories; that is, instead of acknowledging the simple truth that the patient was cured through the action of his own mind, the healer aims to establish his own reputation as a wonder worker, or to prove the truth of some false doctrine by the evidence of his patient's recovery, thus leading people astray to embrace "strange doctrines." Persons seeing some one healed by divine healers, or others, without medicine, accept that as evidence for the correctness of their religious views, and are led astray. It is therefore important and necessary that the basic principles of these wonder-workers be examined, ventilated and exposed. We will endeavor first to unmask the teachings of the divine healers, in the light of reason and God's word.

We will quote from Dr. Dowie, who is their recognized leader and representative. Regarding baptism he says: "You will have to be baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Triune immersion is the baptism into the name of the "Father (one), and of the Son (two), and of the Holy Ghost (three)—three immersions, constituting one baptism, and the three persons constituting

one God." He further states: "I think it is the most awful wrong done to humanity, to teach that babies can be made Christians by a little water being sprinkled on the nose." Regarding disease and sickness he teaches that they are caused by the devil. He presents his views in the form of a dialogue between A and B. We will quote a portion:

A. "Do you mean to say that all disease is the work of Satan?"

B. "Yes, for if there had been no sin (which came through Satan), there never would have been any disease, and Jesus never in one single instance told any person that sickness was God's work or will."

A. "Can you prove from Scripture that all forms of sickness and infirmities are the devil's work?"

B. "Yes, that can be done easily. You will see in Matthew 4: 23, and 9: 35, that when Jesus was here in the flesh, 'He healed every sickness and every disease among the people,' then if you will refer to Acts 10: 38, you will see that the Apostle Peter declares that he (Jesus) went about doing good and healing all who were oppressed of the devil. Notice that all whom he healed were suffering from Satan's evil power."

Now any reader can open his Bible and see at a glance that the above quotations prove nothing touching the point at issue. The devil is not mentioned in either of the quotations from Matthew, and as to the quotation from the Acts, any one having a smattering knowledge of English grammar can plainly see that the language will not admit of the construction given by Dr. Dowie. "Healing all who were oppressed of the devil" does not mean that all that were healed were oppressed of the devil. Suppose it were said of him that he healed all that were blind, would that imply that all that he healed were blind? The Doctor evidently like many others reads his own notion into the Bible.

Admitting that sin is the primary cause of pain, sickness and death, it does not follow that all form of sickness are the direct work of the devil, and that forgiveness of sin would remove pain and cure sickness. If a man puts his hand in the fire it will be burned, and pain will ensue. Is it the devil that inflicts the pain? In like manner if a man eats too much, or eats indigestible food, and as a result suffers pain in the stomach, is that the work of the devil? We believe in man's free agency and responsibility. We believe that the Governor of the world rules in physical realms by natural laws which he has established, and if any human being willfully or ignorantly violates or runs counter to these laws, he will suffer in consequence, devil or no devil.

Dr. Dowie's *a priori* argument is not sound, viz., "Disease can not come from God, for he is clean; it can not come from heaven, for there is no disease there." The problem of pain and death as related to the divine government is insoluble. Dowie's theory does not explain the mystery in the least. If it is inconsistent with the divine nature to in-

flict pain upon the creatures of his wisdom and power, is it not equally inconsistent for a being, infinite in love, wisdom and power, to permit another to do so. Suppose Dr. Dowie, to be too kind and tender to inflict pain or chastise his children, what would one think of his kindness and wisdom if he permitted a malignant cruel enemy to enter his household and daily torment his dear ones right under his eyes? We repeat again that the existence of sin and suffering in the government of an all wise, omnipotent being is insoluble. The orbit of our vision is too limited; we only "see parts of his ways, but can't understand the thunderings of his power." The best way to know what is proper for God to do, is to diligently and humbly seek to know what He is doing. The Scripture plainly teaches us that God directly, at times, brings suffering, sickness and death. Turn to Acts 12: 23, and you will read that the "Angel of the Lord" smote Herod, and he was eaten with worms and gave up the ghost. Will the Divine healers contend that the "Angel of the Lord" was the devil? Again, it is said in 2 Kings 19: 35, that the "Angel of the Lord" smote 185,000 of Senacherib's army. Was that angel a devil? Was it the devil that brought the plagues upon Egypt, smote the first born, drowned the Old World, and rained fire and brimstone upon Sodom and Gomorrah? The Bible does not blame the devil for every calamity and suffering, but holds men responsible for their sins and folly, and points to the consequent punishment.

The Chicago "Healer," on the contrary, is extremely fond of banging away at the devil on all occasions. Speaking of the folly of the devil in attacking the Savior, he says, "But Jesus went down into hell and he made an awful ruction there." Then he adds: "There is another book to be written yet, I should like to hear of the work he did in hell. In fact, I should like to go to hell and take a lick at the devil myself." Possibly his wish may be gratified, though we desire otherwise, for the sake of the Doctor. It might fare worse with him than the seven sons of Sceva, Acts 19: 14. But should an engagement ever take place between the Divine Healer of Chicago and the prince of the army of hell, prudence would dictate that the Doctor saves all the powder he lavishly spends in firing at preachers and doctors, for be it assured if ever he undertakes to "lick" the "roaring lion" in his own den, he will find use for all his ammunition. The Doctor, also, is an unrelenting enemy of the hog. He informs us that swine are possessed of devils, and consequently, that pork should never be eaten. He gives as his opinion "that two-thirds of the adults of Chicago belong to the devil." Here is the proof, "They drink whisky, they drink rum, they eat pork, and have scrofula," &c.

The political views of Dowie are as fanciful and preposterous as his theology. "I believe," he says, "that war in all its forms to be infernal, and I have no intention in becoming an American citizen ever to fight for that flag or any other flag," &c. On another occasion the Doctor in

speaking of the gifts of prophecy, after referring to Balaam, Knox, and Wesley as great prophets, he delivers his predictions: "Thanks be to God, the gates of the world are in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race to-day" (How was it brought about?). Then he tells us how the Turkish Empire will be demolished, and how England and America "will soon be thundering at the door of Constantinople." "Victory is God's, and Zion (Jerusalem), the City of the Great King, will soon be free." He quotes the words of Jude, "The Lord sending ten thousand saints to execute judgment upon all," &c. On the other hand he declares that war in all forms is infernal, and "that he will not fight for any flag," &c. "I never would have fired a shot at the Confederates. I would have waited, prayed, toiled and wept," &c. In another place he tells us that when Jesus comes, "he will clean out the devil."

Then he adds: "The Lord has need of all his servants, and when I say 'we,' I mean 'we.' He gives me that honor, for 'we are workers together with him.' I am a Theocrat," he asserts. "Monarchy should be absolutely abolished." He then continues, "that we have no more right to establish a republic than Great Britain to establish a monarchy. You will search the Bible in vain from Genesis to Revelation to find a single statement that God ever intended to form a government which was to rest on the 'consent of the governed.'" Here the Doctor anticipates the question that would naturally arise in the mind of the reader, "What is going to happen if the principles taught in Zion are adopted everywhere by the people of God?" Here is the answer he gives: "Why, it will revolutionize society. It will destroy all human governments. It will smash the churches as they exist. That is perfectly true, and I say God speed the day (Amen)." We agree with Dr. Dowie, that if his political and theological hoax were universally accepted, that the result will be as he predicts, and the church and state should be on the alert. It seems, undoubtedly, to many, useless expenditure of time and labor to oppose and expose such farrago of nonsense as preached by divine healers, but it is necessary sometimes to strike at a shadow in order to convince people that it is a shadow. We must not forget Barnum's words: "People like to be humbugged."

WHERE SLEEPS THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod. —*W. C.*

THE OBSERVATORY.

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

Better have an unworthy aim than no aim at all, is occasionally stated as an aphorism, and which doubtless, contains some truth under certain circumstances, but in most cases should be followed by a note of interrogation.

Self-love probably might come under that category, holding its place as somewhat of a maxim; for, without self-love men and women would doubtless cease to struggle to create a place of distinction for themselves. It is questionable if without this incentive they would be barely decent. But for self-love the young boy and girl would hardly imagine themselves of superior importance in the world, and so be encouraged to live up to their own estimate of themselves. Were it not for self-love, few, probably, would endeavor to appear better than they are morally, mentally, physically, and so would be likely to exhibit all their moral, mental and physical infelicities in all their ugliness, thus making the world a much more unsatisfactory place than it is with self-love the guiding principle.

* * * *

After all is said, there is no love that is so lasting as the love that has one's self for its object, says a philosopher. One of the fair sex was asking me the other day, whether or no it was pure selfishness on the part of man that he got married at all! Ruminating over this in consequence, I have come to the point, that it is open to argument, indeed, if the love that the man bears towards the woman, and conversely the love which the woman has for the man, is not of itself a species of love for one's self.

May it not be suspected that in many, perhaps a majority of cases, the animating principle consists in the pleasure the man or the woman experiences in finding somebody who is willing to pay tribute to his or her self-love; in short, a kind of mutual admiration society? Be that as it may, the more I try to sum up the situation and watch ordinary mortals in the regard, the more confirmed the impression becomes. Let it not be forgotten however, I am not unmindful of the brilliant examples I know to the contrary.

Looking at it again from a different point of view, is not self-love ever being appealed to in the case of the soul's salvation? Is it not by the promise of personal reward after death that people are encouraged to behave themselves while they are yet alive? It seems to be the one thing alone which induces the majority of men and women to endeavor to cause others to think well of them,

and the one thing alone, therefore, that impels them to be better than they otherwise might ever care about being. There is very little hope for the man or woman who has so little self-love as to have no regard for the opinion of others. This, to be sure, is not the highest plane to live upon, but until the race is born again, educated and trained to a higher, surely, they who inveigh against self-love make a mistake. If the above, in its fragmentary condition will be suggestive of thought along the line indicated, it will fulfill its purpose.

* * * *

A friend writing me a few days ago, stated among other things, "I expect to go to the dentist's this week." Well, what of that, says someone, &c. Nothing much, that is true, but sufficient to bring out the following observations upon the teeth. Some may think it absurd to elaborate on the subject of teeth in this age of science and skilled dentistry, and yet, does it not seem that where privileges and opportunities abound, neglect and carelessness much more abound. Howbeit, on every hand there are unmistakable sings of ignorance or carelessness regarding teeth where both health and comfort could be much improved.

The vast majority belonging to both sexes are of the class who take not ordinary care of the teeth, and a reason for this, in addition to those already enumerated is, presumably, that they regard the teeth merely as agents of mastication and aids to speech. This is but half of their mission, and could the other half be indelibly impressed upon the mind, viz., that the beauty and contour of the face largely depend upon these much abused parts of the anatomy, a reform would at once be instituted.

An appeal to the vanity of men and women is almost always sure of success, for they all have it in considerable quantity, especially men! I saw a man once who spent a great deal upon his wardrobe, and who in appearance might be taken for a fashion plate, and yet had the worst teeth of all I had ever seen. Riding in a street car in New York City not long since there sat opposite me a woman decked in fine feathers and a set of false teeth that persistently refused to remain in place. Now, had this woman's teeth been natural she would have been decidedly pretty, for her features were good, and her eyes, skin and hair all that any woman could wish for. Her jaws however had shrunk so that the space between the nose and chin was shortened to the point of caricature, and the shape of her face was naturally changed. If the other women present saw as I did, I am sure they all registered a mental vow to keep close watch upon whatever teeth nature had given and to regard the money turned over to the dentist as a profitable investment.

* * * *

The era of prophylaxis will unmistakably be one of the good things ushered in some time during the coming century, i. e., when physicians and people in general will pay

more attention to the prevention of diseases than to their cure. In accordance with this and what we have already stated, frequent examinations of the teeth by a dentist cannot be too strongly urged. Remember that decay in its early stages does not always bring pain, and its presence can be easily detected by the dentist, and its progress checked with little discomfort and expense. Never delay until pain has set in, for it adds much to the dread which every human being has of the dentist's chair. A piece of alum, the size of a pea, dissolved and held in the mouth—not swallowed—two or three times a week will harden the teeth or at least lessen the danger of decay. Milk of magnesia is far more agreeable to the majority of people, and will perform the same good work. Some women seek to save the wear and tear of their teeth by using only soft foods. If such will live any length of time, they will invariably regret their ill-advised economy, for disease will as a consequence, attack both teeth and gums, and never again will they be free from trouble.

To be kept in sound condition the teeth must be used, and therefore, thorough mastication of all food is to be encouraged in both children and adults, for this reason as well as others even more potent, because it is the exercise which keeps not only the teeth but the whole economy supplied with the proper nourishment.

Somehow, people are accustomed to regard the teeth as something apart from the rest of the anatomy, something to be affected only by external agents. This is a sad mistake, for ill-health not only makes a perceptible difference in their condition, but works a sad havoc in a few months on a sound set. There is much more to be feared from the blood than from substances which are taken into the mouth. From the former diseases are derived which often baffle the skill of the dentist, while the latter works injuries which usually can be repaired.

It should be borne in mind that artificial teeth are the last resort, for the smallest kind of a stump offers a chance for work which will not permit the jaws to shrink and therefore, keep you good-looking, girls!

To clean the teeth, a moderately stiff brush should be procured, and should be used on the inside as well as the outside, on the crowns and in the crevices. Forget not that particles which have lodged between the teeth are veritable mischief-makes; to remove these, dental floss or a thin rubber band should be used. A simple reliable tooth powder is also much preferable to the widely advertised fancy articles.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

The burden of a very excellent criticism of drama and music, lately written by a lady, is that the crowds are easily diverted by that which is of small significance and great sensation, and that the works of real genius are too often passed for the sensational excitements of meretricious trumpery. There is much truth in this but it is not all the truth; therefore, let us give thanks. There is much true artistic work going steadily on, of which very little is written in our daily papers. Teachers must be possessed with consecration to high ideals, if they must have artistic results. "People do not care for music," says one; "yet I have not seen an individual, nor a crowd that failed to listen intently to good singing, soulful singing. It is just as true that people will not listen with any pleasure to poor singing, unintelligent singing, either in voice or words. A vocalist who has not disciplined his organs of articulation, who has not studied musical punctuation, and who cannot touch in any way his own heart-strings, has no right to waste people's time by stage intrusion. Singing means intelligent interpretation. This is not possible without literary, elocutionary thought and heart-training. We live in a world that is made up of souls, say what we may, and in spite of all obstacles, environments, the bewilderments of empty shows, and the ignorance of art among the many, we can rest assured that souls will awake and rise up every time, in response to the true "soul-call of heroism, of real, unselfish service, and the magic touch of God-inspired genius." The greatest enemy of art to-day is superficial popularity, rag-time renown, selfishness, "money-merely" teaching, and greedy commercialism. All great centers of population suffer deeply from these causes, the drama fully as much as music. The drama is a tremendous force, but music is greater. What is their origin, and their message to the human race? Only at the present time, to a certain extent, has the drama become a powerful advocate of truth, justice, morality, and has become a Christian potency. Sir Henry Irving in his "Olivia" or the "Vicar of Wakefield;" Wilson Barrett in his "At the Sign of the Cross;" Hall Caine in his dramatization of "The Christian," and last, but not least, the dramatization of "Quo Vadis," have led the way, and have proven themselves to be pioneer forces of the drama that will eventually push into oblivion, we hope, everything low and vicious from every respectable stage. Probably, there will continue in low

comedies and saloon-concerts in all great cities, much vulgarity, incongruity, and incentives to wrong-doing and corruption. But the day of better things, high hopes and aspirations, high talent, and artistic performances of the highest dramatic thought, has dawned, and is growing brighter in the dramatic world. "Music is not only one of the refinements of life, but life itself," writes a great author. To ask, as is often done, "Is she musically educated?" is the shallow murmur of the surface. The "deeps" are not touched at all by such words. The question should be, Is she, or he, musical? Is there music in the soul? Does this subtle power shape their characters, affect their deeds, shine in their daily lives?

In this age, more than in any of the past, we are carried into the realm of musical philosophy, we inquire into the cause of things, we tread upon holy ground—dangerous ground—many with fear and trembling, feeling proximity to the eternal first cause, and the immutable laws. Nature's phenomena of vibration fills the soul with awe and wonder. We are not satisfied with the strange and elevating effects of certain combinations of sounds upon our minds, we are eager to know why sound so affects—we seek the wave-connection between air-vibrations and soul-vibrations. We are told the whole universe is a vast orchestra, pulsing vibratively, and that the "music of the spheres" is as much a real fact to the scientist, as for the imagination of the poet and musician. This line of thought brings to mind naturally the oft-repeated and eloquent words of Professor Huxley in his essay on the "Physical Basis of Life:" "The wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest, is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city." Thoughts on vibration may be a pleasant subject in a future series of "Music Notes."

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," wrote the great William. At least, the potency of music, and the brilliancy, at least, of Wagner's "art-drama" won to him the soul and devotion of the poetic Frenchman, M. Ed. Schure, whose "Personal Reminiscences of Richard Wagner" in the February "Music," edited by W. S. B. Mathews, is the most refreshing and inspiring Wagnerania of the last two decades. Herein we find another testimony how the Arthurian legends have enriched the literature and music of many of the great masters. It will interest the reader to have one short quotation—one reflecting, in a sense, upon the great German: "Most strange of all, while he had taken from Celtic legend his two most poetic dramas of 'Tristan' and 'Parsifal,' he never recognized the content of the genius of this race. As to myself, Alsacian by birth, and

French by heart, I had in my early youth a lively admiration and an ardent faith in the profound intuition and the grand sympathy of the Celtic genius, which later on broke over all national boundaries and embraced and loved humanity."

This shows that great men can be very small—Wagner, poet, philosopher, dramatist, librettist, and musician, was contemptibly narrow and bigoted in some things, owing to his environments, and perhaps, his Teutonic blood, the Wagnerian sort of blood. Editor W. S. B. Mathews in his instructive leading article, "Opera in the Nineteenth Century," writes that Wagner made more sensation through his controversial writings, if possible, than by the novelties of his music; and that between 1850 and 1870 he published a number of pamphlets and short books, one of them upon "The Jew in Music,"—"a most ill-considered diatribe against a race which is more prominent in music than any other single factor—a race which has given to music if not any one genius of absolutely first order at least a large number of admirable masters a little short of this rank." Like many men of genius, Richard Wagner was born to create discontent in the world of musical art—a good thing quite often. He was, and is, a tremendous force, and a beneficial disturber.

JOHN RUSKIN.

God shed His glories with a royal hand;
Man looked, but saw not nor could understand;
He gazed with heavy eye and clouded brain,
He yearned for beauty, and he yearned in vain,
And wandered far, God, pitying, sent a seer
To say to man: No farther—it is here.
Here in thine own domain. What need to roam.
Behold the feast outspread for thee at home.
The mountain-peak, the woodland, and the rill,
The dawn, the cloud, the mist upon the hill.
There's beauty all around, and in the deed
That's honest. Life's a garden; sin is the weed.
Live right, be true, lift loving eyes, and see
The glories the Creator spreads for thee.

—*Idris.*

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

CHAPTER XXVI.

At the Convent.

Gwytherin, the place referred to by Emrys, stood on a small eminence at the head of an insignificant vale not far from the source of the Elwy, and was scarcely large enough to be dignified with the name of village. Yet owing to St. Winifred's connection with it, it was more widely known in the middle ages than many more pretentious places. Next to the saint's chapel the only building of note in it was a convent of nuns. Nor was this of such a nature that it would be considered worth a second look to-day. Like nearly all other buildings of the kind at that time in Wales it was a low ungainly structure built of rough timber, yet in material and appearance much superior to the average dwelling. The most important apartment in the whole building was the cell of the abbess, and into this two days after their escape from the castle were Nest and her maid ushered by one of the nuns. The abbess received them with due courtesy, and gladly offered them the succor sought.

"I perceive by your speech," said the abbess, "that you have come from some part of Gwynedd. What part may it be?"

"Rhuddlan," replied Nest, perceiving that she would best serve her own interests by speaking without reserve.

"Indeed! then you must be the daughter of one of the king's courtiers, for you have neither the dress nor the manners of one of inferior rank."

"I am rather the daughter of king Gryffydd himself."

"And therefore a princess. I have the honor of being of royal blood myself, my mother being the daughter of one of Idwal Voel's descendants. Is your companion your maid?"

"She is, though like yourself of royal lineage."

"The daughter of Gryffydd ap Llewelyn doubtless has not left the castle of her father without cause."

Taking this as a hint that an explanation of the circumstance which caused her to leave home was now desired the princess spoke of her father's determination that she should marry the king of Norway, and her escape from the castle in order to avoid being married to a man whom she could never love.

"Are you not afraid that your father will trace you here and compel you still to marry Magnus?" asked

the abbess closely regarding the princess.

"Besides yourself there is but one person knows where we are, and he will not betray us," was the reply.

"Why should you be averse to marrying the Norwegian king? If I am rightly informed royal matches are as frequently made without love as with it."

Nest hesitated a moment, and then said with a blush,

"Because I love another."

"Ah! I see. Your love has gone where your father's choice would not go," continued the abbess.

"Methinks not, Trahaiarn being as much his choice as my own. At least he never disapproved of his attentions."

"Trahaiarn? Ah, that is the young prince who was attacked and carried away by the outlaws some months ago. I knew not that he was your lover."

There was a touch of sympathy in the voice of the abbess as she uttered these words. Had she thought fit to do so she also could have told a tale both of disappointed and tragic love. But she spoke of the vanity and disappointment of the world instead, not forgetting to hint at the superior advantages and satisfaction of convent life, and especially of the convent of Gwytherin.

The princess and her maid now followed the abbess to the cell of honor, where they were left alone to remove such traces of their journey as had clung to their persons and attire, and prepare to dine with the abbess.

"What a cold cheerless place it is," whispered Enid, glancing at the rough, bare walls. "To me it seems more like a prison than a religious retreat. No wonder that all the nuns look as though they had not a friend in the world. If I should stay here long I should surely die."

"Solemnity well befits religion, Enid," said Nest, "and it certainly becomes my present mood far better than would a place of gaiety. As I now feel I would not be averse to taking the veil myself, especially under so saintly and motherly a person as the abbess appears to be. She must have been of exceptional beauty in her youth, and there is a stateliness about her even now, that her nun's garb seems to enhance rather than conceal."

"I am sorry, sweet mistress, you are not in a happier mood, for it is not like you to desire to live in a convent, even though an angel from heaven were in charge of it. Much as I value piety—and I often wish I were more pious—it stands not to reason to think that he who gave us youth, desires so great a sacrifice as to pluck it like a tender flower from its native place and clime and plant it in sadness and gloom."

"Thou speakest not wisely, Enid. Thou knowest that piety is the best ornament of youth as well as of age, and that no place is so favorable to the growth of piety as the calm, sacred solitude of a convent. At least thou must admit that a king's court favors piety much less than it does vanity."

"Then it is your purpose to bury yourself in this cheerless tomb for the rest of your life?"

"I know not yet what I shall do; for life has but little charm for me now. If Trahaiarn be indeed really dead, one place is as congenial to me as another, and since I have disgraced my father's house I see no alternative but to remain here. Thou, however, must not be guided by my action. If I decide to take the veil thou must seek more congenial surroundings."

Before Enid could reply to this the door was opened by a nun who came to announce that dinner was ready, and as their toilet was now complete they proceeded at once to the abbess' cell, and sat down to a simple meal. While they ate they discoursed with the abbess upon various topics connected with the church, notably the monastic feature of it.

The meal over, the princess and her maid returned to the cell of honor, where they remained the most of the time until the next evening, when they repaired with the nuns to the saint's chapel. They were given a seat on the left side of the chapel, and apart from the nuns, and they participated in the worship with the devotion of sincere Catholics. At the conclusion of the service the abbess showed them the chapel with all that was sacred within and without it. It was a small structure built of timber like the convent, and its seats were slabs with two legs thrust into auger holes at each end. Among the curious things in this crude chapel was a tomb-stone with a singular cross engraved on it in close proximity to an ancient battle-axe. But by far the most sacred object of all was the box in which the relics of St. Winifred were kept, and to this the abbess in due time led the refugees. All knelt before it with the greatest reverence, and silently poured out their heart's desires to the saints whom they thought was especially attentive to their prayers. The princess and her maid were almost overpowered with emotion, and their imagination was wrought to so high a pitch that they were sure the saint was standing near them with outstretched arms, and that they heard her whisper a blessing over them.

At length they all arose, a feeling of superstitious reverence still clinging to their souls.

"You have been highly blessed, my daughters," said the abbess. "You need not tell me that you have felt the holy presence of the saint. I see it in your faces. It is a most favorable omen, and one which is not vouchsafed to many. It means that you are not simply to enjoy her protection, but that you are to join the sisterhood that she has specially favored so long."

This announcement caused a terrified look to appear in Enid's face. In spite of her religious excitement, which, however, was not so intense as that of Nest, she was as averse as ever to the thought of becoming a nun. Perceiving her terrified look the abbess continued,

"You must crucify the flesh and

renounce the world forever. You disregard the saint's wishes at your peril. I will not insist, however, that you should enter on your novitiate immediately. But it would be well for you to keep in mind what I have said."

Neither Nest nor Enid replied to this bold advance on the part of the abbess, but as they followed her out of the chapel there was a look of determination in the maid's face that spoke of a defiant heart. As the convent was near the chapel they were soon in their respective cells, the abbess to resume her duties and the refugees to reflect on what had transpired.

"I care not what happens to me," said Enid, breaking a long silence, "I will not remain here."

"Then thou wilt wilfully incur the saint's displeasure by ignoring her evident desire," said the princess.

"I have no undoubted assurance that it is her desire that I should ever become a nun."

"Did not the abbess say so? She surely ought to know."

"Though I dislike to say it, I fear the abbess was guided more by her own anxiety to seize a favorable opportunity than by a knowledge of the saint's wishes in saying what she did. But hark!"

"What is that noise? It sounds like a body of horsemen."

"I wish the window faced the street so we could see what it is."

The princess was right, it was a cavalcade of horsemen in armor, who coming to a halt in the road gazed in the direction of the convent, while the leader and one other advancing into the court-yard dismounted near the door of the convent.

"Pardon this intrusion," said the leader to a nun that now appeared at the door, "Can I see the abbess?"

The nun muttered something in reply and immediately disappeared, but returned soon after and led the visitor into a cell which was used as a reception room for men. Here the abbess received him with due reserve and showed him to a rough seat.

"My business is to inquire whether you have within the past three days receive two refugees into your convent," said the visitor in an anxious tone.

The abbess regarded him for an instant in silence, saying to herself that he must be from Rhuddlan, and in search of Gryffydd's daughter. Then she said,

"The rules of our order, you must know, demand that we shield all who appeal to us for succor. Therefore I am not obliged to answer your questions either positively or negatively."

"Your caution, madam, is wholly unnecessary in this case, since I seek them only for their good," was the reply.

"Who is it that you seek? and who are you that seek them? I think my position and duties justify these questions."

"Neither their identity nor my own is a matter for concealment. You are talking, madam, to Trahaiarn ap Caradoc, and I am seeking Nest, the

daughter of Gryffydd, who with her maid is said to be in this convent."

The nun struggled for a moment with the woman in the abbess. She hated to have her plan respecting the princess and her maid upset; yet enough of the woman had survived the severities of the convent life to make her heart respond to Trahaiarn's eagerness.

"Those whom you seek are here," said she after a pause, "but if I be not mistaken you are the last person the princess would expect to seek for them. Nor that she has forgotten you but that she despairs of ever seeing you again."

"For heaven's sake bring her to me!" was the prince response.

To enter the cell of honor was but the work of a moment, but the abbess found it not an easy task to break the glad news in store for Nest in a manner satisfactory to herself. The princess noticing her hesitation said,

"Ah, I know that your visit purports no good to me! I will never forgive that treacherous Emrys for betraying my secret. But though my father send a thousand men after me I shall die rather than marry that hateful foreigner."

"You are seized with needless alarm," the abbess hastened to explain. "It is joy and not sorrow that awaits you."

"Joy? Then the best of fathers has sent for me to return to his forgiving arms and not to marry Magnus!"

"Something better than a father's forgiveness."

"It cannot be—it is too good a thing to be true—that Trahaiarn is alive and has come for me!"

"Come and see for yourself."

Despite the tact which the abbess displayed in acquainting the princess with Trahaiarn's presence she fell into a swoon from which she recovered only after the lapse of several minutes, and by the assistance of the abbess and Enid. No sooner did she regain consciousness, however, than she accompanied the mistress of the establishment to the reception room and flew to her lover's embrace only again to faint away. And now followed a most touching scene, a scene witnessed by no mortal eyes. Trembling in every limb with pent up emotion Trahaiarn seated the unconscious princess on a form and supporting her on his strong arm he showered kisses and tears on her lovely face.

"You will not leave me again?" said Nest presently coming to herself and clinging convulsively to the prince.

"Never, sweet love, never," said the prince kissing her again.

"I had given you up as dead," continued the princess after a pause. "And I was as good as dead, dear, had it not been for Cadwallader," was the prompt reply. Then continuing he told Nest all that had happened to him during the period of his captivity, and how he had wreaked vengeance on the outlaws.

Meanwhile matters were proceeding satisfactorily with Enid and the squire. When the maid learned of

the presence of the prince in the convent she naturally hoped that Cadwallader might be with him, and she was so excited when her mistress swooned that she scarcely knew what to do. Nor was she more composed when following the princess to the door of the reception room she stopped in the passage and buried her face in her hands. In spite of herself her limbs would tremble, and though she had done all she could to banish the hope that had come to her mind she was disappointed that no one inquired for her. A flood of tears naturally followed, during which Cadwallader, having tied the horses to a post in the yard, hurried into the passage, and catching sight of the weeping maid suddenly enveloped her in his arms greatly to her surprise, and to the horror of the abbess and two or three of the nuns, who now scampered into their cells, lest they should be contaminated by the further sight of worldly passion. Being restored again to each other the lovers were too much engrossed in one another to notice this little by-play of feminine sanctity. Nor was their love less demonstrative than that of the prince and princess.

But even scenes like these must have an end, and the abbess was not a little relieved when Nest and her maid came to thank her for succor which they had received, and to place a reward in her hands.

"If the offering is not large enough to atone for our lack of compliance with the wishes of St. Winifred, I am quite willing to increase it; and indeed I shall at my earliest convenience, seeing that she has sent me so much joy."

Nest spoke with much of her old time vivacity, and received the assurance of the abbess that, although she was sorry not to have her and Enid enter the novitiate, she thought their patron saint might possibly forgive them for returning to the world, provided the consideration were large enough. Pleased with this assurance the two now took leave of the abbess, and hastened out of the convent. Then mounting two palfreys brought for their accommodation they rode beside their respective lovers and proceeded in the direction of Rhuddlan, closely followed by the mounted escort that had waited for them in the road. "And it was to aid the prince to escape from his cruel captors that you left us so suddenly?" remarked Enid, glancing admirably at her lover. "Why did you not tell me where you were going?"

"I was afraid that you would disapprove of my scheme or laugh at it as the vain fancy of a madman," was the reply.

"Say rather that you liked to keep your own counsel too well to share it with me," said the maid with an injured air. "I have not forgiven you for the falsehood you told me yet."

"Then I am ready to do penance, provided it be not too severe. What shall it be? I hope you will not be so cruel as to deny me the honey of your lips."

"How nonsensical you are! Tell

me how you rescued the prince."

"Ah, if that be the only penance imposed on me I shall soon claim your forgiveness. Well, when I left you that day I went to Chester, where in default of something better I hired out as a swine-herd."

"A swine-herd? An honorable occupation indeed for a prince's squire to be engaged in!"

"But it suited my purpose well. I did not think it wise to risk recognition by joining the outlaws at once, for I feared some of them might have seen me around the castle. Therefore I waited until nature had completely disguised my face, and my lowly occupation made such other changes in my appearance as were desirable. At the end of two months I thought I looked enough like an outlaw to be mistaken for one, and sought the cavern which I suspected was one of the robber's haunts.".

Enid shuddered at the thought of the risk he undertook.

"When I arrived at the cavern," continued the squire, "the sentinel posted at its entrance savagely demanded what I wanted. I told him I was a fugitive from justice, and that I desired to wreak my vengeance on the tyrannical brood that made life intolerable to their vassals. My speech pleased the outlaw and through him I soon found audience with Hoel, who, after putting many questions to me, consented to admit me to his band. As yet I knew not whether the prince was dead or alive; but advancing to the circle of outlaws who eyed me critically as I approached the fire around which they sat, I saw a crouching figure which I inferred must be my master. I took care, however, to manifest no undue interest in him, and to disguise my voice as much as possible in order to guard against suspicion. Subsequently, after I had formed the acquaintance and gained the confidence of the outlaws, they informed me who the captive was, and why he was held in captivity. It was only on the night of our escape, however, that Hoel thought fit to assign me to the post of guard. Nor would he have done so that night had I given the least sign of the interest I felt in the prince. My heart ached more than once at the misery and suffering of my master, but I knew that my feelings must be in subjection to my purpose. At last when the long-looked for opportunity came I was prepared for action. I could scarcely wait for Hoel and the rest to leave the cave, so impatient was I to put an end to my master's captivity. But I successfully bided my time, and dealing my companion a stunning blow on the head I at once cut the prince's bands and led him out to liberty over the expiring form of the sentinel in front of the cavern."

These details together with an account of the prince's revenge that followed greatly pleased the maid, and raised Cadwallader still higher in her estimation. Not only was she glad that her mistress owed to him the unexpected happiness that she now enjoyed, but that his bold adventure had declared him worthy of

a place among heroes as well as in her affections.

Meanwhile the princess listened to a similar account from Trahaiarn's lips, occasionally wiping a tear of sympathy or gratitude from her eyes, and interrupting him with questions and exclamations. So interested was she in the narrative that she was scarcely conscious that night was closing in upon them. Nor was there any reason to fear now that the outlaws were dead. The only disagreeable feature about the journey was a drizzling rain that set in soon after they started, and which did not cease until they reached the castle. The lovers in their present mood, however, felt that this was a trifling circumstance, unworthy of complaint.

THE STRAND OF RHUDDLAN.

By Rev. E. O. Jones.

Frowned the dark heavens on the cause of the righteous,
Bondage has swept our free warriors away;
Vain were our prayers as our dreams had been baseless,
Sword of the foeman has carried the day.
Hid by thy strand 'neath the snows everlasting,
Frozen the waters that over thee break!
Come to defend, O thou God of all mercies,
Cause of the righteous and home of the weak.

Slain is our leader, and he who has slain him,
Prince of the foeman, will reign in his stead;
Fallen our harp with the fall of Caradoc,
Ay! let it fall as he fell and lay dead!
Yet can I look on the field of the slaughter,
God was not mocked, nor was freedom denied;
Better than that 'was to die—there on Rhuddlan
Better to sink in the free flowing tide.

—Trans.

FIELD OF LETTERS

GRAWN GWERNOGLE, by the Rev. T. D. Evans (Gwernogle): Bangor, Samuel Hughes, High St., Pendref.

This little book is a collection of poems by the author, consisting of alliterative pieces, poems and lyrics in great variety. The purpose of publication is to help to keep the old language alive in the mouths of the people, and "heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse." Among these are some taking verses suitable for music. The reader will find this book of poems delightful.

O LYGAD Y FFYNON, Translations from the Earliest Historians of Britain, viz., Caesar, Tacitus, Gildas, Nennius and Asser, by John Owen Jones, Bala: Davies & Evans, Publishers.

The translations into Welsh of the above mentioned Latin authors first appeared in "Cymru" between 1894 and 1896. A brief sketch of each author is given before their respective translations which helps the reader greatly. We can commend this valuable volume to every Welsh reader who takes interest in ancient Welsh history. In these translations, considerable light is thrown on those periods of which no authentic history in the vernacular has been preserved: the invasion of Britain, by Caesar himself; the story of Caradoc, by Tacitus; and the quaint histories and fictions of Gildas, Nennius and Asser are not only instructive, but also entertaining, and even droll and amusing. This is a treasury of ancient British history, fictions and superstitions.

Among the short articles of "Cymru'r Plant" for February are "Fairy Tales of Japan," a brief history of the people of Holland; an Incident of the battle of Modder River, "The Soldier's Thirst," and other entertaining sketches and short poems. In his remarks on the front page, the Editor contributes a few sensible words to the question of the century. As is suggested, if people would only count the years as they count money, there would be no discrepancy.

In E. Edwards' correspondence towards the end, in our last number, the sentence should read as follows: "My reviewer is pleased to award Mad Anthony the honor of being a pure blooded Welshman, whilst William Penn, despite a traditional statement from Anthony's own lips, places him among the half Welshmen." At the 10th line from the top "his" should replace "my." In 12th line, "it cannot be proven" should be quoted.

Anent the question of tempo in Congregational music among the Welsh, the "Cerddor" says: "Although we do not love wild, senseless and undevout singing, we admit that we are sometimes led to accelerate the tempo a little in order to arouse our singers. In fact, our tendency is to sing slow, to slacken off and drag along as if music was a ponderous load. This of course, is applicable only to congregational singing. The "Men of Harlech," one of our most spirited tunes, is now-a-days only an ordinary church tune uninspired by any martial idea or prospect of victory. Our "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" is a mere lullaby

over a slumbering Wales, and sleeping bards and heroes.

The "Drysorfa" gives a brief sketch of the late Mr. Moody's life work, and adds a few sensible remarks, which we may benefit by digesting them well. Mr. Moody was not a great preacher from the Welsh point of view—that is, he had an unmusical voice; he could neither sing nor sail into the "hwyl," so essential to a Welsh preacher. He could hardly be called an orator. Wherein, then, was the secret of his power? He was possessed of a voice that could be heard. He could make himself heard and understood; and withal, he had an abundance of ability to interest, entertain and touch his hearers, and he never failed to do it. His ability was spiritual not vocal or musical. He had a rare supply of the best influences of the Gospel, and he was armed with every forcible and beautiful power of the religion of Christ.

The "Cronicl" for February has an entertaining variety of short articles on questions of the day: The Late D. L. Moody; The Normal College of Bangor; Dr. Witton Davies and the Universities; Dr. Cheyne's "Encyclopedia Biblica," etc. Pitar and Maria Jones is an interesting story. The other articles are "The Nonconformist Conscience," by Eynon; "Dr. James Martineau;" "To-day and Yesterday," by Gwynfe; and the "Story of the Month" by the Editor. There is also a variety of poems, lessons, obituaries, etc.

—The Congregationalists (Independents in Wales) are the most numerous in Cardiganshire, Carmarthenshire and Glamorgan; the Baptist in Pembroke and Monmouth; the Calvinistic Methodists in North Wales, Radnor, Breconshire and the border English towns. In all of Wales the Congregationalists are the strongest. The Wesleyans (M. E. in the States) are three times more numerous in North Wales than in the South. The Editor objects to using the word "strongest" for the "most numerous" in the statistical report. The "most numerous" may be the weakest. Numbers very often do not count. We cannot figure the strength of a religious community by counting the members no more than compute the horse power of an engine by counting the wheels.

"Cwrs y Byd" is as sharp and piquant as ever. It would certainly require omniscience and omnipotence to carry out the extreme views of some reformers.

—Many Welsh sing "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau' (The Land of My Fathers) although it is not much more of their land than France, Germany, etc., and there is nothing to prevent Frenchmen or Boers to buy it all." Not at all if the people of Wales are foolish enough to sell out.

—We congratulate "The London Celt" and the "Liverpool Cymro" says "Cwrs," "on their correct views on the British-Boer war; but we are sorry to find the 'Llanelly Celt' and the 'Tyst' (Witness), Congregationalist organs, somewhat pro-British." He takes exception to the way the "Tyst" adheres to the American's sensible maxim, "My country, right or wrong. Whatever," says the "Tyst," "we think of the causes of the war, it behooves us now to fight it out." We, certainly, can expect more from British than Boer civilization.

—"Cwrs" is correct regarding the prudeness and affected modesty of moderns. Every woman expects to be called "lady." "Man and woman" is undoubtedly good enough for all. The Bible uses "man and woman," but never "gentleman and lady." The Lord deliver us from the vulgar folly of gentlemanning and ladifying every human being we meet.

The "Geninen" for January has

several articles of interest. Among the most instructive are "The Struggle between Paganism and Christianity," by the Rev. G. Hartwell Jones; "Cromwell," by Prof. Anwyl, M. A.; "Fairy Tales," by Bleddyn; "The Slate Quarrymen," by the Rev. W. Ryle Davies; "Whither is Hell Gone?" by Gwrtheyrn; "Principal Michael Jones," by Gad; "Wesleyism," by the Rev. William Hugh Evans; "The Old Schools of Glamorgan," by Watcyn Wyn; "Notes on the Welsh Language," by D. Samuel, M. A.; "Our Children and our Language," by Cadvan; with a good collection of short poems and epigrams.

In a brief paper, the Rev. Elvet Lewis gives a few lessons on adjudicating and competing. Remarking on the blank verse, sometimes used by Welsh poets, but hardly ever with any degree of success, Mr. Lewis says that it is English, and foreign to Welsh. Welsh poets have been so used to rhyme and alliteration, depending so much on the mere jingle of vowels and consonants, that blank verse, the unadorned expression of thought is flat and stale. Shakespeare and other poets are so pleasing in their blank verse, because their words are alive with thought. The Welsh poet dissatisfies because his thoughts and ideas are common-place.

The writer on Cromwell comes to the conclusion that although he failed in his work, he made a lasting impress on political life in Britain. He shook royalty so thoroughly that the nation found its weakness and laid on a better foundation. The monarch never had such power since in England. It is strange to discover how our best benefactors are suspected by us. There are thousands to-day who think more of the rotten Charles II. than of the heroic Cromwell. Nations are often forced to amend their ways. Again is it asked in the "Cenin-en," "Whither has Hell or Hades Gone?" The place remains, but its intense heat has disappeared. Years ago, the place was described as "a place full of fire and brimstone;" now it is a "place where the ungodly are punished." Many a Puritan minded old fashioned Christian hears of the decline of temperature in hades with regret.

"Cymru" for January is a double number, and every Welsh family should have one. "Cymru" is deserving of entrance into every Welsh circle, and every Welsh home, because it is the best monthly we have. Its many illustrations are one of its features, which adds to the interest and attractions of every number. Among the articles and poems are "A Trip Through the Forest;" "The Mission of Wales;" "Poetry of the Future;" "Old Families of Nant Conwy;" "The Annals of Caerleon;" "The Flood in Patagonia;" "Snowdon Tales;" "Nicholas Bennett" (the author of "Lays of my Country"); "Little Cathrin's First Singing;" "Jones Llangan's Grave;" and a variety of poems, among which is Watcyn Wyn's "Spirited Horse," which finished the journey although he died on the way. The number is excellent throughout, and the illustrations are by our best artists.

The Editor tells some hard things about Welsh magazines and their editors. They continue old fashioned, adhering to obsolete ways and styles; the paper, the ink, the material and its arrangement antiquated, showing no improvement over the old "Gwyliedydd" of a hundred years ago. There seems to be no demand among our people for literature and art of a high order. We want literature cheap and a pile of it for a few cents, and we generally get it.

—The denominational spirit is so strong that it is almost impossible to write anything to suit all; therefore, a sectarian book sells the best. The only way for a publisher or an editor to do is to peddle his book or magazine around the country; by that means, perchance,

he may make a livelihood. The nationalization of Welsh literature is devoutly to be wished.

In the February number of the "Dysgedydd," the Rev. D. Adams, B. A., Liverpool, leads with an article on the Personality of Christ and the Incarnation. This question has been discussed among Welsh divines for many years, and it seems as dark and inexplicable as ever. To the ordinary reader, it is certainly incomprehensible, and to everybody unprofitable. There is a tendency in the Welsh mind to study abstruse subjects. The Rev. G. Griffiths discusses the question of the future of the prayer meeting and the class meeting. Now-a-days, these meetings are not very popular, and the cause is that they have became perfunctory, being occasions and opportunities for mere expression of superficial experiences (so called) rather than means for solid instruction. They are forms rather than agencies to teach, correct and train. They should be reorganized to meet the age.

The Rev. J. Machreth Rees, London, writes strongly on the war in South Africa. He labors under the common superstition that the government of Great Britain is in for the gold fields. Since these have been sold by the Boers to the present owners, and the government is actually fighting for the rights of the Outlanders, we cannot see how Mr. Rees's charge can be true. After the war, the government, if victorious, could not own and does not intend to confiscate the gold mines in the Transvaal. If the government has any ambition at all, it is to possess political supremacy in South Africa. The other articles are Sunday School lessons, Reviews, Obituaries and poems.

"Young Wales" for January opens with a double article by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and Prof. Anwyl, entitled "The Twentieth Century: Its Message to Wales." The first section is devoted to the idea that England should substitute for itself a more spiritual ideal. In order to help attain this end, he demands the separation of Church and State. "The story of the votes of the Bishops of the House of Lords," Hughes says, "is one of the most disgraceful pages in the history of Christendom," but he admits that this is due largely to circumstance. The Church owes a debt to the State, and this is the only way to pay, viz., by giving its political support. It has voted hundreds of times on the wrong side of public questions. Prof. Anwyl states that it is the glory of the British Government that it aims at promoting active interest in the affairs of the village, the parish, the municipality, the rural district as well as the country and state. The other papers are "Interviews with Leading Welshmen," by the Rev. J. Morgan Gibbon; "Welsh Politics in 1899," by Gwyn o Ddyfed; "Great Welshmen of the 19th Century," by I. Ivano Jones; "Welsh Speaking Judges," by T. R. Roberts; "Passing of Mamgu Pali," by the Two Wynnes; "Wales, Month by Month," by the Editor, and a Poem "Gofannon ab Don," by C. M., Cardiff.

"Yr Haul" says that the chief motive power of Noncomformity in Wales was the power of the pulpit; and if the Church desires to prosper and regain her lost ground, she must needs pay more attention to preaching, and more emphasis must be laid on the preaching qualifications of her ministry. If it be true, that this power of evangelical eloquence was the power that moved the people of Wales, and was also the means of inducing the masses to desert the Old Church of their Fathers, is it not rational to think that the effectual use of this gift of the Church would be able to regain them and lead them back into the fold?

SCIENTIFIC

A pay car is to be used at the Homestead Steel Works, Pa. It will be run through the various departments, and the men will be paid off, obviating their calling at the pay office.

It is probable that barbed wire will become classed as war material, as it was largely used by the Spanish army in Cuba, and it is now doing excellent service for the Boers, and probably nothing tends to demoralize an assault more than strong barbed wire.

The Rome correspondent of "The London Lancet" has made a suggestion that the salt which from the earliest ages has been mingled with the water for ceremonial church purposes should be modified so as to make it a true disinfectant.

"Electricity stimulates all the organs of sense," says Dr. J. Mount Bleyer in "The Medical Times." "Directed upon the retina, it excites it, producing sensations of glare and dazzling. When sent through the organ of hearing, it produces there a peculiar buzzing noise, and, if brought in contact with the tongue, it calls forth a very characteristic metallic and styptic sensation. And in the olfactory mucous membrane it creates a sneezing irritation, and also, it seems, an odor of ammonia."

Nearly every problem of state policy and economy, as at present understood and practised, consists in some device for persuading you laborers to go and dig up dinner for us reflective and esthetical persons, who like to sit still, and think, or admire. So that when we get to the bottom of the matter we find the inhabitants of this earth broadly divided into two great masses, peasant paymasters, spade in hand, original and imperial producers of turnips; and, waiting on them all round, a crowd of polite persons, modestly expectant of turnips, for some—too often theoretical—service.—Ruskin.

"The London Lancet" severely criticises the poor arrangements for removing to hospitals people who may be injured or attacked by illness in the streets of cities in Great Britain, and pays a well-merited tribute to the excellence of the ambulance service in American cities. It is probable that no city in the world has such inadequate provision for dealing with accidents as London. The victims are usually helped into a cab with the aid of a policeman and driven to the hospital, often resulting in a compound instead of a simple fracture. Hand stretchers are in frequent requisition.

In the Cincinnati Zoological Garden, electricity is employed for guard duty. A fence of fine wire mesh about eight feet high surrounds an inclosure in which there are a number of fine game birds. It was found that rats, cats, etc., climbed over this so that two copper wires were stretched all around the top of the fence about an inch and a half above it and some distance apart. A switchboard was put on the side of an attendant's house, and at dark the watchman turns on the electric current, which is applied from the electric light wires. The silent watchman accomplishes remarkable results in killing the predatory animals.

Taking the declaration that he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not is condemned already, the necessity of belief and what to believe has been among the great thoughts of the eighteen centuries. As a man think-

eth, so is he. Creeds have their place and value. The clearer, the stronger, and the more profound one's convictions the more earnest and zealous he is apt to be. But something more than creed is essential to religion. It is not a question of intellectual advancement so much as one of moral growth. So religion that spends itself in creeds, and does not ripen into character and the richness of a pure and lovely life is like a barren fig-tree—covered with leaves, but fruitless.—"Religion of the Future."

At the Moscova, on the retreat from Moscow, the French lost 30,000 men; at the battle of Leipsic in 1813, the French losses were 65,000 in three days. At Austerlitz the French lost 28,850 men; at Plevna, 18,000 to 20,000 Russians were killed and wounded. At Gravelotte, the German loss was over 20,000, and the French loss 19,000. The aggregate of the losses at the battle of Stone River in the American civil war was 13,249 on the Federal side, and 10,266 on the Confederate side; at Gettysburg, a large number were killed, and 14,497 wounded on the Federal side, while the Confederates lost 2,592 dead and 12,760 wounded. From this it will be seen that the casualties of the British army in South Africa are not excessive.

CAUSE OF THE EARTH'S MAGNETISM.

Experiments seeking to connect the magnetism of the earth with its rotation have been successfully performed by Prof. Henry A. Rowland, at Johns Hopkins University, according to daily press despatches. According to these, Professor Rowland uses a wheel wound with miles of fine wire and revolving on a shaft run by a motor. About the wheel is a casting or sheath of brass, with an air or other space between it and the circumference. The whole represents the earth with its atmosphere. By revolving the wheel an electric current is produced in the wire. Dr. Rowland is now working to show that the faster the revolution the greater the current and the stronger the resulting magnetism in the core.

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THE MOSAIC HEALTH-CODE.

It should be remembered that both the ox and the sheep may also act as "hosts" to parasites, and may convey disease to us when we partake of their flesh in an imperfectly cooked state. We can obtain from underdone beef one form of tapeworm at least, and another from underdone mutton—that is should the ox or sheep happen to have been infected. The Mosaic abhorrence of the pig is therefore not altogether reasonable, if the idea of parasitic infection was at the foundation of the prohibition issued against its flesh, since the ox and sheep, in so far as this point is concerned, might also be legitimately included in the list of tabooed animals; and for that matter of it, an oyster laid down in water containing sewage will give us typhoid fever. It is all a question this of food cleanliness, and of thorough cooking, and if this latter condition be carried out to the full I think one need have little fear of parasitic attack. Talking of the Mosaic code of health laws, I feel astonished that so few persons seem to appreciate how excellent a series of enactments of an hygienic character that code represented. The modern Jew is to-day reaping the benefit of long years of attention to hygiene (as presented by Moses), on the part of his ancestors. For there is no denying that the Jewish observances always had health as their leading feature, and the perusal of the laws of Moses serves to emphasise this fact. Whether it is that people do not read the Old Testament nowadays so frequently or so attentively as they might I know not, but I have

frequently been surprised at the ignorance prevailing regarding the sanitary code which is laid down in the books of Moses.—Dr. Wilson.

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SLEEP IN SNATCHES.

If you can accustom yourself to it, I know of nothing more restorative than a snatch of really sound sleep. I observe a medical journal counseling the overworked doctor to use any brief intervals he may have in the day to procure the brain-rest he has been deprived of by his night work. This is an old story physiologically. It is well known that even a few minutes' sound sleep will give the exhausted brain-cells a fillip which will enable them to carry on their work properly for some considerable time thereafter. But it is all a question of habit. Sleep is a habit, and so is sleeplessness. The great Napoleon is said to have been able to sleep anywhere and at any time. He must have been a happy man. I can sleep perfectly in trains or even in a cab if occasion requires and if I feel very tired, but the habit requires cultivation, and is not one easy of acquirement.—Dr. Wilson.

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QUACKS AND DRUGS.

There are still some people existent who seem to think that the cure of disease is more a kind of "gift" or intuition than anything else, and there are others again who dabble in drugs, because of some morbid fondness for that species of amusement. An old doctor wrote to me the other day, asking me to say something here about what he called "the impertinent interference of the clergy with medical work." He told a story of two clergymen "who are in the habit of visiting their flocks armed with tabloids of this and that, and of dosing the bodies of their adherents with drugs, while they attend to their spiritual wants as well." I admit this practice of medicine on the part of the parson is "bad form," to put the case mildly, and it is in any sense an abuse which should be checked, if only for the reason that it involves danger to the patient, and is manifestly unfair to the doctor. One day one of these parsons will give a tabloid too much, or prescribe something that is so unsuitable for the patient that the latter will require no more medical or clerical attention whatever. This dabbling with drugs is altogether wrong, and is as much to be condemned on the part of the clergy (all sensible clergymen will reprobate the practice) as on the part of the deluded mortal who thinks that a box or two of somebody's pills will cure paralysis or restore the consumptive to health.—Dr. Wilson.

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THE SCIENCE OF HEAT AND COLD.

There are all sorts of ways of preventing the undue loss of bodily heat in cold weather, but the best of all, according to M. Gabriel Prevost, who writes on the subject in "La Science Francaise" (December 8) is to do so "inside our own skins," that is, to rely on the heat of our own bodies, keeping it in by proper treatment of the skin and increasing it by food and exercise, instead of wearing heavy clothes and living in overheated rooms. The preservative "par excellence," M. Prevost tells us at the outset, is to accustom oneself to low temperature; but this requires patience, prudence, and good health. One can not begin the treatment when very young, or when very old. It can be carried far, however, with the healthy adult, as is shown by the fact that savage races endure, while almost naked, temperatures that would kill the civilized man. In general, it may be said that we wear too heavy clothing. Says M. Prevost: "The garment is to prevent the loss of heat. It has no 'warmth' in itself. * * * Its

thickness is a negligeable factor. A covering of paper, hermetically sealed at neck and wrists, and separated from the body by a layer of air, would be 'warmer' than three or four thicknesses of flannel close to the skin. * * * The ideal garment—preservative and at the same time hygienic—would be that which, without keeping in the perspiration, should prevent the body from radiating its heat. This ideal is approached by using several layers of garments."—Literary Digest.

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ALCOHOL AND WAR.

The waning estimation of the value of alcohol for general purposes is perhaps nowhere more admirably exemplified than in the records of the British army. In old days, when it was the fashion of our forefathers to drink to excess, the same practice prevailed in the services, and in the army and navy grog was an indispensable and permanent ration. A very different place is now assigned to alcohol in the conduct of modern warfare No longer is "Dutch courage" the kind of courage thought desirable to attain. The modern general knows that hardships can be best borne and dangerous climates best encountered without the constant use of stimulants. This conviction has long been gaining ground. Even in the Indian mutiny Havelock's men performed the greatest feats of endurance on coffee alone as a beverage. To General Wolseley, the present commander-in-chief, may perhaps be particularly attributed the growing condemnation of the spirit ration. In the Red River expedition of 1870 Wolseley first discontinued the spirit ration, and it is recorded that no troops enjoyed better health than those engaged. The rum ration was discontinued in the Ashantee war of 1873, and was again prohibited in the Kafir war of 1877-78. In the Sudan expedition all alcoholic liquors were prohibited, and the men engaged achieved fine physical condition as regards health and endurance.—"Medical Age."

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A CONSTITUENT OF LYDDITE IN MILK.

"Lyddite" is made by a secret process of the British government, but it is known to consist largely of melted picric acid. One of the best coloring matters used for the purpose of giving a rich appearance to milk and milk products is Martius yellow, known under various other names, such as naphthol-yellow, saffron yellow, etc. This substance is chemically dinitroalphanaphthol, which is prepared from naphthalene. According to "The London Lancet," it is an important constituent in the making of lyddite. Martius yellow is slightly explosive when heated, but it is not dangerous on this account when used in milk. It is, however, considered as an injurious coloring matter, and is liable to produce poisoning if it is brought into contact with an abrasion of the skin, thus taking away from its value for use as a tinctorial agent.

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The Czar of Russia has three small daughters whose chief nourishment consists of milk, and as experts in the rearing of babies commend the use of milk of one cow, the little princesses take the cows with them on their travels. When they were taken on a recent visit to the Emperor of Germany, a palatiad stable car was attached to the imperial train, and in this car were two stately Holstein cows which supplied milk fresh, warm and of a uniform quality as the children required it. "The Railroad Gazette" states that when the two august emperors fell on each others' necks at the stations at Potsdam, the awed spectators were somewhat startled to hear a lusty "moo" from the train which had just brought the Czar.

The late Mr. Blackmore, the novelist, always regarded the "Maid of Sker" as his best work.

Ruskin related with much relish how he acquired Turner's drawing of Harlech. "It was not a piece of painted paper, but a Welsh castle and village, and Snowdon in blue cloud, that I bought for my seventy pounds."

Some time ago word was passed round the world that Shakespeare's Welsh ancestry may be traced through the Griffins of Baybrooke, Northamptonshire. Griffin is simply an easier form of Griffith. This family was represented in Wales by Thomas Griffin, admiral, who hailed from Dixton Hadnock, in Monmouthshire, retired to Wales after a strenuous career, and died in 1771.

The loyalty of Carnarvonshire quarrymen is beyond question, and yet there is among them in these days an ugly rumor that 25 of their number are fighting in the Boer army. They had gone to the Transvaal as miners, and, it is said, have been compelled to take up arms against England.

The affairs of the St. David's Society, of New York, have never been in a more prosperous condition, financially and otherwise, than they are to-day. The Permanent Fund now exceeds the sum of $10,000. The Williams-Miles song recital, given on January 30th last, netted a surplus of nearly $300, for which instance of generosity and patriotism our two celebrated Welsh songsters have secured the sincere and permanent regards of St. David's Society of the State of New York.

Britain has never been without a great Welsh judge. Judge Powell was one of the four judges who sat on the historic trial of the bishops. Sir John was offered the Great Seal if he would decide against the bishops, and this led to his memorable reply: "I would rather live on a cockle heap at Laugharne than condemn the innocent!"

Now that we have a good collection of ancient Druidical remains, there is a fine opening for a legend-inventor right in Cardiff. In the "Cardiff Records" there is a reference to "Bedd y Ci Du" ("The Black Dog's Grave"). It is placed in the neighborhood of Roath. Is not the place now called Dogfield? Since the people of Bedd Gelert repudiate a fine legend, why not touch it up and place it in Roath Park?

The "Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald" states that between £40,000 and £50,000 is proposed to be spent on the new University College at Bangor, and that the frontage and approaches, which will be ornamental, will cost £10,000. Three sites in Upper Bangor have been suggested, but an attempt is to be made to locate the new college at Llanfairfechan, a watering resort four miles away.

"T. C. U." writes in "The Interpreter and New Dispensation," published at

Calcutta, I find a paragraph which may be new and interesting to readers of "Welsh Gossip:" "Mrs. Jones, who has just died at Chester, aged 87, was the mother of 33 children. Some time ago she won a prize given by a periodical to the mother of the largest family in the United Kingdom."

In his "Guide to the Gorsedd," Mr. Morien still amuses himself with ludicrous breaks into the field of philology and archaeology. "Beddrod" to him is "a wheel grave," and "Olwyn" is an "O" with "a tree" or "a bush" inside. This "Olwyn" is the universe with the Tree of Life inside, which is the Gorsedd!

Historical criticism finds a welcome at the village of Bedd Gelert. Its natives are said to be most merciless in exposing the pretty legend connected with its name. Gelert is now thought to be Celert, and the dog turns out to be an Irishman. The dog-legend was foisted upon the good villagers by an enterprising South Walian about the end of the last century, by way of "booming" an hotel which he kept at the village. So another legend is gone the way of the Welsh Indians and the Trojan pedigree.

Monmouthshire is a curious tangle. Henry VIII. took a liking to it, and made an English county of what was expressly stated to be a part of the Dominion of Wales. It is in the Oxford circuit. It is English in almost everything agricultural, and as such was prevented from being made a dry county on Sundays. Its county court circuit embraces portions of Gloucestershire and Breconshire. But it is treated as a Welsh county by the Registrar General for statistical purposes, by the Local Government Board for Poor-law purposes, in everything educational and ecclesiastical, with the exception of one parish, and the popular notion of the essential unity of Gwent and Morganwg is as well founded as ever.

What is termed the valuable discovery of a bullet-proof steel plate—a combination of steel and alloy—has been made, and is now being exhibited by Messrs. M. H. Davis and Sons, of Aberystwyth, at their London export offices, 11 Queen Victoria Street. The plate has been tested by Lee-Metford rifles fired within a distance of only ten yards. The steel can be supplied in plates or pieces, which might be carried in pockets, and would, it is claimed, be a perfect protection for our troops in South Africa even when charging the enemy.

The "Cefn Coch MSS.," recently published by Mr. Isaac Foulkes, of Liverpol, under the editorship of the Rev. J. Fisher, of Ruthin, contain an interesting collection of poems by a large number of bards, mostly of the 16th century. The greater part of the poems is perhaps by Thomas Prys, of Plas Islyn, Cerrygydrudion. One of these describes London as "Hell;" others give the experiences of the poet in London, how he played cards there and lost money, and how penitent he felt after his return to Wales. There are also several poems by Sion Tudor and Dafydd ap Edmwnt.

The Welsh residents of New York celebrated the 65th Annual Dinner at the Savoy, 59th St. and 5th Ave. Elaborate preparations were made, and a very successful banquet enjoyed. Among the guests were General Merritt, Judge H. M Edwards, Rev. Dr. Anthony Evans, Attorney General John C. Davies; and the toasts were "The President of the United States and the Queen of Great Britain;" "The Land we Live In;" "The Open Door," and "The Land of our Fathers." The artistes were Miss Miner, Miss Stockwell, H. Evan Williams, Gwilym Miles, Hugh E. Williams, and

Mrs. Parson Price, pianist. The Savoy Orchestra enlivened the dinner hours with sweet and appropriate selections.

Barmouth people were specially grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Ruskin, in whom they had a peculiar interest from his connection with the place. The "Welsh Gazette" says that fifteen years ago Mrs. Talbot gave to the Guild of St. George—recently founded by Mr. Ruskin—a number of cottages on the Rock, close to her own residence. In August, 1876, Mr. Ruskin spent ten days as Mrs. Talbot's guest, and visited all the cottages, delighting everyone by his charm of manner and consideration of others, both high and low. The St. George's Cottages still belong to the guild, under Mrs. Talbot's supervision, and Mr. Ruskin's name is known and revered by all the inmates.

Differences between the Welsh denominations are becoming less each year, and the old spirit of jealousy and intolerance is steadily disappearing—at any rate, in the North. Carnarvon is the stronghold of Methodism in Wales, and the Calvinists in the North Wales capital easily outnumber all the other denominations combined. Yet they have conceded all the prominent positions in the town to the Congregationalists this year. Alderman W. J. Williams, the mayor; Alderman J. R. Pritchard, the chairman of the county council; and Councillor W. G. Thomas, the chairman of the school board, are Independents and deacons in the same "set fawr," namely, that of Salem Chapel, where Dr. Herber Evans did so much good work.

Will Cantref y Gwaelod ever more be seen? It seems likely, for according to a North Wales correspondent the sea on the Cambrian coast receded the other day so far between Towyn and Aberdovey that the remains of a forest were exposed to view. The trunks of the trees were three and a half feet in diameter, and appeared to have been proportionately long. Large beds of huge stones were also bared, and on them clustered mussels, winkles, and kindred tribes of shellfish, which appeared at a little distance like huge fungi. The trees seem to have grown in beds of clay, and the branches had been broken off by the action of the moving sand, gravel, and stones.

The Prayer Book, in an incomplete form, was printed long before the Bible in the Welsh language. The first attempt, to the everlasting honor of Mr. Wm. Salesbury (to whose erudition and patriotism Welshmen are indebted for one of the greatest blessings a nation can ever enjoy, for it was he who published for the first time a translation of the New Testament into our language, in the year 1567), was the "Kynniver lleth a bau o'r Ysgrythyr ac ddarlleir yr Eccelis pryd commun, y Sulieu a'r gwillieu trwy'r flwyddyn, o Cambreiciat, W.S. Imprinted at London, by Roberte Crowley, for William Salesbury, dwellynge in Elye rentes, in Holburne. Anno Domini MDLI." This was merely a translation of the Epistles and Gospels for a whole year, a tnin quarto bound in strong leather cover.

As the oldest tenant at a recent rent-audit dinner in Carmarthenshire, an old farmer was asked to carve at one of the tables. Two fowls were placed in front of him, but before beginning to dissect them he politely asked each of his neighbors (about a dozen) which part of the fowls they would prefer. Without exception, they all wanted a leg. Laying down his carving knife and fork, the farmer, with a strong Cambrian accent said: "Now, look you here, before I do go no further, you must remember I wass carrvin' fowls, not shpiders."

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

MRS. ANN OWEN.

Thursday afternoon, February 1, between the hours of one and two, Mrs. Ann Owen, widow of the late John Owen (Glanmarchlyn), peacefully sank into the slumber of eternal rest. Mrs. Owen had for some time past been declining, and in many respects her demise might be considered the avenue to liberty. The deceased was 75 years of age, bright, cheerful and vivacious beyond expectation for one of her advanced years and infirm condition. Bearing her afflictions, and enduring her sufferings with all the resignation of a pure Christian character, never complaining, but always reliant upon the promises of her God in whom she had implicit trust and staunch faith, she served him in humbleness of spirit, and with great spiritual fortitude. Her daily life and unwavering testimony were such as may be considered the highest and noblest example of a self-sacrificing, lofty and noble Christian life, always to be seen by those whom she came in contact with, shining a bright light in

MRS. ANN OWEN.

the community in which she lived, by whom she was highly respected in life, and now in death is sincerely mourned for.

Totally blind during the late years of life, yet she took a keen interest in all that transpired about her, and was intelligently conversant upon all the topics of the times. Blindness did not deter her from seeing all that was lofty and noble in life's character and goodness, while she herself spread an effulgence of spiritual glow upon all about her. Never finding fault with the lot that was hers in life, caring little or nothing for the inadequate pleasures of this life, she found great pleasure in spiritual research, and delighted in advising the young to better works and nobler deeds. Viewing the conditions from a worldly standpoint, her's was a hard road to traverse, but as she herself viewed it, it was still full of goodness and infinite mercy, leading upward and onward to a higher state of perfection. Her sight was not upon the vain and fleeting objects of this world, but set with unerring accuracy upon the "Yesterday, to-day and forever the same," of the realms above. Her life has been a lesson of silent, resigned suffering, and her memory will long be cherished by a host of friends, who, notwithstanding her infirmities, will greatly miss her cheerful influence.

Mrs. Owen was a native of Llanwnda, Carnarvonshire, North Wales, and was united to Mr. John Owen (Glanmarchlyn) in 1851, he being a native of Waenfawr. Mr. and Mrs. Owen emigrated to this country in 1869, and after residing at Fair Haven, Vt., Northfield, Vt., and New York City, came to Granville in 1887, and have since resided here. They were blessed with five children, four daughters and one son, the daughters surviving their parents.

Mr. Owen died some eight years ago, and his widow has been tenderly cared for by her daughter, Mrs. William J. Evans and family and Miss Marie Jones, a grand-daughter, with whom she made her home up to the time of her demise. The other three daughters are Mrs. David Jones of New York City, Mrs. John Williams of Jersey City, N. J., and Miss Jennie Owen, the noted soprano, who is on the staff of instruction in vocal music at the Milwaukee Conservatory of Music, and has delighted Granville audiences from time to time by her rendition of the classical selections of the most accomplished modern composers. These sisters have done nobly in caring for their aged mother, and have left nothing undone that could in any measure comfort her or alleviate her sufferings.

In the valley of the shadow,
God perceives His gem aglow;
Clothed about with glorious halo
Far too bright for earth below;
Takes it home
To become
More like Christ forever more.

The funeral services were held at the Welsh C. M. church, Sunday afternoon, the Revs. John Williams and W. R. Edwards (Cong.) officiating. Music was contributed by a quartette of male voices. Later the remains were interred in the Elmwood Cemetery at Middle Granville. The remaining members of the family are the recipients of the sympathy of a host of friends.

Granville, N. Y. John Fraser, Jr.

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Mrs. Gwyneth Vaughan, well known in connection with temperance movements in Wales, has been offered a post as professor of elocution in a Chicago University.

The earliest known organist of Llandaff Cathedral was one—Rese (or Rees). He held office in 1608. "In that year," says the records, "£7 was granted to him 'as his wage to be paid unto him quarterly.'" A marginal note states that

"the chapter did disagree and not consent to this act."

Driver William Williams, who is recommended by General Buller for distinguished conduct at the Battle of the Tugela, is the sole support of his widowed mother at Carnarvon.

A cyclist, Mr. J. A. Llewellyn, of Cardiff, was message-carrying for poor General Symons at Dundee, and evidence is coming to hand daily of the great value of the cycle at the front.

Wherever you roam in Britain's story you are sure to stumble upon a Welsh empire-builder. How many are aware that Sir Francis Geary, the famous admiral, was a member of an old Cardiganshire family?

The honor of having founded the first public library, in a true sense, in London, belongs to John Williams, a native of Conway, Bishop of London, Archbishop of York, and Lord Keeper. It is the library of Westminster Abbey.

Three North Walians—Lord Penrhyn's second son, as well as Captain Fielding, brother of the Earl of Denbigh, and Lieutenant Price Jones—are mentioned in Sir Redvers Buller's dispatch as meriting praise for coolness and good company leading in action.

A miniature American silk flag worth intrinsically about 50c., was sold at the Prince of Wales Fair for hospital ship "Maine," in London for £5 ($25). The purchaser presented it as a souvenir to G. T. Matthews, Tea Merchant, New York.

Captain Evan Llewellyn bravely represents "gallant little Wales" in Mafeking. He is the son of Mr. Evan Llewellyn, M. P. for Somerset, and grandson of Mr. Evan Llewellyn, who lived at Aberdulais, the founder of the tin-plate industry in Wales.

This is how a Welsh bard expresses himself on "The Ethereal Ruskin," as Carlyle used to call the Prophet of the Beautiful:—

Athraw mawr—cawr cyhyrog—oedd Rus-
A'i harddrwysg mawreddog; [kin,
Athronydd llythyrenog—a'i danbaid
Ddoniau enaid oedd Dduw eneiniog.

Welshmen are in evidence in Buller's force before Colenso. Captain Jones, of her Majesty's ship "Forte," is in charge of the guns on one of the hills; Lieutenant Richards from her Majesty's ship "Terrible," is in command of another lot of quick-firing guns, and, of course, the Welsh Fusiliers are in the infantry brigade.

A son of the Rev. J. M. Gibson, the well known Welsh preacher, is a prisoner of war in Bloemfontein. Mr. Gibbon, who represented the "East London Telegraph" at the front, was twice captured by the Transvaalers, and twice liberated. Then he fell into the hands of the Free Staters, and they are holding him.

Not only Sir Charles Warren, but Sir George White also was born in Carnarvonshire—two facts of ill-omen to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bryn Roberts. Warren's birthplace was Fair View, Bangor; and White's Glasinfryn, just three miles away. General Gatacre's ancestors were owners of the Abermaide Estate, near Aberystwyth, and members of the family still own property at Trefechan, in Aberystwyth, and near Pontterwyd.

The young Marquis of Anglesey takes a considerable delight in matters theatrical, and his beautiful Welsh seat at Plasnewydd contains a very pretty little theatre, where recently an operetta com-

posed by the Marquis was performed His Lordship took one of the leading parts, and critics declare that the piece contained music of exceptional merit.

The birth certificate of Sir Charles Warren is being now exhibited in a shop window at Bangor, where he was born on February 7th, 1840. It is signed by his father, the late Major-General Sir Charles Warren, K.C.B. The name of the house where the British general first saw the light of day is Fair View, and it is supposed to have been situated in Hirael, close to Port Penrhyn.

Many of the "Globe's" best jokes are hung on Welsh hooks. Thus:—"William Thomas and Evan Thomas were summoned in connection with the removal of a box for assaulting Thomas Thomas in a house, the mistress of which was Miss Thomas. It must be more than usually difficult among Welshmen to distinguish between 'meum' and 'tuum.' So many things belong to Thomas."

Welshmen show well on the London Roll of Honor. Amongst the gallant volunteers gone out, and whose names are inscribed in perpetuity on the roll in letters of emblazoned gold, are five of the name of Davies, four Evans, five Edwards, eight Lewis, nine Jones, nine Williams, five Lloyd, two Morgan, one Morris, six Phillips, one Pritchard, three Price, four Roberts, three Humphreys, four Thomas, one Reynolds, three Richards, two Vaughan. Amongst the list we have a Guest and a Vivian.

Felix Morris, whose death occurred in New York recently, was for many years a favorite actor on the American stage. He had many admirers throughout the country. He created numerous impersonations that brought him fame. He was best known in association with Rosina Vokes. Their entertainments consisted of one-act plays which called for exquisite art to make effective, and they were very successful during all the time they played together. Mr. Morris was 53 years old. He was born in England, his father being Welsh and his mother Scotch. He came to America when young, and began his stage career here. He afterwards appeared in England and held a high reputation on both sides of the water.

Among many interesting letters to be published in the "Life and Letters" of the late Dr. Edwards, of Bala, is the following, which ought to be of special interest to ministerial slaves of the weed. Writing from Bristol to his future wife, in 1836, Dr. Edwards, in the course of an affectionate letter, said:—"My dearest Jane,— * * * I dined at his house the other day, and joined him in smoking a few cigars without reprimand from his wife. By the way, though I cannot for the life of me see the harm of puffing a little smoke, yet, in deference to your wishes, I shall certainly leave it off by degrees. Here it is down in black and white. Be it known to all concerned that, in obedience to the wishes of my dear wife that is to be, I, Lewis Edwards, do hereby promise and engage that I shall never smoke, or burn, or otherwise consume the poisonous weed commonly called tobacco, either in the shape of cigar, shag, or pigtail, from and after the first day of December, provided always, and be it further enacted, that my intended wife, Jane Charles, shall take me, Lewis Edwards, to be and continue her lawful husband on or before the tenth day of the aforesaid month of December next." How many of the ministers' wives in the "Corff" have stood out for a similar undertaking since that date?

Original and Selected Miscellany.

'ee is the favorite drink of the

In the present war their distinct tage over the British is that they how to pronounce the names of aces where they fight.

Rochester school one of the ques- on geography was in regard to the of men. And a little girl enu- ed them as follows: "There are ucasian, or white race; the Negro, ck race; the Indian, or red race; ongolian, or yellow race; and the or green race!"

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nightcaps almost universally worn 25 years ago are now quite as uni- ly discarded. There is a diversity nion in regard to the wisdom of hange. While some doctors assert here is much less baldness since were abandoned, others declare, equal fervor, that neuralgia and h are much more common since ightcap was banished from the obe.

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beer which is consumed through- ie world in a single year would a lake six feet deep, three and quarter miles long, a mile wide, 19 acres in area. In this vast lake er, we could easily drown all the ih-speaking people, to the number),000,000, throughout the entire ; or we could give a beer bath to man, woman and child at the same n the entire continent of America.

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n preachers, when they travel, materialities. The other night a preacher from the hills had been lecturing in Cardiff. At the close a hearty vote of thanks was proposed to him "for his able and interesting lecture." The lecturer interrupted the seconder for a moment to ask that the resolution be committed to writing, so that he might show it to the railway ticket-collector on his return in lieu of a ticket, which he was sorry he had no money to purchase. Then they took up a collection.

A baby (girl) born lately in one of the suburbs of Cape Town, South Africa, has a distinct mark (strawberry color) on the right shoulder. The mark is the facsimile of the British coat-of-arms. So distinct are the several outlines, &c., that the very features of the animals are visible, the tail, and especially the horn of the unicorn standing out prominently, but not quite as conspicuous as the crown. The father of this wee mite is naturally very proud of his offspring.

There is a Cardiff milkman who dislikes interviews with a minister in Roath. The other morning, when the milk was delivered, the reverend gentleman himself appeared in the doorway. "I have been waiting to see you, Mr. ———, about the quality of the milk with which you are serving us." "Yes, sir," replied the milkman, somewhat uneasily, "I only wanted to say, Mr. ———, that we use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively—never for christening," said the divine.

"One of the serious defects of modern preaching," says "The Watchman" (Baptist) of Boston, "is that it is too prac-

tical in the sense of being too particular. The minister feels called upon to tell the statesman, the business man, the employer and the employee just how they should act. In the nature of the case the minister has only the most superficial knowledge of the special conditions as to which he is giving directions."

"A big fambly," said the old colored inhabitant, "is sometimes a great blessin' ter a po' man. I got nine sons—ol' en young. One got run over by a railroad, en I got damages out er him; n'er one had a leg shot endurin' de las' war, en de guv'mint come up han'some fer him; en all de res' er dem has had de good luck ter git hutted in some way, en ever' time dat come, I got de damages; so in my ol' age I feelin' mighty comfortabe, en I rises up en calls dem chillun blessed."

A well-known dean of Norwich tells the following good story against himself: Some time ago he came to a stile in a field which was occupied by a farm lad, who was eating his bread and bacon luncheon. The boy made no attempt to allow his reverence to pass, so was duly lectured for his lack of manners. "You seem, my lad, to be better fed than taught." "Very likely," answered the lad, slicing off a piece of bacon, "for ye teaches Oi, but Oi feeds meself."—Exchange.

It is an interesting fact that Gen. Lawton's son, Manley Lawton, who is only 12 years old, was recently appointed by President McKinley a captain in the army. He is a boy of usual vigor and brightness, and has been with his father in many of the expeditions in the Philippines. He is said to possess every trait of his father, and, notwithstanding his extreme youth, has performed perilous duties without fear or hesitation. He rides a spirited charger, and in his uniform, set off by the shoulder straps and a heavy sword at his side, he looks much older than he really is. Lately he has been on the staff of Gen. Fred Grant.

The Captain in a regiment in Natal, when paying his company the other week, chanced to give a man a Transvaal half-crown, which, as one would naturally expect, bears the image and superscription of President Kruger. The man brought the coin back and said it was a bad half-crown. The officer, without looking at the coin, rang it on the table and remarked: "It sounds all right, Atkins. What's wrong with it?" "You look at it, sir," was the reply. The Captain glanced at the coin, saying: "It's all right, man; it will pass in the canteen." This, apparently, satisfied Atkins, who walked off, making the remark: "If you say it's a' right, sir, it's a' right; but it's the first time I've seed the Queen wi' whiskers on."

An amusing illustration of the mixed emotions aroused by love and war occurred the other day at Danville, when two men began talking about the trouble in South Africa. One is a German, the other is English. The German has an English wife; the Englishman a German wife. As long as they argued it was all right. The Germans sided together, and so, of course, did the English. But when the men came to blows there was a speedy revulsion of feeling on the part of the women. The German dame sprang to the aid of her English husband; the English woman gallantly sailed in under the German flag with all her nails set. It was a great battle, and the men came out of it in sorry shape. So did the women.

A dinner table incident at the National Liberal Club, is given in the "Daily Chronicle:"—An Australian gentleman who had come to England on purpose to

volunteer for the Yeomanry was rejected by the powers that be, and returned disconsolately to his hotel. There he met two young Welshmen who had come to London for a few days as a preface to proceeding to the Cape. How had they succeeded where he failed? "Oh," they explained, "we are going out with the Montgomeryshire Yeomanry." "Where is Montgomeryshire," he asked. "In Wales," was the reply. "How do you get to Wales?" The information was at once vouchsafed him. "Then," said he, "I'm off by the night mail." And he was. And now he is a duly accepted member of the Montgomeryshire Cavalry. The National Liberal diners heartily cheered the gallant Australian.

During his declining years Mr. Ruskin lived in tranquil retirement at Brantwood, Coniston. A visitor to his home last year described the venerable author's appearance as singularly ennobled by the long, snowwhite beard which descended nearly to his waist and gave a patriarchal dignity to his finely moulded face. The visitor continued: "The end of life finds Mr. Ruskin in a mood of perfect serenity; the storm and stress have departed, and the deposit is pure sweetness and gentleness. His favorite occupation is sitting at his window looking on the calm waters of the lake below. He receives great numbers of letters, but the present-day affairs of this troubled world make little impression upon him."—N. Y. Tribune.

"Iolo Morganwg" was greatly troubled over the illegality of the Eisteddfodau held in his day. Bishop Herring of Bangor was petitioned at a North Wales Eisteddfod to use his influence with the King and his counsellors to persuade the King to hold an Eisteddfod in Wales, in order to confer proper degrees on the bards. But nothing more was heard of the matter, and the bards to this day have to put up with degrees of more questionable validity than a D. D. from the Slocumville University.

One of the grumblers at the slow progress of civilization complains that we have only just had a century of freedom. Up to 1790 men and women guilty of treason were burnt alive. Boys under twelve years of age were hanged for participating in the Gordon Riots of 1780. The practice of hanging in chains lasted far into the nineteenth century. In 1785 hanging for burglary, forgery, and robbery was common. About a century ago a Welsh bard was put into the pillory at Carmarthen for speaking against the Government. Perry was tried for saying that George III. was unpopular. Leigh Hunt for asserting that George IV. was fat, and—here is a fact that would be held as serious now—Roman Catholics and Dissenters were excluded from the militia; and as for Jews, instead of being, as now, held in regard for their loyalty, they were considered as only useful in lending money to King and subject.

Mr. Thomas Jehu, (Llew y Bryn), Providence, Pa., has received the following complimentary letter from Anthony Howells, ex-United States Consul.

Massillon, Ohio.

Mr. Thomas Jehu, Providence, Pa.

Dear Sir: Pardon me for addressing to you these few lines, but your poem "Awr Ginio Mwynwyr Deheudir Cymru yr Amser Gynt," has brought back to me so vividly many names and old customs that I had forgotten entirely. You have pictured, in verse so accurately the Dowlais of fifty years ago that all run like a panorama before me. Ianto'r Glatshen, Will Bara Menyn et al. I have met several in this country that I never knew only the nickname in Wales, and, of course, could not remember them un-

ti! they had told me their nicknames. There are not many now living that are acquainted with the facts of your poem, but those that are, like myself, no doubt read it with great difyrwch. Yr eiddoch yn gywir, ANTHONY HOWELLS.

———o:o———

DROWNING WORMS.

Mr. Spurgeon addressed the Presbyterian Missionary Society in Exeter Hall, shortly before his death; indeed, it was the last meeting outside his own Tabernacle in which he took part. In course of his address he spoke of two kinds of preachers. He illustrated his meaning thus. A gamekeeper caught a boy fishing in preserved waters. He somewhat roughly treated the lad and said, "You have no right to catch fish here." The boy looked up with quite an injured air. "Who's catchin' fish? I'm only trying to drown a worm." There are, said Mr. Spurgeon, preachers who try to catch fish, and there are preachers who try to drown a worm.

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OBERAMMERGAU'S INNOVATION.

The large iron theater now under construction at Oberammergau for next year's Passion Play is nearly finished. The auditorium will be 143 feet long, and will accommodate 4,000 spectators. Two further improvements are also announced. There will be an office established for the purpose of assigning visitors suitable lodgings, and the tedious two hours' drive to the village from the railway will be abolished, as well equipped motor carriages will take visitors from Oberau in half an hour. Needless to say, the villagers do not like these departures. They say it will detract from the devotional attitude which all visitors to the Passionspiel are supposed to assume. Apart from that, it is bound to interfere with the decennial prosperity of the village stage driver and other rustic Jehus.

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HANGED FOR BURNING COAL.

There will be an interesting function in London shortly, when the Coal Exchange celebrates its jubilee. The occasion is one for realizing strange remembrances, for as lately as the fourteenth century a prohibition was issued against the burning of coal, with severe penalties decreed against any person who warmed his house by a coal fire. In the early days of Lord Mayor Whittington the burning of coal was considered so great a public nuisance that it was made a capital offence, and one man was actually hanged for indulging in a coal fire. As a matter of fact, this ordinance was never repealed; but in "Dick Whittington's" third mayoralty it is evident there was a great trade in coal, and the suggestion has been made that as coal was brought to London in boats known as the "cats," this was the real origin of the story. The Coal Exchange, however, is a modern institution. It is alone one of the most important of London's marts. Under the shadow of its domed roof commercial transactions are daily carried through of greater value than in connection with any other mercantile building in the world. Unlike the Corn Exchange, in Mark lane, it is not a private concern, but is a city market, conducted on the same principles as the other markets opened by the city corporation. Opened with much ceremony in December, 1849, by the Prince Consort, the present building is just about to celebrate its jubilee. But the market itself is older than the building. Up to 1897 it was in the hands of private individuals, but in that year it was purchased by the corporation for £25,000.

THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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AT EASTER.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

To the Christian, the belief that death does not end all, is the sweetest, the noblest, the most consoling thought; although some have been quick to confute the doctrine of resurrection and designate it as a mythical dream.

What more consoling thought than that after this life and the grave, we shall rise and put on the radiant robes of immortality. All nature is an illustrated proof, a grand, sweeping, sublime argument that confounds the forces of the opposition. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

But yesterday all nature slept! The earth was covered with snow, inviolably white, and the air held a silence inexorable as death, save where in the forest-cathedrals the penitent night-wind moaned and sighed for peace. The gaunt trees, like faithful monks emaciated by increasing vigils, in mute supplication kept their attitude of prayer. The happy-hearted birds that were wont to lure away the hours with matchless melodies are gone. Winter has silenced the songs of the lyric brook and fettered him with gyves of ice. All nature sleeps, and the earth is cold and dark and dreary.

But earth's white dream is o'er. The mellow horn of the south wind sounds the trumpet notes of the resurrection, and out of the tomb of winter emerges radiant spring, pale primroses tangled in her hair, and annunciation lilies at her breast.

High up in the branches, swelling with budding promise, the blue bird with clarion note calls forth the flowers. In the woodlands the trailing arbutus hides in shy surmise; the golden beauties of the cowslip and daffodil scripture the lea, and underneath a clump of sod a blue-stoled violet discloses her frail beauty. The fettered brook, glad to be free, gushes forth its silvery harmonies.

"How packed with meaning this new birth
Of all the growing things of earth—
Life springing after death and dearth!"

"Thou, soul, that still dost darkly grope,
Hath not this, in its vernal scope,
Some radiant resurrection hope?"

Thus as nature and her attributes survive the drear and blight, so shall humanity, resurrected in Christ, live again. From the death of hopeless perdition, by this faith, we are ushered into the celestial beauties of immortal life. Life has won in the strife; bloom cometh from out of the tomb.

Although nature is a grand parable, furthering and directing the hope of man toward a glorious resurrection, and breathing life into human aspirations, yet the resurrection of Christ is the undeniable and incontrovertible proof of it. It is no wonder then that the ancient church took advantage of the Feast of the Goddess Estera, among the eastern nations, celebrated about Passover time, and turned it into a Christian feast to commemorate the resurrection of Christ. It was He, through his resurrection, that brought "life and immortality to light." "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept."

Let all earth rejoice in praise of him, who is the resurrection and life. Let every soul be touched to song; let every heart, sanctified by a loving faith, sing Halleluiah! Halleluiah! Christ is risen from the dead.

A STORY OF SECTARIANISM.

By Lewis Leyshon.

Deacon Davies was a typical old Welsh Liberal. A religious man himself, and a strong and a high Calvinist, of Puritan tendencies, a Christian of undoubted virtues, but yet good natured, and genial, with a leaning towards the humorous side of human nature. Many an evening I spent at his comfortable home, listening to his varied collection of Welsh stories chiefly illustrative of the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of old preachers, often reminiscent of preaching conventions, and of revivals in Wales. The ordinary religious Welshman loves to relate how he was converted in Wales; and a Kymro that cannot refer intelligently and positively, giving date and circumstance of his spiritual birth, has doubts of his title to the life above. These births have generally been violent; they took place under exciting circumstances; they were public facts, well known incidents, remarkable enough to deserve especial registration. Many a Welsh religionist looks back to the date of his spiritual birth with pride.

Deacon Davies knew all about such

things; he would occupy hours to recite peculiar incidents and amusing happenings in the religious life of Wales. He had a wonderful talent to choose the droll and ludicrous traits of men and things; and his tales and narratives were always entertaining and suggestive. Personally he was the realization of liberality and purity, of religious strength and toleration, of Christian loyalty and non-sectarianism. Although he loved Christ and Christianity with fervent affection, he smiled, and sometimes laughed loud at the bigotry and littleness of sectarians.

The most ludicrous and laughter-producing case of sectarianism I ever knew, he said, one evening, happened in Cambroville, in the State of ——— years ago. I don't know, he added with a funny light in his eyes, whether "happened" describes the state of affairs rightly. It lasted for years; it sprung up with the settlement; it grew and flourished for years; finally it ripened, and its folly became evident during its harvesting. It reached then its crisis. Its meanness and damage to the cause of Christ among the settlers became known in an extremely disagreeable way, and a good many appreciated the lesson as a revelation. Some benefited by it, while others with characteristic perversity stuck to the pernicious idea that "our sect" is right, and that sectarianism is the correct form of Christianity.

Cambroville, originally, was exclusively Welsh, and in the course of ten years, two religious causes had been started, the one A——, the other B——. Although both lived together and in peace, the respective members of the two communities looked askance at each other, and regarded each other with considerable pious suspicion. It is characteristic of Welsh sectarians to act with a certain coolness towards each other. Their ill-feeling or religious jealousy is never well-defined enough to be designated "enmity;" it is a kind of harmless peevishness, a state of mind and heart that breeds unfriendliness, a strangeness, a dont-want-to-talkativeness, that is effectual in putting up a kind of unsociableness as a fence between them. Everything is "all right" between them; but there is no thoroughness, no heartiness in their association. There was a conspicuous want of cordiality between the A and B members, compared with the understanding with which the A members on the one hand, and the B members on the other met and acknowledged each other. A stranger could notice that they belonged to different and distinct castes.

There are many causes in America that inevitably conspire to ruin Welsh causes, viz., death and the anglicization or rather the americanization of the rising generation. The older members continually die, and the young people become American in language and sympathies. These two causes worked havoc in Cambroville, until finally the two Welsh churches started to decay per-

ceptibly; the membership decreased gradually; the two pastor's salaries dwindled down to one half; one was compelled to leave, and the other had entertained serious thoughts of departure.

The two chapels where the respective bodies of members met, even Sabbath and week nights, were but two acres apart; on either side of the road that divided the settlement. Old Jack Roland, who was a member of the A church, used to say that many a Sunday he used to perform a feat by attempting to take in the both sermons at once; for during the summer season when the air was warm, and the windows were open, a man sitting in one chapel could hear every word the preacher in the other chapel said! Sometimes it was bewildering when both congregations would sing at the same time different tunes. It was also really difficult to concentrate the mind on the sermon, as soon as the preacher in the other chapel would begin to "sail" into his subject, expone and exhort with a high and a loud voice. Jack Roland often had a treat of sermons; and after two effective sermons would boast to Mary, his wife, who in turn would respond by saying that the double sermons and duplicate singing did not seem to do him much good."

After a lapse of some years, people began to notice that something in the form of combination would have to be done in order to save the Welsh cause in the settlement. After considerable informal talk among the settlers, Billy Jones, one of the leading deacons of the A chapel, suggested in a nervous way that the two churches join and form one congregation, which thereby would be able to pay a minister a reasonable salary and carry the religious burden of expense. After discussing the question at his house with several neighbors, a meeting was appointed and three of each church was nominated to arrange ways and means to effect a consolidation. A public meeting was subsequently held in the A chapel, the remaining minister of the settlement in the chair; and after considerable elocution on either side, the question was put to a vote. With the exception of Billy Jones and half a dozen more, the voting was strictly sectarian. The plan fell through. In subsequent years, both communities clung to their respective chapels, the A gaining members gradually from the other; but a number adhered to their decaying cause faithfully to the last. Old Tom Watkins was the last to give up the abandoned chapel. He would, weather permitting, sit on the threshold of the chapel reading the Bible and the "Drych" (the Welsh paper) rather than desert the good old cause his father and mother loved. The spirit of sectarianism had sunk so deeply into his soul, that he conscientiously believed that fidelity to a form of religion was the true ideal of Christ.

It is pathetic and rueful to review the discomfort and inconvenience that several of the families put them-

selves to rather than surrender the sectarian associations and ideals of their youth. Some of the more amenable settlers felt the reasonableness of a more unified spirit and action, and identified themselves with the remaining church; while others preferred hitching up on Sundays and travel miles for the nominal enjoyment of being present in an edifice bearing the name of their denomination; while others were known even to come together at a certain house to hold a prayer meeting, or to listen to a neighbor read a sermon out of a book. These few facts illustrate a peculiar trait of the Welsh character. He is affectionate, capable of great, even stubborn attachment to the forms of life and religion, which deeply injures him in his career. Once he takes to a path, he perseveres in it, thinking that the persevering will bring things right. To him, the end is a reward not a result. He i very slow to go wrong as well as to get right. He has more affection than foresight or insight; he has more perseverance than discretion; he is more contemplative than speculative; more conservative than progressive. He is the reverse of expansive. Born and bred within a deep and narrow valley in Wales, he is susceptible to contracted views and ideals. This may account for his love of sectarianism. There is every reason to believe that education in Wales will work great changes in the spirit and ideals of our countrymen. The Welsh character is being studied and analyzed these years, and especial efforts should be directed towards developing his good qualities and uprooting some of his damaging failings. A good number of Welsh take supreme pride in their weaknesses. The spirit of nationalism, which, like Lot's wife, loves to honor the past as a grand ideal should be discouraged, and the bright future with a wise forgetfulness of the darkness and bitterness of times gone by be substituted as the best means to stimulate us to progress.

EASTER.

By Anna A. Lewis.

Christ has risen! and when for me
Shall ope the gaping tomb?
"My flesh also shall rest in hope,"
Nor fear its silent gloom;
When Jesus' voice shall call me forth
Oh, may He find that I
Some good have done,
And bid me come
To dwell with Him on high.

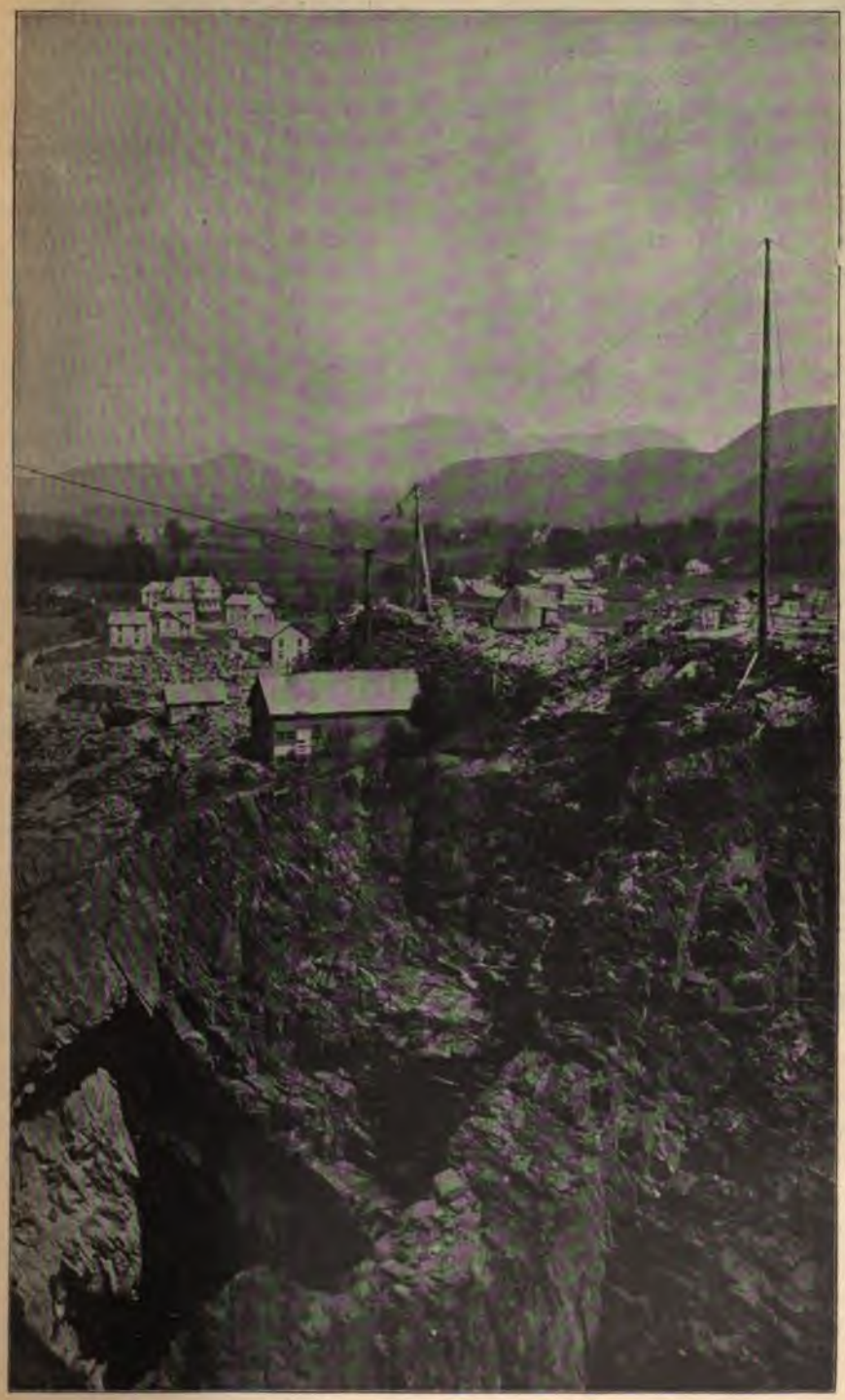
THE SLATE INDUSTRY.

By an Observer.

Slate is an argillaceous rock of various colors—blue, green, purple, grey and black—and a peculiar structure by which it readily splits into thin plates or laminae. It is of sedimentary origin, being primarily deposited on ocean floors as fine mud formed by the waste and denudation of pre-existing rocks, and afterwards compressed, hardened and altered into compact rock. Slate beds occur mainly in the Cambrian, Silurian and Devonian formations—frequently alternating with bands of grit and lime stone, or interstratified with felspathic lava or ashes, and being tilted up from their original horizontal or nearly horisontal position, stretch across wide districts in a series of undulations, which rise to the surface in crests, or dip into troughs underground and form angles of every inclination with the horizon (Encyclopedia Britannica).

It is a rock of peculiar composition which is easily separated or split into thin sheets or laminae. The term is applicable to many kinds of rock which is possessed of the fissile character, but it is more properly ascribed to that of argillaceous or clay state which is the most serviceable for roofing and other purposes. This is eminently characterized by the ease with which it is split into smooth plates, with a uniform degree of hardness and smoothness of various degree of lustre and tints, blackish gray, bluish black, bluish and reddish brown, purplish and greenish. The best slates are distinguished by an appearance of compactness and solidity in the blocks, with nothing to suggest their fissile character, and this is so perfect that when fresh from the quarry these may be split with greater ease than pine timber, and into sheets of any desired thickness. When one is balanced on the finger and struck with the hammer, it should give a clear ringing sound; and after being dried in an oven or immersed in water, it should absorb but little. This is an excellent test of the comparative values of different slates. The powder of slates is of a light color, and when a pointed piece is rubbed upon a smooth slate surface a mark is left which is easily washed away, and it is this quality which makes the slate so serviceable for writing and drawing, and creates such a demand for them for school use.

Slate rocks are of common occurrence in districts of the metamorphic and Silurian formations; but they are not of good quality for working, and very rarely are found hard and sound until they have been followed to some depth beyond the reach of



View of the Schist Hills from the West Pawlet Slate Quarries, looking Northeast.

atmosphere influences. Quarries of great extent are worked in North Wales; in Cumberland, Westmoreland, Cornwall and other counties in England; in Argyleshire, Scotland; and others have been opened in Waterford, and other counties in Ireland. The product of the Welsh quarries were largely exported to the United States, but this business has been of late years decreased by the opening of slate quarries in Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland. The Welsh quarries were opened toward the end of the last century by Lord Penrhyn, who went to great expense in establishing the business by constructing roads to the water, and providing the necessary facilities for loading vessels. Lord Penrhyn was succeeded by his relative, Col. Pennant, who greatly extended the business, giving employment to 2,500 or 3,000 and producing an enormous annual revenue. The beds extend into the sides of the hills in a succession of terraces, one above the other, to the number of 12, each of them 60 feet high; and railroad tracks are laid upon each for loading the material.

In different localities the beds occur variously inclined from a horizontal to a vertical position, producing various plates or laminae, suitable for use as gravestones, flagging, billiard tables, mantelpieces, partitions, floors, roofing and school slates. In one instance in Wales, near Derwenlas, an attempt has been made to mine the slate without uncovering the earth; and in Cornwall, at the Delabole quarries, works have been sunk below the sea, to a depth of over 300 feet. In the United States slate quarries were opened in 1839 on the Piscataquis river in Maine, but the difficulty of transportation prevented their coming into competition with Welsh and Vermont slates. Though the quarries in Vermont are shallow, the slates are fully equal in quality to the Welsh slates, and are obtained with facility by open cuts along and into the sides of the hills. Slabs are readily produced of 20 feet long, and as thin as 1½ inches. In New York, slate quarries are worked at Granville and Hoosic, &c., Washington Co. The slate formation crosses New Jersey, and is worked in Sussex Co., and on the Delaware river. On the other side, it stretches across Northampton and Lehigh Cos. The earliest quarry opened was on the Blue Mountain in 1826, about a mile from the Delaware Gap. The product proved excellent for school slates, and a manufactory was established, the first of the kind in the country. It originated the village of Slateford. It worked roofing slate also, which was shipped down the river to Philadelphia. As the business increased, new quarries were opened, and a dozen factories for making school slates came into operation, until the production in roofing and other slates became very large. In 1854, over 300,000 feet in lumber was consumed in slate frames alone. In Lehigh Co., the slate works multiplied, producing a large

Syncline at West Pawlet, Vermont.

amount of different kinds. The demand was large among the German farming population, who preferred slate to shingles, and a great quantity was also shipped to the neighboring mining towns, as also by water and rail to towns and cities on the seaboard. In Maryland, slate quarries have been worked to a considerable extent in Harford Co., chiefly shipped to Baltimore or other neighboring localities. Slate is found also in Southern States.

Slates are quarried by blasting out large slabs, or by splitting them off with gads or large wedges. The slabs from a foot to a foot and a half thick, or may be 8 or 10 feet long, and 1 and 2 wide, are set on edge, and grooves are cut across the top and down the sides to determine the lines of fracture, which is done by blows from a wooden beetle directed upon the top near the furrow. The splitting is done by driving wide thin chisels between the laminae, and the sizes of the slates are reduced whenever desirable by cutting cross grooves,and then breaking the pieces with the chisel. When reduced to the required thinness, the slates are dressed over the edge of a block of wood by the blows of a short chopping knife called sack, sax and zax. On the back of this tool is a sharp tapering point with which the workman pecks holes through the slates for nails to hold them down to the roof. Much of this work is now done by machinery; especially, slabs made for table tops, billiard tables, etc. Various articles are prepared of slate in imitation of marbles, granites, for ornamental purposes, through processes of varnishing, coloring, polishing, enameling, etc.

Roofing slates in Great Britain are classified, and are denominated according to sizes—Queens, Imperials, Duchesses, Countesses, Ladies, Doubles, etc.

Before machinery was applied to the manufacture of school slates, the slates were shaved like shingles, the operator seated on a wooden horse, and using a drawing knife. The smoothing was finished by rubbing the slate with a rag filled with its own dust. The slate was then washed, and was ready for the frame. At first wild cherry was used for frames, but a scarcity led to the use of birch. The grooves and mortices are cut by circular saws, and holes are drilled in the corners for securing the frame. The work has been greatly improved and facilitated by mechanical inventions.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

The visit to our country of William Shakespeare, not the "Bard of Avon," but the well-known voice instructor of the London Royal Academy, has turned out pleasantly, financially and otherwise. Some claim that he came among us in the spirit of "Art for art's sake." Probably no member of the great art family ever crossed the Atlantic with so unselfish a purpose. Mr. Shakespeare has been very busy in delivering his lecture on "Breath Control," scooping in the ducats like a wise son of the world, and in making himself very agreeable all around. It would be well if public speakers, and preachers, particularly, would learn to use the voice as delightfully as he does, though a voice of his calibre could not be heard in a large hall. Speaking to a class, nothing could be more enjoyable. But what did Mr. Shakespeare say to his audiences? Nothing new whatever. All that he said can be found in his book, "The Art of Singing," and much more. The lecture that he delivered was spoken in a delightful manner, and the song illustrations were charmingly rendered, though his voice has in it the signs of "wear and tear," which every teacher of the voice knows of with keen regret.

The distinguished gentleman elaborated on "breath control," seemingly forgetting that most of his listeners were experienced and successful teachers, some of whom, in this city, had been for a time his students, but who openly denounce some of his ideas. Not a word was uttered about the "gift of voice"—the gift of nature and of God. Perhaps Mr. Shakespeare took it for granted that a student had "a voice" to begin with. The mystery of a beautiful voice, a Patti, Melba, Sembrich, or Scalchi voice was not alluded to. It is not "breath-control" that produces the divine tones and individuality of such singers, nor even the beautiful voice of a William Shakespeare. Nevertheless, much good must come from listening to the "blessed old truths" spoken with so much charm and naturalness.

There is much to be taught, and we learn much by teaching. True teachers are continual students, and true teaching broadens the mind, and creates a spirit of brotherhood. Conscientious teachers know that through art we are brought into brotherhood—that none can do without the other, nor wish to, and that the most remarkable teachers remain forever pupils, who dare not evade instruction and close their ears to the word of instructors, lest they fall from their calling, and re-

duce themselves to poverty. Indeed, who ever finishes learning? Those who recognize this, and really act upon it, they are the true, honored men among teachers.

Like the Lincoln literature, the Wagner literature is ever on the increase. Richard Wagner was a great man, and he has many imitators. This charge cannot be laid at the door of his son, Siegfried Wagner, whose opera was performed lately at Berlin, in spite of the coldness of Emperor William. There was nothing remarkable in the opera nor in its performance, and the author was wise enough to disarm criticism by stating that he did not attempt to imitate his illustrious father, he had not the ability to try even. He preferred to follow lesser lights. Sometimes, it is unfortunate to be the son of a great man. There are no less than six new books just published, dealing with the works, struggles and personality of Richard Wagner. It is not very well known that he composed in his youth, an opera on "Faust" Lately, his "With the Black Swan" has been published. It is said to have been written in Paris shortly after the failure of the immortal "Tannhauser."

Lady John Scott Spottiswoode, author of the words and melody of "Annie Laurie," died in Great Britain, March 15, at the age of 91. She was an "accomplished musician," it is said in a cablegram. This may be so and may not be so. Quite often, the musician that is not accomplished, produces undying songs, while thousands of excellent musicians fail. Melody is born of the soul, in its full-blown beauty of musical form. How many an "accomplished musician" would have gladly sacrificed all his culture in order to be the author of "Annie Laurie!"

I have received inquiries as to books that explain the plots and stories of the leading operas. I know of no book so handy, inexpensive, and complete as "The Standard Operas" by George P. Upton, of this city, and published by A. C. McClurg & Company. It treats of the plots, the music, and composers of sixty-eight operas. During these days of meritorious performances of grand and light opera, the book has had a tremendous sale.

George Henschell, the celebrated German basso, living in London, married to an American lady, and who is one of the universally loved artists, is the subject of the leading article in the March "Musical Times." The article is brimful of instruction and entertainment, and brings into light the characters of a host of the best musicians. Mr. Henschell is pre-eminently a "voice trainer." Many of his pupils are public singers from America, who go to London for four or five months to be coached by him. When this eminent singer, accompanist, composer and teacher is asked to say something about his method, he

laughingly replies, "If in the course of the season I have twenty-three or thirty pupils, I have twenty-three or thirty methods." Words of wisdom. No two voices that have any character in them, can be, nor should be treated alike.

CYMRY IN BRITAIN—THE BRITONS.

PART II.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips, M. A.

(Continued.)

The next great commander and governor of the island was Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, the celebrated Roman historian, whose authority we have so frequently and so fully quoted in these pages. When he had chastized the Ordovices, who inhabited that part of the island, which is now called North Wales, exclusive of Anglesey, and when he had reduced the whole province into comparative peace and order, he marched his forces by land and by water toward the north of the island against the warlike Caledonians, whom he met drawn up in battle array under the command of the brave Calgacus on the Grampian hills. The harangues to the soldiers, both British and Roman, were marked with fiery eloquence, and the battle was fought by both the British and the Roman army with desperate valor, but Roman skill and discipline were more than a match to British strength and bravery, and the victory was won by the Romans. It was the year of Rome 838, and of the Christian era 85, just 42 years from the landing of Plautius, and 140 years from the landing of Caesar. The next year Agricola was relieved of his command of the army, and the government of the island, nominally to receive public honors at Rome, and preferment to the Province of Syria, but really to retire into private life, and die by poison by the command of the emperor, for Domitian was jealous of him and fearful of his influence. Roman discipline and Roman art won many a victory over the ancient Britons, but Roman discipline and Roman art never conquered what are now technically called Scotland and Wales; and it took them forty and two years, with the leadership of their greatest generals and the sacrifice of their best armies, to convert into a Roman province what is now technically called England, and that much smaller than it is at the present time.

The victorious Romans so thoroughly conquered the island that they had to fill Cumberland, Corn-

wall, and Wales with castles and fortifications to defend themselves from the attacks of the conquered Cymry, and to build a wall seventy miles long, twelve feet wide, and eight feet high, strengthened by eighteen stations, thirty-one castles, and three hundred and twenty-four towers, garrisoned by ten thousand soldiers, and six hundred mariners, to protect themselves from the inroads of the vanquished Caledonians. Since the victorious Romans had conquered the island and reduced it into a Roman province, why not occupy Scotland and Wales, and why not exterminate the savage barbarians of those regions? Were four hundred years too short a time, and were the Romans too tender-hearted a people to do it? Were Scotland and Wales not worth possessing? Or were the inroads of the Scotch and Welsh not destructive enough to demand vengeance and extermination? It would have cost them less men and means to put them to the sword and sweep them into the ocean. The Scotch and Welsh built neither a wall nor a castle to prevent the incursions of the victorious Romans! All they depended upon were their valor and mountain fastnesses. These afforded them ample protection for four hundred years against the best armies and greatest generals of the Roman empire! During these centuries the lines between the north and the south and between the east and the west of the island became fixed. The Caledonians behind their walls, and the Cymry among their mountains grew apart; and the Caledonians and the Cymry grew apart from the Roman Britons. Their language their laws, their customs and their characteristics underwent great modifications. The Caledonians among the mountains of the north, and the Cymry among the mountains of the west breathed the invigorating air of freedom and the chase, while the Roman Britons among the hills and on the plains of the east breathed the enervating air of oppression and drudgery. With Roman domination came luxury, effeminacy, and servility; with British independence, nerve, spirit and valor. The Roman Britons under the garb of intelligence, refinement and civilization, were enslaved, degraded and ruined. They became simply the vassals of Rome and servants of the Romans, which made them dependent, dispirited and impotent, so that when the Romans withdrew from the island they were not able to defend themselves. They had lost their pristine valor. The sinews of war had been cut. Their manhood had gone. As children, they ran into the arms of Rome, pitiously cried for protection, and she sent an army to defeat their foe, then artizans to rebuild their walls, but finally told them politely but decidedly to defend themselves, which after four hundred years of servitude and degradation they had not the ability to do, and naturally fell an easy prey to the enemy.

To say that the Romans conquered the island, when they had simply re-

duced a third of it into a Roman province, and when two thirds of it defied their arms and possessed their country unsubdued, if not unmolested, is to say too much. And to say that the Britons were dispirited, effeminate, impotent and conquered, when this was only true of the Roman Britons, whom four hundred years of servitude had degraded and enfeebled, and when the Britons were proverbially spirited, manly and courageous, is to say too much. The Britons as a people the Romans never conquered, and Britain as an island the Romans never possessed. They simply conquered the Britons of the south-east coast, and they simply possessed the south-east portion of the island. Had the Caledonians and the Cymry the military arts and weapons, and the military discipline and leadership of the Romans, as they had the military bone and muscle, and as they had military heart and will, Rome would not have set her foot in either Scotland or Wales, and had she done so she would not have spent the night in either. As it was she had not a day of peace and tranquility, except at the point of the spear, during her four hundred years sojourn on the island. Inroads on the north by the Caledonians and inroads on the west by the Cymry were frequent occurrences, till rivers of blood marked the boundary lines between north and south, and between east and west.

When about the middle of the fifth century of the Christian era the Roman legions were withdrawn from the island to resist the encroachments of barbarians elsewhere, and to brace up if possible the delapidated fabric of the empire, they left the province in precarious circumstances. The northern Britons, forgetting or ignoring kinship and compassion, moved southward, and threatened the destruction of the Roman Britons, who by servitude, degradation, and inactivity were enervated, dispirited, and unable to sustain their attack and force them back. In this emergency, instead of seeking the assistance of the western Britons, who like the northern Britons had never been subdued by the Romans, they sought the assistance of the Saxons, who were bold and daring pirates, and who had for years been longing to possess the island. Hengist and Horsa, two brothers, were at once commissioned to lead an army to assist the Roman Britons to repel the attacks, and expel from the territory the northern Britons. This they did, and when they had done it, they naturally thought that if they could conquer the stronger Britons they could conquer the weaker; and that if the country was worth so much to the Britons to defend it was so much for the Saxons to possess. So they manufactured a pretence of disagreement with the Britons of the province, and sent to Saxony for reinforcement to fight them and take their country, which eventually they did, but they never took the countries of the northern and western Britons.

The ancient name of the Roman province, which is now technically called England, and the name by which it is known among the Welsh, was Lloegria, and the inhabitants Lloegrwys. This was the country, and these were the people that were conquered by the Romans and the Saxons. Northern Britain was called Albania, Caledonia, Scotia, and the people were generally called Albanians, Caledonians, and Scots. And western Britain was, and is to this day, called Cymru, Gwalia, Wales; and the people were and are to this day called Cymry, Gwaliaid, Welsh. These three divisions of the island, which began under the Romans, became more distinct under the Saxons. Though of the same Cymric origin, and the same British island, yet they became in course of time indifferent and hostile to each other. And strange to say, the appearance of their common enemies and the subjugation of their own brethren only kept them apart and intensified their hostility. As soon as the Romans withdrew their legions from the island, Caledonia attacked Lloegria, and as soon as the Saxons made their appearance Caledonia attacked Gwalia. Especially did hostility exist, continue and increase in bitterness between the Saxons and the Roman Britons, whose country they had taken by force and violence; between the Saxons and the northern Britons whom they came to fight and subdue; and between the Saxons and the western Britons whose country they coveted and strove to possess.

When Hengist and his followers had established themselves on the island and sang its praises in their "fatherland," other colonies crossed the sea to try their fortune, till there had come in the course of a hundred and fifty years not less than seven distinct colonies, which formed themselves into seven distinct governments called the "Heptarchy." These colonies landed on the east coast of the island and took possession of the Roman province, ancient "Lloegria" or modern England. These colonies when they had fully established themselves did their best by war and conquest to enlarge their territory and increase their power. In the north they appropriated the whole of Cumberland, in the south a part of Cornwall, and in the west a portion of Wales. The Mercians, under King Offa, wrested from the Principality, what is now called Herefordshire and Monmouthshire; and as the Romans constructed a wall between north and south to protect themselves against the Scots, so the Saxons raised a mound between east and west to protect themselves against the Welsh. This mound extended from the mouth of the Dee to the confluence of the Wye and the Severn, and is called to this day "Offa's Dyke," or in the language of the Welsh "Clawdd Offa." The colonies at first, until they had fully established themselves, united their forces and fought in unison against the Britons, whom they endeavored to subdue, and whose country they endeavored to take.

But neither the Romans nor the Saxons, notwithstanding their superior advantages, were able to subdue either Scotland, Cornwall or Wales. Their countries they possessed, and from their sword they never were free. The border land between the Saxons and Scots, between the Saxons and Cornwallians, and between the Saxons and the Welsh was ever the arena of conflict and the scene of carnage. But these colonies, the united kingdoms of the Heptarchy—Kent, Northumberland, East Anglia, Mercia, Essex, Sussex and Wessex, when they had been fully established and become prosperous became jealous of each other. Envy, suspicion and animosity destroyed their union and weakened their strength, till in A. D. 827, Egbert, King of Wessex, gained the supremacy and converted the seven kingdoms into one monarchy. But this monarchy weakened by civil dissensions and harassed by foreign enemies failed to last two hundred years.

In A. D. 1017, Canute, the Dane, conquered the Saxons, and ascended the throne of Egbert; but the supremacy of the Dane was of short duration. In A. D. 1041, Edward the Confessor, ascended the throne and governed the monarchy. After a reign of twenty years Edward died January 5, 1066. Harold, after a reign of few months, was defeated and slain, and William of Normandy was victorious and crowned King of England the same year—A. D. 1066. During these six centuries, from the Saxon invasion to the Norman conquest, Britain saw great events and mighty changes. She saw the withdrawal and departure of the Roman legions, and the decline and fall of the Roman empire. She saw the invasion and establishment of the Saxon colonies, the rise and fall of the Saxon monarchy; she saw the conquest and sovereignty of the Danish invasion, the rise and fall of the Danish kingdom; she saw the change from Briton to Roman, from Roman to Saxon, and from Saxon to Dane; she saw Britons sold into slavery, she saw Britons bend their neck to the yoke. Britons under oppression on the soil on which they were born! This she saw in the Roman province, the Saxon monarchy, the Danish kingdom. But elsewhere she saw countries untaken, government unconquered, armies unsubdued, countries unused to the yoke, with dogged resistance and defiant independence, whose border land was red with blood and rich with valor; she saw in Scotland, in Cornwall, and Wales, mountain and valley, field and forest, ring with victory, liberty, glory and immortality; battles fought and won; independence defended and preserved; she saw the creation and destruction of factions, the rise and fall of kingdoms, the birth and death of great and noble men, kings, priests, bards, warriors, whose fame was in all the land; and she saw Scotland, Cornwall, England and Wales—the nations, languages, laws and customs going farther apart and becoming more antagonistic; yet in their diver-

gence and opposition the elements of the organic union and future glory. In A. D. 1066 there were present on the island, either in person or in blood, the Briton, the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman, who were to lay the foundation and erect the superstructure of Great Britain, the foundation and superstructure of modern life and civilization.

One fact of importance and significance in the history of the ancient Britons, which claims our thorough and candid consideration, was their great dissimilarity. That so many nations should inhabit so small an island, and those nations should be so dissimilar, was something wonderful. The Britons of the north were very dissimilar from the Britons of the south, and the Britons of the east were very dissimilar from the Britons of the west.

In their physiognomy, for instance, they were very dissimilar. The northerners were comparatively large, the southerners were comparatively small; the easterners were comparatively loose in their make, the westerners comparatively compact. In the north the light complexion predominated, in the south the dark; in the east the blue eye predominated, in the west the black. The Caledonians were more ponderous than agile, and the Silurians more agile than ponderous; the Lloegrians were more delicate than muscular, and the Cymry more muscular than delicate. The Albion Britons were phlegmatic, the Iberian Britons were more sanguine; the Begian Britons were more impulsive, the Cambrian Britons more resolute. In mind as in body they were very dissimilar. Their dissimilarity ran through their conceptions, emotions and purposes—through their whole beings, lives and characters; so much so that many believe them to be distinct and different nations, from distinct and different origins. But their dissimilarity was perfectly natural. Their contact and intermarriage with other nations; their existence under different skies and amid different scenes, and their employment in different lines of thought and different modes of exercise so many centuries, account in part for the dissimilarity; for locality, environment and activity have wonderful influence on the color, the form, and the development of both mind and body. When we shall have become better acquainted with the laws and operations of heredity and environment, we shall better understand the laws and operations of diversity and unity among the ancient Cymry of the British islands.

In language as in physiognomy they were very dissimilar. The dissimilarity ran through all the parts of speech and among all people of the island, so much so that many believe them to be different nations with different languages altogether. But the dissimilarity was perfectly natural. So many centuries of separation, isolation, and hostility, without literature, and without intercourse, save, perhaps, on the battle-

field, account in part for the difference; for in those primative days, before the advent of the Bible and dictionary, dialects naturally and numerously grew on languages, as branches grow on trees, and in course of time as naturally and numerously claim to be the mother tongue, which not unfrequently the unwary and the ignorant fully believe and boldly proclaim, giving the daughters the place and honor of the mother tongue. Thus the tribes of western Europe and British islands claimed to possess and speak the venerable language of the parent nation, from which they sprang, with of course modifications and improvements to meet the demands of the times and the spirit of the age. And yet it is hardly possible that the language of Adam, of Noah, and of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, is now extant and spoken, entire and exclusive by any tribe or nation on the face of the globe; or that language of Gomer is now extant and spoken, entire and exclusive by any tribe or nation in western Europe or the British islands, but in part and imperfectly, in essence and in substance, by all the tribes and nations, and particularly by those who still possess its form and sound, its grace and melody.

(To be continued.)

EASTER.

'Twas nineteen hundred years ago,
The world was dark and bad,
Clouds of despair then filled the air—
The hearts of men were sad;
The face of heaven was almost hid
With frowns of sullen night;
Men sought relief in disbelief—
Were lost 'twixt wrong and right!

Then suddenly across the east,
A grey dawn struck the eye;
A heavenly bright gold streak of light
Shot gladness through the sky;
A choir invisible above
Brought strains divinely born;
"Hail, hail! what mirth! Thou happy earth!
'Tis joyful Eastern Morn!"

CELTO-BRITISH CHURCH.

By Rev. Thomas Frimston, Llangefni, N. W.

(Continued.)

Let us now address ourselves more pointedly to the queries given:

I. Did such an institution as the British or Welsh Church (Independent) exist? Yes. Having answered in the affirmative, it now rests upon us to make good our position. This we are able to do from four different standpoints: (1) Nationality; (2) Constitution; (3) Doctrine; (4) Architecture.

The argument from nationality: It is evident that a powerful and religious British family lived at Segontium (Carnarvon) in the middle of the fourth century, who through certain chieftainships in South Wales and Cornwall were closely connected with the then supreme power of the world. Another family powerful and religious lived in Cumberland, holding sway over it and its adjacent counties, till the advent of the Picts and Scots, about the same period. The leading nationalities of the British Isles in that period, we have already anticipated in our introductory remarks. The question naturally suggests itself, Who were the inhabitants of those parts of Britain where the asserted Celto-British church prevailed? Viewing Rhys' map of Britain, showing the relative positions of its chief peoples during the Roman occupation, we find that occupants of soil in those districts applicable to our subject, were Goidels or Brythons, or a mixture of both, who having settled on lands previously occupied by Ivernians, began now to take each his own line, occasionally meeting on reciprocal terms. The Brythons, though posterior in time to the Goidels, as entering on the land, yet were wonderfully akin in dialect. Neighboring settlements gave ample opportunity for contracting matrimonial alliances; the Goidels prided themselves in winning over the daughters of the Brythons, and vice versa. These alliances in turn became either bases for bitter quarrels to the destruction of the parties, or of religious and dignified positions for their edification. So in time the two branches became wonderfully bound up by ties of birth, property, and other associations. Thus, we have Eudav (Octavius), a British chieftain of Segontium (Carnarvon or Snowdonia) being wedded to an Irish lady, Stradwen, daughter and heiress of the Prince of Cornwall. Subsequently Macsen (Maximus) married Helen, the daughter of Eudav, and on the demise of the prince of Cornwall obtained that principality in the right of his wife.

Eudav had another daughter, who

became the wife of Cunedda, prince of Cumberland, from which union issued one of the most powerful families in Britain for many centuries; and a son of Eudav named Conan during his father's life bore the title of Lord of Meiriadoc (Denbighshire). Later on, the religious and matrimonial ties between Cunedda's family and the leading religious and reigning families in North and South Wales, afforded them asylum and privileges of land among them, on their escaping from the terrible attacks from the Picts and Scots. The topography of both North and South Wales to-day, amply prove these movements. We visited Llanbabo in Anglesea and inspected a stone-figure of Pabo Post (pillar) of Britain, which had been dug out of the earth seven feet deep in Charles II's. time, and is now placed within the church. It shows Pabo attired in his kingly dress, around is an inscription in an Anglo-Saxon, or as Rhys maintains, in ancient British lettering. The term "post" or "pillar" is significant of his religious character (compare Rev. iii. 12), and the figure being that of one of a very high stature, clearly indicates his being that of a father of Sawyl Benuchel (Tall Saul), who was again father of Asaph, first Bishop of St. Asaph (A. D. 590) in North Wales, a disciple of Cyndeyrn (Kentigern), Bishop of Ystrad Clwyd (Strathclyde). The providing and the sending of religious teachers from Wales to Ireland and Scotland (A. D. 405, A. D. 600), and vice versa, and keeping in mind the leading nationalities of the period, plainly proves the nationality of the Christian Church then existing in these islands as being Celto-British.

The vast emigrations of Britons to Brittany in support of their kith and kin against a formidable enemy in A. D. 387, just 62 years before the landing of the Saxons, gave mighty impetus to an Irish invasion of North Wales, and beside maintaining mighty positions in Wales generally, the Irish held the entire possession of Anglesey for 29 years, when A. D. 440 the prince of Cumberland sent his sons with troops, and uniting with the Gwyneddians, drove the Irish from the Mainland, and choosing Caswallon, his grandson (whose father was dead) prince of North Wales, in the right of his grandmother, the sister of Conan, and Ellen, wife of Maximus, he defeated the Irish in a battle at Holyhead A. D. 443. This company from Scotland prepared the way for another. The last company were from the principality of Strathclyde. They were so numerous, that Moore, in his "History of Ireland" argues, that they were the Picts who left Scotland in a body, and went to Wales; because the Picts, as a distinct race, disappeared at that time from the annals of Scotland.

II. The Argument from Constitution: Neander thinks that the peculiarity of the British Church is in direct opposition to the supposition of a Roman origin; since it greatly

differed in many rites and customs from those of the Church of Rome, exhibiting coincidence with the churches of Asia Minor. That it was independent of the Romish or Popish Church is evident from the fact that it proceeded alone for a few centuries anterior to the advent of Romanism, and ultimately formidably withstood its encroachments. A. D. 314 to begin with, Gildas describes the Diocletian persecution (A. D. 304) on churches within the Empire as follows: "The churches were demolished throughout the whole empire, the Holy Scriptures searched for and burnt in the streets, and the priests and the people dragged to the shambles, and butchered like sheep, insomuch that in some provinces there were scarcely any remains of Christianity. How miserably were the Christians forced to fly from one country to another! What slaughters! What various kinds of torments! What numbers were frightened into apostacy, and how gloriously others endured the trial, and were constant to martyrdom!"

Of Britain he says: "God in his great mercy, willing that all men should be saved, fortified the martyrs with extraordinary courage, and raised them to a noble degree of perseverance; many British Christians were despatched with diversity of torture, and torn limb from limb in a most barbarous and cruel manner; that those who escaped the fury of their persecutors, retired to woods and deserts, and hid themselves in caves, where they continued confessors, till God was pleased to revenge their usage upon their persecutors, and afford better times to the church." A. D. 314. The Roman Emperor having now become a Christian, this fact initiated a time of peace, of which Gildas and Bede say, "That the faithful Christians, who, during the time of danger, had hidden themselves in woods, deserts and secret caves, appeared in public, rebuilt the churches which had been leveled with the ground; founded, erected, and finished the temples of the holy martyrs, and as it were, displayed their conquering ensigns in all places; celebrated festivals, and performed their sacred rites with clean hearts and lips; and all the church's sons rejoiced as it were in the fostering bosom of a mother."

As a proof that the ancient British church was recognized as a portion of the great Christian community, we find the British bishops regularly attending their sessions, and subscribing their decrees and canons. A. D. 314, three of her bishops attended as representatives in the synod of Arles (a town in France), convened by the Emperor Constantine from all the western churches, to take cognizance of the Donatist controversy.

Sirmondus has preserved a list of all the bishops who attended the council, the greater portion of whom were from Gaul, and, in particular from the province of Vienne. The following are the names of the British bishops attending: Eborius Epis-

, de civitate Eboracensi, pro-
. Britannica (York); Restitutus
opus, de civitate Londinensi,
ıcia suprascripta (London);
hius Episcopus, de civitate
ia Londinensium: exinde So-
s, Presbyter, Arminius Diacon-

ut eleven years after the Synod
les, the great council of Nice,
thynia, was convened by the
ror Constantine the Great, A.
5, to establish an uniformity in
servance of Easter, and for the
ession of Arianism. It is prob-
hat the British bishops attend-
s council also, but the history
: British church is involved in
obscurity from the death of
antine to the final abandon-
of Britain by the Romans. All
s distinctly known of it is, that
s outwardly afflicted by the
inary incursions of the Picts
cots, and inwardly harassed by
elagian heresy.

D. 347, the British bishops
again present at the council of
:a (now Sophia in Bulgaria),
where they concurred in the condemnation of Arius, and in the vindication of Athanasius.

A. D. 359. Again they attended the council of Ariminum, or Rimini, in Italy. Sulpitius Severus states that more than 400 bishops of the western church were present—"unto all of whom the Emperor had ordered provisions and apartments to be given. But that was deemed unbecoming by the Aquitans, Gauls, and Britons; and refusing the imperial offer, they preferred to live at their own expense. Three only from Britain, on account of poverty, made use of the public gift, after they had rejected the contribution offered by others; considering it more proper to burden the exchequer than individuals." The Christian community throughout the world was so much alarmed at this period by the Pelagian heresy, that no fewer than thirty councils were held in the interval between the years 412 and 430. It specially affected the British churches between the years 420 and 430.

(To be continued.)

THE ANTI-BRITISH FEELING.

By Rev. J. A. Thomas (Ioan Arma), Pine River, Wis.

Historians, editors, correspondents and preachers seldom rise above the prejudices of their day and generation; and the inherited hatred of everybody and everything British is still strong in America, in spite of England's sincere friendship for America. Notwithstanding that Great Britain was the only nation in all the world that sided with America in her recent war with Spain, and probably saved us from being struck by the mighty arms of combined Europe, so deep-rooted is the demon of hate in the United States that no admiration or kindness manifested by England can tame it. There is a painful exhibition of this hatred in the onslaught of part of the secular press on Great Britain to-day for the mortal sin of accepting a challenge to war when a little tyrant insultingly flung its ultimatum into the face of the Queen. Many of the charges pass the bounds of decency. It is simply slander. It is the violence that cannot talk, but foams at the mouth.

The American school children learn at an impressionable age to hate England intensely, and though some of them at a maturer age may pass through the processes of regeneration and sanctification, a dislike of the British is apt to cling to them, with a bull dog's tenacity. The children are not to be blamed because in studying the history of the Revolutionary War the British are represented as blood-thirsty tyrants and land grabbers, without a single white spot in their character or conduct. I fear that American patriotism still consists as much in hating England as in loving America. The Revolutionary fathers taught their children to despise England, and the generations that have followed show no shortage in this glorious heritage. And from the tone and temper of the press and the Fourth of July orations, the present generation will send rolling this hateful ball down to coming generations.

A few years since, Ex-President Cleveland in his nasty message to Congress smote Britain contemptuously in the face, before the whole world, and diverted her from stopping the Armenian massacre. England became then, as it is now, the target for all the poisoned arrows of the American press. This dislike of England is not without a cause or excuse. The country has not forgotten the War of Independence, and there is an inheritance of antipothies from our Revolutionary fathers, and perpetration of them in our histories. The histories the American school boy studies is not a calm recital of events in sequence, but is as exciting narrative setting forth

the British as unjust and oppressive. The American youth are drinking at this bitter fount, and therefore it is the prolific source of the dislike of the British. Again, Americans have an unpleasant recollection of the British government's attitude to this country during our civil war. Both France and England in a conservative manner favored the South at the outbreak of hostilities. But France has been abundantly pardoned without asking it, and England is hated notwithstanding she has confessed her fault. American Christians, perhaps, have granted what Mr. Beecher calls a "kind of hedgehog forgiveness, shot out like quills, from a quick and sensitive nature." But the Englishman is thankful for even this much, and maintains peace and patience in the midst of pelting provocations.

The individual Englishman also has not been always agreeable to Americans. Charles Dickens, Matthew Arnold and others have criticised us severely, which is very irritating to the sensitive American. Besides all this, no other country is so intensely our rival in all industrial affairs as Great Britain.

Although we can trace the anti-British feeling to its roots, to teach and foster it will be a menace to the idea of national brotherhood; and its spirit is against the very genius of morality and religion. The leaders of England have acknowledged that the government of George the Third was in the wrong. Why then keep open these old sores? Why remember Lord North rather than Burke and Lord Chatham? With peerless eloquence Burke and Chatham pleaded for peace in defence of America. Why not teach our public school children that the England of to-day differs immensely from the England of George the Third? It may be a fact that England has been a transgressor more than once, but this historical fact should not be allowed to shape present life, nor control honorable men. Histories are facts, but not factors in our present life. The story of Waterloo does not hold England and France apart, nor that of the battle of Crimea unite them. "Perhaps Americans will not forget Bunker Hill; neither should they forget the stock from which sprang Washington, Hamilton, Grant and Lincoln."

Perhaps we should not attach too much importance to these indications of American dislike of the British. We may regard them as shallow, superficial, like family jars of those who love another at heart. One's wife may be to-day a gentle zephyr, and to-morrow a tornado; but we question not her love. A large river is not to be judged by the drift and eddies on the surface. Below the strong steady current is sweeping on unmoved by surface commotions. It is our duty imperative to cultivate amicable relations with Britain, because there is no real cause for disliking and misrepresenting a great nation that stands for all the glorious principles for which America stands, and sustains sincere

friendship for the United States. It is exceedingly ungallant for Americans to show antipathies for a nation that treats us with kindness and courtesies. At this critical period and national affliction forced upon her, when the flower of the nation are sacrificed, when the soil of South Africa is wet with blood, and England wet with tears, our sympathy should be profound, and our prayers earnest for the most beneficient empire of the world. England's supremacy in South Africa is an infinite blessing to our missionary fields, and her defeat would set back the tide of civilization.

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

Caradoc and Harold.

The princess' joy at Trahaiarn's safe return was more than equaled by Caradoc's exasperation at the prince's triumph over him. When the hermit fell pierced by an arrow from an unseen hand, and he himself took to his heels, he was by no means certain as to who the concealed enemy could be. But upon reaching the cavern he saw enough to convince him that the hidden foe was none other than Trahaiarn. So enraged did he become when he realized what had taken place that instead of returning to see whether the hermit was dead or alive he immediately proceeded to where his horse was grazing, sprang into the saddle, and galloped away towards the south.

"Had I not listened to that accursed hermit's nonsense this would not have happened," said he to himself, grinding his teeth in angry disappointment. "I told the old fool how it would be, and I was a greater fool for listening to him, for now that base sycophant has regained his liberty and I am deprived of my anticipated revenge."

His horse must have been surprised at the unusual behavior of his master, for the latter urged him on with the recklessness of a madman in utter disregard of the darkness. Before reaching Hereford, however, Caradoc's towering passion lost its strength, and his conscience began to upbraid him for showing so little consideration for his old friend, the hermit. This at length caused him to relent, and procuring a fresh horse he presently began to retrace his steps. Reaching the vicinity of

mon, he first went to the spot the hermit had fallen, but no trace of him, except a pool od where he had lain. Then was about to start towards the he heard the tramp of horses en coming from that direction, s he was in doubt as to the ter of the men he hid himself orse in a clump of trees, and ed by the thick foliage and he presently saw the man so ly in his power riding by at ad of his strong band. This ected sight irritated Caradoc l all reasonable bounds, and he committed the folly of be- g his presence when he learned what he saw and heard that iarn had wreaked his ven- e on the outlaws.

ently, thinking it safe to leave ncealment, he remounted his and rode to the cavern, where s soon satisfied that Trahaiarn ason for his triumph. Then ing away from a scene so har- g to his thoughts and feelings ved in due time at Portascyth, to the discomfort of his fam- l retainers.

as some time after this that a reached Portascyth that Al- arl of Chester, was dead, and Iorcar, his son, had succeeded titles and estates. The report erified from different sources to the satisfaction of Caradoc s friends, and stimulated by it newed activity the vindictive ecided upon another visit to l. This visit was for the two- urpose of ascertaining whether the earl meditated any revenge in consequence of the late incursion of the Welsh king and his allies into England, and of offering his assistance in case he did. Upon his arrival in London he found Harold in the same room where he and Leofgar had conferred with him on the previous occasion.

"It is not often we have the pleasure of seeing the Lord of Portascyth at the capital," said Harold with a shade of sarcasm. "Had Gryffydd's power been equal to his inclination methinks even Westminster would have seen him more frequently than you."

"You speak truly," said Caradoc. "Yet I hope that my visits to London, rare as they have been, are less hostile in their intentions than his would have been, at least as regards the peace of England."

"I doubt not your words, for a man's actions are a proof of his intention. Gryffydd has given us trouble enough and to spare, and I know some at least who would rejoice to see him where his contentious father-in-law now is."

"I fear Gryffydd is too fond of harassing and plundering his enemies to leave the world of his own accord yet awhile."

"Then he ought to be forced to leave it. With such a bold, unscrupulous plunderer as he is known to be always concocting mischief and death, England is never safe. Every wild adventurer who has a quarrel with King Edward, or has designs upon his throne, finds him a willing and powerful ally. We have not for-

gotten any of his incursions, especially the last in company with Magnus and Algar."

There was an ominous fire in Harold's eye as he uttered these words, and a ring in his voice which pleased Caradoc not a little. Emboldened by this show of passion the Welsh lord cautiously replied,

"Were the illustrious Harold to decide upon a campaign against the Welsh lion he would find not a few of Cambria's best sons ready to aid him."

"How many do you think could be depended on should Edward decide to send an army into Wales?" asked the earl closely regarding Caradoc.

"I can give only an imperfect estimate, but I have reason to believe that at least one third of the tribes are already more or less dissatisfied with Gryffydd."

"Are any of the principal chieftains dissatisfied?"

"Ay, and some of them have even hinted to me that they are ready to pledge their aid to England, provided the English king will support their claims. To be more explicit, Bleddyn and Rhiwallon, Gryffydd's half-brothers, are willing to enter into a conspiracy against him, provided his kingdom be divided between them at his death. Meredith ap Owen also I am told is ready to enter into a campaign against Gryffydd on certain conditions, of which I have no knowledge. As to myself, I am ready to do all in my power to forward your plans touching this matter, if you think fit to promise that I shall be made prince of the Deheubarth at the close of the campaign."

"I shall consider what you have said, and if the king will look with favor upon a proposition that I intend to bring to his notice in the near future I shall be glad to enter into negotiations with you and all the Welsh chieftains who may favor our cause."

Harold might have told Caradoc that he had already adopted measures to increase the army and navy with a view to crushing the Welsh king, but it seemed best to him to keep the Welsh lord in ignorance of that fact for a time at least. He dismissed him with such flattering words and vague promises, however, as made him think that his visit would not be in vain.

A period of considerable length now elapsed, during which there was no outbreak of importance among the Welsh. But the leaven of dissension, which so often wrought destruction among the people, and from which fair Cambria was never entirely free, was secretly spreading and undermining the public peace. Especially was this true in the Deheubarth and certain portions of Powysland. Old feuds were revived, and new jealousies and suspicions sprang into being. There was angry disputes in the halls, and altercations and occasional blows in public places. Caradoc ap Gryffydd, still bent upon avenging the death of his father and actuated by his strong desire to come into possession of

Deheubarth, looked with secret delight upon all this, and lost no opportunity to magnify trifles and to widen breaches which already existed between certain chiefs. He also received occasional visits from Harold's trusted messengers, and kept the earl well informed of the state of things in Wales. After the last of these visits he proceeded with much speed, accompanied by the envoys, to Cibwyr, and found Bleddyn in one of his most jovial moods.

"Your visit could never have been more opportune," said the host after the customary exchange of civilities. "I hope you are all hungry as wolves and thirsty as salt herrings, so that you can enjoy a good dinner."

"I fear you will have reason to wish we were not so hungry and thirsty presently, if all feel as I do," said Caradoc with a broad smile.

"Enormous as I know your appetite to be," was the laughing rejoiner, "I think Ivan will manage to satisfy it, and give the rest of us enough in the bargain."

After the meal both host and guests applied themselves to more serious business, care being taken that the hall was cleared of all but themselves

"Harold the earl sends greeting to you and to all the Welsh chieftains who are ready to join him in a campaign upon which he is about to enter," said one of the envoys. "And he wishes to assure you that you and your brother shall be rewarded respectively with Gwynedd and Powys, provided in addition to your service you will swear allegiance to King Edward, and give him such hostages as he shall think fit to demand."

"From what has already passed between us," said Bleddyn, "the earl understands, does he not, that Rhiwallon and myself are not to enter openly upon this campaign?"

"He said nothing to the contrary."

"Then you may convey to him my brother's promise and mine to duly fulfill our part of the compact, and our wishes for his success. But when is the campaign to begin?"

"As soon as practicable after our return."

When matters were settled to the satisfaction of all concerned the envoys left the hall and hastened back to London, while Caradoc tarried some hours longer to have a private talk with his host.

"With the addition of your men," said he, "I shall be able to make a good showing, and Harold will be not a little pleased with our strength."

"I fear, though, that unless Gryffydd can be surprised ere he has time to summon his forces together he will make a desperate fight, and perhaps come off victorious," was the reply.

"The wily Harold no doubt will see to that. But if by some mischance he should avoid defeat, or slip out of our grasp, we must be prepared to follow him up, and supplement the tactics of open warfare with more subtile methods."

"Exactly, I see. It is easier to rob a house from within than from with-

out. I hope, however, that we shall be spared the necessity of resorting to foul means in order to further our plans."

"Foul means or fair it will make no difference to Gryffydd since his fate is settled, nor to us for that matter, since we are bent on having our own way."

The interview at length was brought to a close, and Caradoc sought his own home. On the way he met a petty chief whom he knew to be among the disaffected and said,

"How rests your sword, Cadwallon? Comfortable or uncomfortable? It is long since it had any exercise."

"Too long, Caradoc, too long," was the reply. "If I have not occasion to wield it soon I fear I shall lose my skill. How blows the wind from the east?"

"Very favorable. It is bound to blow us some good this time. Harold has his preparations all made, and we must all hold ourselves in readiness to join him."

"When is he expected to leave London?"

"Within a week at most. When the time comes we are to join him at Worcester. You will not speak of this to any one not in our secret."

"I will bit my tongue off first."

"That's right. Good day."

"Good day to you."

Each now went his way, thinking of the coming event which was to make them both happy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Unexpected Happens.

Dark and frowning like a stern giant of the night stood Rhuddlan castle, while the full moon, peering ever and anon through rifts in the clouds, looked down on the snow-clad vale of Clwyd. The cold north wind sighed among the leafless branches of the swaying trees, and occasionally a faint sound like the echo of the festive songs which so recently filled the king's hall reached the ear of the vigilant watchman on the tower and the faithful guards in the court-yard. Within the spacious hall a crackling fire sent thick volumes of smoke in quest of an imperfect chimney in the roof, while the fitful light which struggled with the troublesome smoke dimly revealed the arches, crosses, wreaths and festoons of evergreen, holly, ivy and ferns, which, though the Christmas festivities were ended, still decorated the walls, rafters, and pillars. In the lower part of the hall the petty officers sat amusing each other with ghost stories; and in the upper part sat the king with his sons and courtiers, alternately discussing matters of varied importance, and listening to Idwal's bardic effusions.

"What thinkest thou has become of the traitor Caradoc?" asked the king addressing Trahaiarn. "He must have despaired of ever accomplishing his murderous purpose after meeting with so little success in his numerous plots. At least he has kept

himself very quiet since the death of his chief confederates."

"It is hard to understand how a being of his vindictive nature has not molested us in one way or another for so long," said the prince. "But I fear he is simply biding his time. I hear that he pays frequent visits to the malcontents in the south, and that he is occasionally seen going to and from Cibwyr hall."

"Bleddyn, no doubt, finds his visits congenial as he also would rather see me dead than alive. But let them nurse their quarrel, they can do me no harm. Nor am I pining for their friendship, seeing that I have so many loyal subjects around me."

"True; and yet I would rather my uncle would have nothing to do with the crafty villain if only for his own peace of mind. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' eh, Morgan? I have heard you occasionally remark so in your sermons. Naturally my uncle is neither treacherous nor revengeful, but I fear the influence of the base Caradoc will eventually transform him into such a vile rascal as he is."

(To be concluded in the next number).

EASTER HYMN.

By John D. Morgan.

The Christian heart with rapture glows
Upon this morning glorious,
When Jesus from the dead arose,
O'er death and hell victorious.

The slaves of death are now set free,
To be in bondage never,
For Life and immortality
Are brought to them forever.

Then let us all our voices raise
With joyful acclamation,
And in melodious anthems praise
The Author of salvation

And let all Christendom unite
To spread the wondrous story,
Till every land shall see the light
Of His transcendent glory.

The wondrous plan by myriads tried
Is full in its fruition—
God's holy law is magnified,
And man saved from perdition.

When sun and moon will cease to shine,
Again to light us never,
The joyful song of Love Divine
Will still be new forever.

FIELD OF LETTERS

"Trysorfa y Plant" is perennial; to-day as young as ever. The March number opens with a portrait of the Rev. Francis Jones of Abergele, a prominent minister of light and leading among the Calvinistic Methodists. He was born December 7, 1834, in the Foel, Llangadfan, Montgomery, N. W., and has been preaching since childhood. Then his audiences were, generally, wood, stones, etc., and his biographer suggests that probably he has preached to audiences as hard-hearted and insensible since. Mr. Jones is regarded highly by all who know him. Other choice pieces are "The Scriptural Quilt;" "The Queen and the Scotch Laird," "Gospel for Children;" "The Ant and the Drunkard." The musical number is "The Pilgrim's Longing," by R. Williams, Portdinorwic, etc. The Rev. John Hughes, Pontrobert, portrait is characteristic.

The "Haul" for February has a number of valuable articles on subjects of interest, such as the following: The Church of Llandeilo Fawr (with cut); St. David and His Times; Some Lessons from the War; A Sermon; The Bardic Gorsedd; Protestantism; John Ruskin; Justin the Martyr; Blaise Pascal, etc.

"Wnion" gives a sketch of the history of the Bardic Gorsedd throughout the ages. It is supposed to have been instituted, or rather to have been in existence at the time of Tydain, Tad Awen, in the 8th century before Christ; that it has represented the bardic system since the time of Druidism; and it is held that the system is identical now to what it was in the age of Hu the Strong in the grey morning of primitive times. The aim and purpose of the modern Gorsedd are to teach music and poetry and literature. It seems to have deteriorated from what it was in ancient times, when the Gorsedd was the centre of religion and politics. To-day it is a mere skeleton of what it was; the supposed remains of that which is largely imaginary. Although "Wnion" takes for granted that the history of the Gorsedd is authentic, there is no evidence known to show that the Gorsedd ever existed as a reality. As far as may be proved, to the contrary, it is a mere fiction of modern times. It provides little towards the education, instruction and control of the Welsh people of to-day. It has no visible means of instruction.

One essential of literature for the young is beautiful sentiment—the filling up of young hearts and minds with love of everything that is good, beautiful and true. We find this in "Cymru'r Plant." We find in it, also, love of nature and birds. The editor puts our Patron Saint David in the proper light. He is a fair representative of Wales and the Welsh. David was not a warrior, a Caesar, a Napoleon, or a Cromwell, but a Missionary, a Teacher. He fought with the evil and the darkness in this world. He was a spiritual warrior, a soldier of the Cross. St. David is a worthy ideal.

"Cymru" continues to entertain its readers with interesting articles. Its frontispiece for February is a portrait of John Ruskin—we would have preferred a more patriarchal portrait—the grand old man in his ripe old age. The other illustrations are Llandysul, the

Belfry (tower) of Llangyfelach, St. David's Cathedral, Dr. Davies, Ffrwd Fal. The articles are—Flowers and Weed; Canada; Sardis (a sketch); A History of Religion in the Rhondda Valley; Extracts from Old MSS.; In the Day of Temptation; A Quarryman's Autobiography; Books and Bookmakers; Welsh Speaking Judges for Wales; Watcyn Mon; Rhiwabon and others, with several poems of interest. "The Song of the Ox, Bull, Wolf and the Dog" should be known to all Welsh elocutionists.

The progress of nationalism in Wales has surprised its best and most hopeful friends. We have been so used to the notion that Wales is poor, that it is with some astonishment we are reminded of her mineral wealth. We have also been so ready to admit that she was behind in the educational race, that it is like awaking from a dream to find her educational system superior to England's. Our nation was also so poor, that it seemed cruelty to criticize her. She is getting strong enough now. The critical friend henceforth may tell her her shortcomings without being reckoned her foe. He may venture to point what is wheat and what is weed, in our national life.— Cymru."

The contents of the "Drysorfa" as follows: Spiritual Religion in Wales; The Rev. David Charles, Carmarthen, a Sketch of his Life (Chap. III.); Reminiscences of the late Rev. Henry Rees; John Knox, the Reformer; the late Rev. Thomas James, M. A., Llanelly; An Old Address, issued in 1841 on the Question of Temperance; Monthly Notes by the Editor; Sunday School Lessons, Books, News, &c., &c.

One of the tendencies of church life in England detrimental to spiritual religion is the establishment of clubs and other worldly institutions which introduce into vogue merely bodily exercises and amusements. Means are adopted to make religion attractive by dancing, athletics and even boxing. Some have already thought that the prophet Isaiah predicted this where he says "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and 'box' together to beautify the place of my sanctuary, &c." These are carnal devices to attract worldly young people to the church. Of a kind with this is also the tendency to make the religious service theatrical, and thereby make the church attractive to superficial attendants. The simplicity of the puritan service tires them, and, therefore, the church endeavors to draw them by service more dramatical. Some leave the chapel for the ritualistic church and, finally, are led away into the bosom of Catholicism. The majority do not like the practical spiritual inwardness of religion; they prefer the superficial, theatrical and vicarious salvation of outside excitement and ceremony.

The "Drysorfa" also points out the lack of spirituality in modern sermons in Wales; the formality is seen in the preaching of many, if not in the service; that ministers are preaching with an eye to popularity and promotion, to please the audience rather than to promote the true interests of sinners.

In "Young Wales" for February, the Editor notes with a feeling of disappointment and regret that Mr. Chamberlain in his recent speech in the Debate on the Address entirely ignored the splendid heroism displayed by Welshmen in the struggle in South Africa. "Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen," declared Mr. Chamberlain, "vied with each other in heroic efforts, and have performed what has been admitted to be impossible feats." But why, asks the Editor, "are Welshmen not mentioned?" Does not Gen. Roberts remind us of Wales And another thing, did not the Welsh Fusiliers turn the Boer's left

flank on the Tugela? And do not all the Generals, with a few exceptions, come from Wales? To mention Wales would obscure England. In this number are also fine portraits of Colonel Pryce-Jones, M. P.; Sir Lewis Morris; and the late W. Edwards, Tirebuck.

Among the special features of "Young Wales" for 1900 will be Wales at the commencement of the 19th century; Great Welsh Books of the Century; The Political Development of Wales During the Century; The Great Welsh Poets of the Century; The Religious, Educational, Commercial and Industrial Development of Wales During the Century; The Great Welshmen of the Century; The Great Preachers of Wales in the Century; The Eisteddfod: Its Place and Influence on Welsh Life; A Century's Progress in Wales; Welsh Pulpit, History, Literature, Characteristics, Outlooks and Prospects; all by special contributors.

Contents of the March "Traethodydd:" Jacob Boehme; The Rev. Phillip Pugh and His Times; God's Righteousness; The Brito-Boer War; Egotism and Altruism; The Past (a Poem); Morgan Llwyd o Wynedd; Notes and Reviews. There are several words lacking in the Welsh language, especially words for "identity," "individualism," &c. Whenever they are needed the writer coins them for his own use, but the majority of them are counterfeit, and consequently they never circulate. "Unigoliaeth" and "arallgeisiadaeth" are poor for "individualism" and "altruism."

The "Dysgedydd" opens with an article "The Human Personality and the Incarnation;" then follow "Jesus in the House," "Ritualism and Priestcraft;" "Events of the Month," by the Editor; Reports, Reviews, Poems, &c., &c. In the article "Ritualism and Priestcraft," the author bitterly complains of the way the Church of England, through her ritualistic priests, is proselyting the children of Nonconformist parents who attend her schools. The schoolmasters are mere tools in the hands of the Romanizing priests, and every means is used to teach, train and compel children to conform to Romish practices. The only remedy is to nationalize education.

The "Cronicl" is no longer what it used to be, viz., "bach." It has been extended and widened considerably, and it is almost unrecognizable were it not for its name being printed in conspicuous red. The paper is good and the typography excellent. The inside of it is more familiar; it is really the old "Cronicl bach" better appareled. Within we find the "Notes" and the "Story of the Month," the "Variety Department" and the usual choice poems and pieces. The story of "Pitar and Maria Jones" is continued, a typical Welsh tale; wherein Welsh characteristics are depicted. "The Spirits from Below" is an interesting discussion.

"Cwrs y Byd" for March contains several discussions to amuse and edify. Among the articles are "The Five Points;" "The Boers and the Britons, Their Bone of Contention;" "The Order of Things," by the Editor; Correspondence, Notes, Reviews, Poems, &c., &c.

—"Cwrs y Byd" tells us some news. There are in the States many members of the British aristocracy who gain a living as shepherds, storekeepers, salesmen; some even engaged in the business of selling and peddling soap, candles, and matches. Some are newspaper correspondents, coachmen, &c. The writer seems to tell it with peculiar zest.

—Another writer is trying to reduce spiritualism, etc., to a natural basis, and as a parting shot, he ridicules the idea that we could all be made Balaam's asses to see the spirit world. Another

inquires if it is consistent with Christianity to sing beautiful hymns at the funeral of a young pure saloonkeeper's daughter and a church member who as bartender had helped to make neighbors drunkards?

The St. David number of the "Cenin-en" is largely personal and biographical. The number opens with a "Sketch of the Late T. E. Ellis," by Rhys J. Huws; then came "Charles Ashton;" by the Rev. Evan Davies; "Ceulanydd;" the Rev. T. Roberts, Jerusalem; "Holiday and Work;" Memoirs of Evans, Eglwysbach, Goleufryn, and others; The Very Rev. Daniel Lewis Lloyd, late Bishop of Bangor; Nicholas Bennett, the late compiler of "Lays of My Country;" "Remembering the Fathers;" Ehedydd Ial, the late hymn writer; with a great variety of poems and englynion as usual.

—T. E. Ellis's ideals should be those of his countrymen. We are surrounded by people who are possessed by low purpose of money-making, and furnishing themselves with the low pleasures of material life, while Wales is inspired more and more with the ideal that education and enlightenment are much more precious than mere material progress; and while Wales follows this pure ideal of improvement a bright future is before her. Amidst the hurly burly of modern civilization, Wales should adhere to her moral and spiritual ideals, for they alone will lead her sons and daughters in the right path of true and substantial greatness. Increased "productive power" alone will only ruin a people unless they have the salt of true progress, moral life.

In the "Cerddor" for March, we find several articles of interest, viz., "National Airs and Their Arrangement;" "Something About Harmony;" "The Vocal and Instrumental Music of the Bible;" No. 47 in the musical gallery is Miss Bessie Evans (with portrait). She is a daughter of Mr. Evan Evans (Llew Buallt), and comes from a musical family. She came out in public in 1884, and since, she has been gradually rising as a beautiful and popular cantatrice. She won the bronze and silver medals at R. A. M. in 1896. She appears in Opera and Oratorio. The musical number is an Anthem by Ioan Williams, Abergwynfi, "Blessed Are the Pure in Heart."

—In comparing Welsh and Irish melodies, the "Cerddor" points out the tendency of the Irish even in his minor pieces to break out into playfulness. The Irishman does not love the plaintive minor as the Welshman does. Does this prove the Welshman more self-conscious than the Irishman? The Irishman is serio-comic where the Welshman is found to be serious.

Commenting on "The Poet of the Leaves," page 54, and "The Ballad of the Green Book," page 56, Mr. Ernest Rhys tells us in his notes that Davyth ap Gwilym was an immediate contemporary of Chaucer, and may claim to be the fine flower of Welsh mediaeval poetry. He wrote in all more than a century of poems to Morvyth, who lived at Rhosyr, near the present village of Newborough, in Anglesey. "The Lament for Urien," page 92, is from "The Red Book of Hergest." Urien, Lord of Rheged (still represented in South Wales by the Dynevor family) inspired some of Taliesin's finest poems and fragments. We extract the following from "Lullaby," page 129:—

'Roedd mam a'i baban bach yn cysgu
Ar ei thyner fron:
A dyma'r gan wnai suo ganu
Rhwng y lleddf a'r llon;
O cwsg yn dawel tra ar fy nwyfron,
A melus odiaeth a fo'th freuddwydion!
Ti gei ofidiau, os cei di fywyd,
A llawer croes a llawer adfyd;
Ond cei angylion i'th wylio hefyd,
Ar y ddaear hon!

SCIENTIFIC

It is said that up to November 20, over 1,300 projectiles were thrown into the besieged town of Mafeking by the Boer guns with the extremely feeble results of six persons killed. This, says "The Engineer," probably forms a record of ineffectiveness in the annals of military warfare.

A Boston inventor has invented an antiseptic apparatus for disinfecting razors, shaving brushes, etc. It consists of a conveniently shaped vessel which contains an antiseptic solution. Separated at some distance are battery electrodes connected to a battery and induction coil. Holders for razors, brushes, etc., perforated with holes, enter this antiseptic liquid. The articles are promptly sterilized with its aid.

According to a German electric journal an association of farmers in Bavaria is building large electrical works which will be devoted to agricultural uses. The current is produced near the village of Schaftersheim, a distance of seven miles. It is supplied partly by steam and partly by water, and is sent to the surrounding villages at a pressure of 5,000 volts. Movable motors are used for driving thrashing machines, chaff cutters, bruising mills, etc. The motors are very simple in construction, and can be easily handled by the farm hands.

A great advance in membership is reported for the Christian Science movement in all parts of the United States and in many foreign countries. The organization has now 394 charter churches, 80,000 enrolled members, and an active ministry of about 12,000, an especially large proportion of the whole body. One of the most striking indications of growth is the reported increase in the circulation of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," which is the textbook of Christian Science. Already nearly 200,000 copies have been distributed.

The most remarkable trait of the population of the British Isles is its head form; and especially the uniformity in this respect which is everywhere manifested. The prevailing type is that of the long and narrow cranium, accompanied by an oval rather than a broad or round face. Measured by the cephalic index—that is the extreme breadth of the head expressed in percentage of its length from front to back—the uniformity in cranial type all through the British Isles is remarkable. It will be observed that the indexes all lie between 77 and 79, with the possible exception of the middle and western parts of Scotland, where they fall to 76. Highland and lowland, city or country, peasant or philosopher, all are practically alike in respect of this fundamental racial characteristic. The people of the northern parts of Europe, who are Protestants, are dolichocephalic, or long-headed.

It is care that kills. One who deliberately cultivates a disposition to throw care to the winds soon becomes an indispensable person to his friends. Care is worry pure and simple. The burden that causes us to worry is heavy enough to bear, in all probability, without adding to it that of all-engrossing care, which never lets the mind rest for an instant. One's best effort to overcome the trials and tribulations of this life is all that is demanded. If that effort surmounts the difficulties, well and good; if it fails, the fret that causes wrinkles in one's soul, the worry that

makes us hated by our friends, the care that wears deep furrows on the brow, do not help us out of the Slough of Despond, but rather force us down the deeper.

In fact, attempts that have been made to produce only plays morally pure on the stage have signally failed. Edwin Booth made such an attempt, and only gave it up when his means were exhausted. There are unobjectionable plays, dramas, and operas; but these are the rare exceptions. In general, the tendency of the theater, even in its classical productions, is antagonistic to Christianity, and inconsistent with high Christian ethical ideals. It is wise to follow the advice given by Dumas, himself the author of the favorite but not unobjectionable "Camille," to a friend, in these words: "You do not take your daughter to hear my play. You are right, and permit me to add in general, never take your daughter to the theater. Not only the play but the place itself is immoral."

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FISH AS FOOD.

The value of fish as food is a topic which of late days has been ventilated on more than one occasion. There is a popular notion that fish is pre-eminently a brain-food. The brain requires phosphorus and phosphates, argues the popular reader: fish contains a fair amount of these constituents, therefore it should be regarded as a typical nutrient for the nervous system. There is no scientific justification for the idea that fish is specially to be looked upon as a brain-food. One is reminded of Mark Twain's joke concerning the stupid man who, inquiring if "fish made brains," was told, "Yes, but you would require to eat a whale." The bon mot is excellent, even despite the fact that the whale is not a fish at all. What we find in white fish is a large proportion of water, a small amount of fat (hence the use of fat sauces to white fish), minerals and nitrogenous or tissue-forming matter. This last in fish is regarded, when compared with the amount contained in beef, as existing in the proportion of 15 to 12—that is to say, 12 parts of beef equal 15 of. fish. Certain fishes are rich in fat. Eels are particularly nutricious on this account, and the mackerel, salmon, and herring are also only fishes in the sense that they contain much more fat than cod, sole, haddock, and the like.—Dr. Wilson.

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MINES OF MOUNT SINAI.

The Egyptians had mined the rugged sides of Mount Sinai for copper and torquoises thousands of years before Moses climbed the mountain to receive the Tables of the Law, and the Egyptians waged wars for the possession of these mines. M. de Morgan with a party of French engineers recently visited these abandoned workings which is situated convenient to the Gulf of Suez, and explored two of the ancient deposits. He found the mineral deposits in the sandstone region, and not in the porphyries which constitute the great mass of the mountain. These deposits consists of copper and iron-bearing minerals, especially hematite and some gypsum. most valuable were the torquoise, many valuable specimens of which have been discovered from time to time in the tomb and treasures of the Egyptians.

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ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

Fish scales are being utilized in France, where a chemist has discovered that the scales may be used in the manufacture of artificial pearls, and our consul at Lyons has found that the supply is inadequate, and that there is an actual demand for large quantities of the scales in his consulate,

where good prices are paid for them. The scales should be sprinkled with salt as soon as they are removed from the fish and packed in tin cans. Any specimens sent to Mr. Covert at Lyons will receive careful attention, and the results, with any suggestions that may be made, and particulars of price offered, will be duly reported. As the American sturgeon has the most beautiful and largest scales of almost any fish in the world, this may be of considerable importance to fishermen who engage in catching sturgeon.

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ABSTINENCE AS A BUSINESS RULE IN THE ARMY.

Here would seem to be a case illustrating the desirability of inaugurating in the army a rule such as is now enforced by railway managers and by other employers upon all employees on whose mental or nervous condition may depend the lives of many others, the correct working of valuable machinery, and the safety of costly investment. That rule requires of every man, occupying any position thus important in its relations to others, absolute abstinence from intoxicating liquors. No railroad will now employ an engineer, a conductor, brakeman, signal-man, or switch-tender who is known to use intoxicants. The managers do not pretend to raise a "moral issue" in the case, or to question anybody's "personal liberty." But, simply as a matter of business, they refuse to employ a drinker, no matter how moderate. So it is with the managers of many other industrial enterprises.

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INCENSE AND DEVOTION.

It has formed a part of almost all elaborate religious ceremonies from the time when the Babylonian Noah offered a sweet savor on the mountain-top and the gods "gathered like flies" to smell it. It appeals to a sense neglected by Western nations and decaying in this catarrhal climate, but still powerful in its influence on our feelings. If we drop incense because of its vague sensuous influence, we must also abolish music, at least instrumental, for the same reason. Under the power of an eight-foot organ pipe, many a man has mistaken the shaking of his diaphragm for the trembling of his soul; but that is not a bad mistake. The illusion may bring about the reality. If a man does not respond to an appeal to his reason, it is permissible to approach him through his senses. The nerves are easily reached and lead to the brain. If "religion is morality touched by emotion," we have a right to use the most efficient means of getting this magic touch that brings the dead to life.—"The Independent."

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NOT YET HARVEST TIME.

Some religious papers do not approve of the coming Congress of Religious History at the Paris Exposition, dreading the effects upon popular belief of the comparative study of all religions. "The Midland" (United Presb., January 18), referring to what it regards as the evil effects of the Chicago Parliament of Religions, says: "Missionaries tell us Among the cupriferous minerals the that their work has been made more difficult, in India at least, by the boasts of devotees of the false systems of religion there that in Chicago they had met and triumphed over Christianity. Though not intolerant, the Christian religion is absolutely exclusive. It can have no fellowship with systems which insult the true God and know nothing of that blessed Name by which alone salvation comes to any human soul. Its mission is to expose and uproot all other systems, and rescue men from their delusion and destructive influence. We are convinced that these parliaments

tend to obscure the distinction between the only true religion and the systems of error it must seek to destroy. One such experiment was one too many. If a second is to be attempted we hope the good sense of Christian people will keep them from participation."

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A WORD WITH NERVOUS PEOPLE.

Nervous people should take a light breakfast and should not go beyond coffee in stimulation; even that should be taken in considerable moderation as regards strength. To those of a nervous temperament whose work is peculiarly strenuous during the middle of the day, a light lunch should be prescribed. Here a liquid diet is found desirable. The beginnings and endings of dinners may be taken. Clear soups are excellent for the business man's lunch.

If possible, nervous people should take a full hour's rest before dining in the evening, and if especially fatigued should eat but little and very slowly until rest is obtained later in the evening. They should always rest after dinner, and should not engage in stimulating occupation or conversation. It may be necessary at times, when especially fatigued, to postpone dinner until a later hour. Nervous people suffer almost always from constipation, and therefore need to take plenty of water between meals; effervescent mineral waters are particularly valuable for such people. Artificial digestive powders and pills should be taken only for an emergency, and the individual is not in perfect health when he requires the habitual aid of such agencies. To recapitulate, persons of a nervous temperament should take large quantities of food only when fully rested. Rest before and after heavy meals and avoid artificial aids to digestion. Take plenty of liquids at appropriate times during the day.

HIPPIC BUTCHERS.

In France, Germany, Austria, Belgium and other countries there are hippic butchers who make a specialty of this food, and, as is well known in Paris, the sale of horseflesh is very considerable. The butchers, however, are licensed, and the animals are slaughtered with as much attention to sanitation as are beeves. Fortunately, it is very easy to detect the presence of horse meat even in as small percentages as five per cent. Twenty grammes of sausage finely minced are boiled from a half hour to an hour in 100 cubic centimeters of water. The volume of water is then reduced by evaporation to thirty cubic centimeters, then the liquid is cooled and filtered. About ten cubic centimeters are tested with a few drops of compound iodine solution (one part of iodine and twelve parts of pottassium iodie in 100 parts of water). A fugitive reddish violet coloration indicates the presence of horse meat. The re-agent must be added carefully, so that no excess is added, as this is apt to change the color to a reddish-brown. It is probable, as our medical contemporary hints, that a little investigation in various cities will bring to light the mysterious hidden ways of the sausage vender.

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A new breathing apparatus has been invented by an Austrian. It is for use as a rescue apparatus for coal mines. It consists of an India rubber cloth receptacle made in the form of a collar which closely surrounds the wearer's neck, serving as a breathing bag, and at the same time to hold a store of quicklime for absorbing the carbonic acid and water vapor. A mask tightly enclosing the face, is also employed, and oxygen can be breathed from an accompanying container, so that a man wearing these appliances can remain in a locality filled with irrespirable gases.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

WILLIAM W. LEWIS.

The death of Mr. William W. Lewis, which occurred at his home on Berry Avenue, Hyde Park, March 1st, where he lived with his three daughters, Sallie A. Lewis, Gussie Lewis and Katherine Lewis, and his two sons Giles Lewis and Arthur Lewis, cast a gloom over a very large circle of Cincinnatians. Mr. Lewis was widely known throughout the city of Cincinnati, being one of the pioneer Welshmen of the city. He was a man of rare genius, being of an inventive turn of mind. Along in the seventies he invented the horse shoe machine, which he built and worked in co-operation with some of the largest rolling mills in that section of the United States. For the past 20 years he had been concentrating his thought upon the balance valve movement of locomotives and marine engines, and had invented an ingenious device called the automatic gear valve, which has just been patented at Washington, D. C., and at the time of his death was being tried on the C. & O. R.R. at Cincinnati. While making tests with his invention at the C. & O. yards in Covington, Ky., on September 26, he was accidentally struck by an outgoing train, and received injuries from which he never fully recovered. Being a sufferer previous to the accident with valvular heart trouble, which was aggravated by the nervous shock and hastened his death. He was a man of more than ordinary intellect, and was authority on both mechanics and Biblical history.

He had been a deacon for the past thirty years in the College Street C. M. Church, and a life member for many years in the Bible Society, and an honored Mason for thirty-three years in the Harmony Lodge. His funeral occurred on Sunday, March 4, at 10 o'clock, at the College St. C. M. Church, which was heavily draped in mourning. It was one of the most impressive services ever held in the church, consisting of choir singing under the direction of Prof. Davis, Bible reading by the Rev. Wm. Spiegel of Hyde Park, prayer by Rev. B. Harris, remarks by Rev. H. Griffiths, which were given with great feeling, the text being "My friend Lazarus sleepeth." Solo, "Weep no More," pathetically rendered by Prof. David Davis, followed by Rev. Wm. Siegel; and the solo, "I leave it all With Jesus," was most touchingly rendered by Mrs. Wm. Spiegel. Remarks followed by Rev. B. Harris, who graphically portrayed Mr. Lewis's Christian life, dwelling upon his piety and his mighty thoughts in Scripture. At the conclusion the impressive Masonic rituals were solemnized. The pall bearers were Messrs. James Hughes, John Pugh, Lewis Hughes, Roland Edwards, Jacques Ritchie and William Davidson. The interment was at Spring Grove, where his body was laid to rest amid the tears of his sons and daughters. Mr. Lewis was in his 72 year.

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Professor David Edward Hughes, inventor of the Hughes printing telegraph instrument, now in use on all important Continental lines in Europe and on all submarine lines between England and the Continent, who died recently, was born in London, May 16, 1831, and was educated at Bardstown College, Kentucky.

PROF. J. W. PARSON PRICE.

Prof. J. W. Parson Price was born of musical parents in Beulah, Breconshire, South Wales, January 28, 1839, so that now he is just sixty-one years of age. At a very early age he was a proficient

Prof. J. W. Parson Price.

music reader, and practiced diligently on flute, violin and 'cello, and he gives his uncle, Mr. David Price, Troedrhiwdalar, much credit for instilling into his young mind a love for the beautiful and divine art of music. At fourteen years he took up conducting, and in the short space of three years he captured no less than nine prizes for choir leading. The Eisteddfod proved a nursery for his talent, and he could be found at all the important gatherings, contributing in a large degree to the success f the meetings, either competing as a tenor soloist or with his choir. During this time he studied the theoretical and practical sides of music with unusual persistency, and his success was assured. In 1857 or 1858, a prize was offered at the Aberdare Eisteddfod for the best rendition of "Galanasdra, Meildith, Difrod," in which 13 choirs had entered, but the victory was awarded to the Sharon choir led by Mr. Price. An instance he recites with pleasure is that of a competition in ear tests at a Christmas Eisteddfod in Mountain Ash, 1861. The competitors were numerous—over forty—and among them the well known Gwillym Gwent, Eos Rhondda, Alaw Ddu, Caradog, Eos Morlais and Silas Evans, all giants in the musical profession. Ieuan Gwyllt was the adjudicator, and

the prize stood between Caradog and Mr. Price. The first had only one error, the last was perfect, and Mr. Price was awarded the prize. Leaving his native land he arrived in New York in 1864 on his twenty-fifth birthday, and was at once engaged as tenor soloist at the Broadway Theatre for a whole term.

He then connected himself with the best traveling companies of the day, playing in all the large cities of the East and West, Mexico and the West Indies. Among his fellow actors and singers we find the illustrious names of Edwin Forrest, Edwin Davenport, Edwin Adams, Laura Keene and Edwin Booth.

While on the stage (7 years), Mr. Price sang a great deal in opera—(Italian, English, and one French), under the name Signor Parsoni. After leaving the stage he sang the tenor roles of many Oratorios, Cantatas and Masses. In Louisville, Ky., and New York, he conducted many Glee Clubs and societies—especially the "Parson Price Glee Club" and the "Manhattan Choral Union," which brought out many important new works. Mr. Price has been a very busy man and hard worker, and is now as busy as ever in the very laudable profession of voice culture, in which he has made a great success.

He concluded to leave the stage at the request of his wife, and to become a voice teacher in New York City, and a very successful one he has been until this day. His own teachers were Louis Hast in harmony and counterpoint, and Antonio Barilli and Manuel Garcia in voice. Garcia, the nonpareil of voice teachers, speaks of Mr. Price in the most complimentary terms, and in a recommendation says: "I can confidently state that Mr. Parson Price's knowledge of the voice, both male and female, and his style of singing entitle him to a high rank among teachers."

Although Mr. Price has never taken to writing music seriously, yet he has composed 300 songs, half a dozen duetts, quartettes and anthems, a dozen part songs, 40 sacred tunes, and two acts of an opera "Margaret, Pearl of the Sea," which remains uncompleted. He has acted as a musical adjudicator in 145 Eisteddfodau.

He is an occasional correspondent of "Y Drych" and "The Cambrian," fluent, concise and entertaining in both languages.

In the October, 1899, number of "The Cambrian" he wrote an excellent account of the National Eisteddfod of Wales in the form of a mild criticism of the proceedings.

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MISS ELLEN THOMAS, HOMESTEAD, PA.

It was with sincere sorrow the remains of Miss Ellen Thomas, daughter of Mrs. Morris, of Homestead, Pa., were laid to rest, March 10, in the presence of a wide circle of friends and neighbors. Miss Thomas was born June 19, 1857, three weeks after the death by accident of her father in the Cambria Co. ore mines, at Johnstown, Pa. Although she never saw her father, she found herself in the care of the best of mothers, who grey with years and old in good works now mourns the loss of a daughter affectionate and diligent in every good and sacred work; reliable in all things, and deeply interested and occupied in every useful service. In hers the lives of Mary and Martha were somehow incorporated, for Ellen was always busy, like Martha, careful about business and domestic things as well as the things pertaining to the house of God, and also like Mary having chosen the good part, which death could not deprive her of.

When 13 years of age, at Irwin, Pa., she made public profession of her love for the Savior, and his beautiful spirit inspired, moved and led her through her earthly career, which she closed gloriously trusting in his power to save.

She was a model of industry and fidelity to her mother, family and the church. She was engaged in a multiplicity of duties at home and in the little church of which she was such a useful member; her happiness being interwoven with her many activities, at the store with her brother Dan, in the house assisting her aged mother and sister Maggie, and in the Sunday School and the church. Her death cast a dark shadow over the several circles, but especially over the home; but her God will shine over the descending years of the good old mother, and will comfort and console the bereaved family.

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Although the late Mr. John Ruskin declined to allow the late "Gweirydd ap Rhys" to translate his works into the Welsh language, and also refused permission to the committee of the Llandudno National Eisteddfod to offer a prize for a translation of a portion of one of his works, yet he gave permission readily to Mr. Owen M. Edwards, M. P., to translate his works into Welsh. Mr. Edwards will not be able to publish a Welsh edition of Ruskin's work under the author's supervision, as he intended, but he has not given up the idea of publishing the works in Welsh.

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It is said that Driver Williams, of Carnarvon, who so signally distinguished himself at the Battle of Colenso in trying to recover the lost guns, and who has been awarded the medal for distinguished service, has but a very limited knowledge of English. Some of his friends at Carnarvon, when he paid the town a visit shortly before leaving for the front, asked him how he was able to get along with his English comrades. "Oh, all right," was the reply. "Siarad Cymraeg y bydda i hefo nhw i'w tagu!'"

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Miss Myfanwy Rhys, one of the daughters of the principal of Jesus College, Oxford, has been awarded the Gibson Greek Testament Prize at Newnham College, Cambridge, for an essay on the New Testament conception of the Logos, its sources and contents. Miss Rhys is pursuing her studies in Paris.

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Her Majesty the Queen has given a signal proof of her favor to the Principality by appointing the Rev. Owen Evans, M. A., warden of Llandovery College, one of her honorary chaplains. We believe this to be the first instance since the Restoration of this coveted honor being conferred upon a purely Welsh clergyman.

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Mr. Tobit Evans, of Carmarthen, has just handed to Trevecca College a painting of one of the fathers of that institution. It bears the inscription:—"Rev. John Evans, Llwynffortun. Presented to Trevecca College, September, 1899, by the widow of the late Mr. Griffith Harris, Carmarthen, at whose house it was painted, July, 1839, by Mr. H. Hughes."

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Through the relief of Kimberley, news has reached Breconshire of the death of the Rev. Roger Price, a native of Bailybrith, near Brecon, and a prominent missionary of the Independent Church. Mr. Price, who, like Dr. Livingstone, was a son-in-law of the famous Dr. Moffat, was stationed at Kuruman, near Kimberley. He was taken ill, and, though tenderly nursed by his wife, he was unable, owing to the investiture of Kimberley by the Boers, to receive the medical attention which was necessary to recovery. Death occurred on January 21, but the news has only just reached his friends. The sister of Mr. Price lives at Bailybrith, near Brecon. Her sons are of an adventurous turn of mind. One volunteered for the war, but was not accepted; a second is in North America; and a third in the army at Gibraltar. A son of the late Rev. Roger Price died recently in Venezuela.

It has been computed that there are in the United Kingdom at least 4,000,000 men capable of bearing arms. Of these about 130,000 would be from Wales.

By an interesting coincidence, whilst Cronje surrendered on the anniversary of Majuba, Ladysmith was relieved upon St. David's Eve. Welshmen will be pleased at the idea that on St. David's Day Mr. Kruger was "eating the leek."

There seems to be no settled equivalent in Welsh for the name of Boer. In some of the Welsh papers Kruger's men are termed "Boeriaid," and in others "Bweriaid," while two or three make sure of being on the safe side by spelling it in a variety of ways.

The Calvinistic Methodists have, through Mr. J. Bryn Roberts, M. P., called the attention of the Under-Secretary for War to the need of enrolling all Calvinistic Methodist recruits as Presbyterians, and not as "Wesleyan Methodists," as has been done in the past.

To what religious community did the renowned Howell Harris belong? The Calvinistic Methodists say he was one of their sect; Church of England people claim him as a member of their Church, but the editor of the "Brython" declares he was something more than half a Quaker!

A single family in Crickhowel, S. W., that of Mr. Addis, a friend of G. T. Matthews, tea merchant, of New York, has four sons fighting to uphold the authority of Great Britain in South Africa. Britain expects every family will do its duty, and this does it.

Many of the names in the Transvaal and Orange Free State have the true Biblical ring, and render the Welsh Sunday School frequenter at home at once. Thus we have Bethesda, Bethania, Beersheba, Bethlehem, Bethel, Elim, Ebenezer, Jericho, and so on through the rest of the Scriptural alphabet.

When the news of the relief of Ladysmith reached Llangammarch Wells, Wales, there was an exciting race for the bell-rope in the hoary church tower. The first on the spot was a German, immediately followed by a Yankee, and the panting third was a Welshman. All three pulled together with such frantic energy that the venerable pile very nearly collapsed.

There is a bit of Cymraeg in that hateful name Spion Kop after all. There is a Wyle Cop at Shrewsbury, and a writer in "Byegones" mentions another in a Welsh-speaking district. It is an elevated mound in an old entrenchment at Dinas Mawddwy. He considers a "Wyle" to be a place for watching, and says that "Cop" is Welsh, as well as Saxon, for the top, or head, of anything.

Welshmen sometimes make curious blunders in English verbs. At a horse fair at Carmarthen the other day a man

was trying to buy a horse, but he was not satisfied about the animal's eyesight. "He don't look very good," was the way the would-be purchaser expressed it. The seller took this to refer to the horse's appearance, and they nearly got to a quarrel, when the horse walked up against a post. "I told you he not look very good," said the enraged Welshman. "By dash, I don't think he can look at all!"

From Kimberley to Llanelly in five hours is smart work, and this was what a cable accomplished recently. Captain Danzie Stuart handed in the message with the one word, "Safe," written thereon at 10:30 a. m. at Kimberley, and this was received at the Llanelly Post-office at 3:13 p. m. Needless to say, it was received with delight in the tin-plate town, where Mr. Stuart has not only close family connections, but hosts of personal friends as well. During the siege he was captain of the town guard in Kimberley.

The Dean of St. David's, in announcing the festival recently headed his address to the citizens of that ancient city with the following two lines from "Gwinllan y Bardd:"—

Addurn i Gymro oeddyd,
Saif dy go' tra byddo byd.

He also named the following excellencies which the old Patron Saint of Wales possessed:—His perpetual industry, his total abstention, his unshaken self-denial, his heroic manliness, his compassion for the poor and needy, the ardency of his zeal, his valor as a defender of the faith, his modesty and his humility.

Why don't French papers read their own history? "La France," of Bordeaux, says:—"We must see what the English will do when their women folk perceive the smoke of an enemy's camp near their homes." Fortunately, there is an answer in the past. The Englishmen needn't leave their homes, for the women themselves may do the trick just as the brave Welshwomen of Pembrokeshire frightened away the French who invaded Fishguard just a hundred years ago. Our British women are British women still, and the men are worthy sons of those who laid Napoleon low.

Celebrations of St. David's Day were observed throughout the States March 1. The Welsh of New York held theirs at the Savoy, when a feast was enjoyed, followed by speeches and music. Mr. Julien T. Davies presided; and several toasts were responded to by General Merritt, Sir P. Sanderson, Charles R. Flint, Dr. Irving and Dr. Anthony Evans. Misses Stockwell and Miner, Mr. H. Evan Williams, Mr. Gwilym Miles, Mr. Hugh E. Williams discoursed excellent music, and Mrs. J. W. Parson Price was accompanist. Interspersed was the singing of Welsh hymn tunes, such as "Crugybar," "Babel," etc. There was a large gathering, and the celebration was a great success.

The Day was observed by the Welsh of Boston at the Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield St., by a social entertainment under the auspices of the Cymrodorion. Speeches were delivered, and good music furnished by excellent singers. The Harvard Quartette rendered excellent service. Utica, Scranton, Wilkesbarre, and other cities, east and west, met also to do honor to the Old Saint of blessed memory. It is becoming more and more a day of national import among our people, and it can be made the opportunity and means of cultivating feelings of good will and a spirit of national unity among the Welsh.

The Welsh Society of Philadelphia celebrated and enjoyed the day at the Belleview Hotel, with their old fervor.

This was their 102nd celebration. In its earlier days, this Society used to meet at the "Red Lion." Speeches were delivered by Dr. R. T. Jones, Warren Griffiths, David T. Davies, William Lloyd, William Lucas and others. Richard Phillips presided at the piano, and M. L. Williams, Dr. Gwilym Davies and Dr. Currie discoursed sweet music. Morgan L. Williams sang "Queen of the Earth" The British consul delivered an interesting address on the Brito-Boer war. Mr. Powell is related to the hero of Mafeking, Col. Baden Powell. Powell.

At a banquet at Swansea, Lord Justice Vaughan Williams spoke on the National Feeling. Nearer the old Saint's home, Lampeter College, had religious services in his honor, when addresses on the Queen, and the Preacher Saint were delivered. Principal Rhys discoursed at a banquet at Gloucester, and the Day was remembered with enthusiasm on the Tees-side, north of England; and in every part of the world where Welsh hearts beat, the good-hearted, peace-loving, gospel-preaching Saint was not forgotten. May every Cymro more and more follow the Saint who followed his Master according to his light. Hail, David!

When the war is over everything will tend to make all the white people in South Africa live amicably together. Why, Boers even owe their national anthem to a Dutch lady with a Welsh name. The origin of more than one national hymn is a disputed question, both "God Save the Queen" and the "Marseillaise," for example, furnishing matter for recurring argument. Not so the patriotic anthem of the Transvaal, which, according to the "Gazetta Musicale" was composed, at the request of President Burgers, by a lady named Felicia van Rees, whose acquaintance that official had made when a student of theology in Utrecht. Madame van Rees, we are told, wrote both words and music of the hymn, which was formally accepted by the Volksraad.

Mid-Wales was the scene of St. David's chief work. In 569 he was present at a great synod in Llanddewi Brefi, which showed that the Welsh Church was entirely free from the heresy of Pelagianism; and tradition records the efficacy of St. David's preaching by the rising of the earth into a tumulus under his feet, which is still visible in Llanddewi churchyard. To the same district he paid a second visit a little later, and held an ordination meeting at a place called "Llwyn Garw" near the old Roman Station of Loventium, where he was met by a large number of priests and abbots whom he employed to preach the gospel throughout the land.

Archdeacon Sinclair, of St. Paul's, pronounced the benediction in Welsh at the Welsh National Festival recently. He had been specially coached for the occasion. The archdeacon was the chief Metropolitan dignitary present at the service. Referring to the incident, the "Morning Herald" says:—"A compliment to Welsh Churchmen was paid by Archdeacon Sinclair at the National Festival in St. Paul's on Tuesday evening. He had specially learnt the Welsh Benediction and pronounced it with excellent fidelity to Cymric requirements, having been coached for the occasion. Successful though the venerable gentleman was in his treatment of such pitfalls as 'll,' 'dd,' and 'ch,' which abound in the Welsh tongue, it was as easy to notice the difference between the Englishman's pronunciation and that of the Rev. Canon Williams, of St. David's (who was the preacher on the occasion), as it is to detect the Welshman who essays pure English." That last remark is a long stretch.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

The late Bishop Rawke asked a negro sitting in idleness by the roadside how he managed to pass the time. "I sit in de sun, massa, and let de time pass me," was the quaint and philosophical reply.

"A Pilgrim," answered a small boy when asked for a definition, "is a man who goes about from place to place." "But I do that," said the inspector; "am I a pilgrim?" "No, sir," replied the accurate scholar, "a pilgrim is a good man."

The rising generation is getting too highly educated. A Cardiff lad who had been using distinctly sulphurous expressions the other evening was reprimanded by his mother. "Tommy," said she, "stop using that dreadful language!" "Well, mother," said the boy, "Shakespeare uses it." "Then don't you play with him!" retorted the mother, sharply.

If teachers will ask awkward questions they must accept the risks. In the Aberavon National School the other day the teacher asked: "Why were not Adam and Eve ashamed, though naked?" Of course, the answer expected was, "Because they were innocent," but the answer given was, "Please, sir, there were no people walking about in those days."

The "Red Letter" says that in a part of Wales not far from Cardiff the following curious notice appears on a signboard at the church gates:—"This is hereby to give notice there will be a special meeting of the church wardens held here on Friday next at eight o'clock p. m. of the night to come to a final conclusion of what color the church shall be white-washed." We fancy we have seen this before, but it will bear repeating.

A little boy was asked what the Bible meant by saying, "Abraham believed God and he counted it to him for righteousness." He replied: "He marked him so high for it that it counted more than all the bad marks he had."

In an outburst of enthusiasm a negro divinity student in a North Carolina missionary college uttered this earnest prayer: "Give us all pure hearts; give us all clean hearts; gives us all sweethearts!' to which the congregation responded "Amen!"

The only woman of royal lineage who is known to hold the title of M. D. is Queen Amalie of Portugal. But she is not alone a student of the art of healing; her talents take a flight in a wholly opposite direction, and she has shown herself to be an artist in the manufacture of hats and bonnets, the designs of which are her own.

Here is a Georgia boy's composition on poetry: "A poem is a thing which has rhymes at the last end. A poem also has feet, but some poems don't stand steady on 'em. Poets mostly has long hair, because times is hard, and its cheaper to let it grow. My father says

poetry makes the world better, but my mother says it ain't the kind he writes. Poets have a monument when they die, as people want to weight 'em down so's they can't come back."

A girl in Germantown, Pa., has an "unlucky room." No one can enter it without walking under a small ladder. The mirror is cracked, and peacock feathers are strewn about in profusion. Directly over the girl's head is suspended an umbrella which is never closed. There are 13 articles of furniture in the room, and on the walls are hung 13 pictures. The girl wears no jewelry except opals, and will only have her room cleaned on Fridays.

Commercial traveller stories are of an unusual size this season. Here is one just to hand:—A man who had booked from Cardiff to Treorky was astonished to find that after a spell of gradually reducing speed the train pulled up altogether just outside one of the stations. The passenger put his head out of the window to scertain the cause, and just caught sight of the guard as he passed on his way towards the engine. "Why have we stopped?" he inquired. "Oh! it's all right," was the cheerful reply; "we must wait here a bit; the water's gone off the boil!"

"We find," said the foreman of the western jury, "that if, as the prisoner says, the shootin was accidental, then he ought to hang, fer in these gun affairs a man oughter know his own mind. It oughter be shoot to kill or no shoot. A man who has accidents happen to him with a gun is dangerous to our society an oughter be put out of the way fer the safety of respectable folks."

A story is told of an old southern colored man who came to a watchmaker with the two hands of a clock. "I want yer to fix up dese hands. Dey ain't kept no correct time for mo' den six munfs." "Well, where is the clock?" responded the watchmaker. "Out at my house." "But I must have the clock." "Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin' de matter wid de clock 'cepting de han's? An' here dey be. You jest want de clock so you kin tinker wid it and charge me a big price. Gimme me back dem hands." And so saying he started off to find an honest watchmaker.

A quaint story is told of a local preacher in the upper part of the Rhondda. He was preaching on the ordeal of the fiery furnace, and, finding it difficult to pronounce the names "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,' he referred to the heroes as "those three brave young men." He advised his hearers to search the Scriptures when they got home, and they would find the names for themselves, but towards the close of the sermon he explained that the names were—"Shake the Bed, Make the Bed, and In the Bed they Go."

A man who was traveling in the Transvaal some years ago was overtaken by night. Coming to a house on the road, and knowing that it was the only house for miles, he begged for a night's shelter, but met with the reply that there was no accommodation whatever. The pedestrian, still persisting, begged that he might be allowed to sleep in one of the out-houses, but was again refused. "Where do you come from?" said the Boer at last. "From Wales," was the reply. "Wales! Wales! Where's that?" inquired the Boer. "It's a little country conquered by the English," answered the traveller. "Come in, come in," said the Boer; "those confounded English people won't let anyone alone."

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CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.

By Rev. J. G. Evans, Napoli, N. Y.

Israel was a chosen nation, called, and especially trained and set apart, for an example, and a warning, as well as a blessing unto all nations. Monotheism was their great contribution to the welfare of mankind. The American people are providentially called to exemplify practical Christianity before the world. Our chief distinction appears in our free institutions. It is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. The early settlers of this country were Christian people, such as the Pilgrims and Puritans of New England. The Huguenots and Quakers of the middle States, these were the founders of the United States, and they laid the foundations upon the bed rock of Christian principles. God is acknowledged officially by the weekly Sabbath of rest, by the oath taken at the inauguration of the chief magistrates, by the Thanksgiving proclamations, and the Supreme Court has officially declared this nation to be a Christian nation. Our entire civil polity, the whole fabric of our government is built upon the conception of human life as it is given in the Scripture. Our ideals are borrowed from the Bible; indeed, our civilization is the embodiment of the thoughts and truths revealed in the Sacred Book. Our literature is not only saturated with Bible thoughts, but it is the creation of a genius known only in Bible lands. The Word of God is not only mightily helpful to us as a people, but it is the tree of life under whose shadows we have grown, whose fruit has given us our strength, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. It is an interesting fact that the ruler of nations hid this great continent, until a recent period, and then sifted the old civilizations of Europe in order to bring the finest of the wheat here to be sown in a virgin soil. The result is a people whose God is the Lord; a living Church wherein dwells the eternal Spirit.

Notwithstanding our high calling, and our manifest destiny to bless the

world, by enlightening the nations. and proving that a great free people can be trusted to work out their own problems of church and state, yet there are dangers in our midst that menace our welfare, and hinder our progress. We are in danger from the materialism which is abroad among us. Prosperity has ruined nations. We are the richest nation on earth, and herein is our peril. It was from the height of prosperity that Babylon, Greece and Rome went down to ruin. When Solomon was at the pinacle of success, he forgot God. There is danger lest we forget the spiritual, and the eternal, and be satisfied with creature comforts.

We are in danger of complicity with great national evils. The liquor traffic for instance, is a great curse; it is of gigantic proportions, and it is in a measure upheld by the government; for it appropriates revenues from it, and it suffers it to be extended in our new possessions and territories. God will hold us responsible for this great iniquity as he did for human slavery. Israel suffered much for their adherence to idolatry. The American people will be chastized for their support of the saloon evil. Mourn for the thousands slain!

We are in danger of lowering our standards to please a vicious element who sojourn among us, and who are not really of us. Israel was in perpetual danger of doing as the surrounding nations gave them example. We let down the standards when we break the Sabbath, as so many do, by unnecessary business, by travel, and by worldly amusements. We let down the standards when we join in questionable amusements, card playing, dancing, and theater going. These are not helpful to a noble Christian life. Gambling, loose morals, and domestic troubles grow out of these things.

To maintain our heritage of a high Christian civilization, it will help us to remember and follow the example of the fathers. The founders of the nation were men of noble virtues. Washington's character is a rebuke to the base politician; Lincoln was the soul of goodness and a sample of the best American. It is well that such men should be held up in national holidays for the inspiration of a better citizenship. There comes into view a newer patriotism, when there shall be no incongruity for a professing Christian to aspire for any office in the gift of the people. Politics too long has been under the dominion of the saloon spirit. In the same ratio as we extend our dominion to other lands should we purify our public life at home. Together with expansion, should be home purification, for it is righteousness that exalteth a nation.

HOW THE YOUNG PEOPLE SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CAN HELP THE PASTOR.

By Rev. John F. Humphreys, B. D.

Our subject takes for granted that the pastor is in need of help in his work. The large and wealthy city churches recognize the fact, and in many cases they have provided for it, by the appointment of the "Pastor's assistant and associate." Some churches are able to employ three such assistants. But in the smaller churches the work must be done by one faithful and consecrated pastor. It is doubtless true that only very few people have any conception of the amount of labor the average Christian pastor has to do. The hard-working minister of a large church relates of a member of real intelligence, who once remarked to the wife of the pastor as follows: "Really, what does your husband find to do? I should think it would be nice to be a minister, with good salary, and only two or three hours work on Sunday." He goes on to say, "It so happened that the minister who had thus aroused the envy of his parishioner, had that very week attended five funerals, made forty-six pastoral calls, given four public addresses in the city, attended to a large correspondence, and had hardly had time to eat his meals, because of the manifold duties that had been crowded upon him." Such unfriendly critics of the pastor's work will never do much to help him in any line of duty. But those who understand the nature and scope of the Christian ministry are able to appreciate his services, and can testify with Noah Davis, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, who said: "That the clergy of the country of all denominations are the poorest paid, and yet, the best instructors of the people in morality, virtue, justice, truth and humanity that we have, and they deserve just credit for their self-sacrificing and useful labors."

On the shoulder of the Christian minister is laid the burden of preaching two good sermons every week, teaching a Bible class, leading the prayer meeting, making pastoral visitations, seeing all the sick of his congregation, attending funerals, and many other items too numerous to mention. In view of the amount of work expected of the Christian minister, he may well exclaim with the great Apostle of the Gentiles: "And who is sufficient for these things." And we are filled with gratitude that the churches of to-day have a society that can help the pastor.

The first Christian Endeavor society was organized for the express purpose of helping the pastor in

church work. For this reason, provision was made, in the constitution of the society, to have "the pastors, deacons, elders, or stewards, and Sunday School superintendents, act as honorary members, in order that any difficult question may be laid before them for counsel and advice. The pastor is also, by virtue of his office a member of the nominating committee. Thus in one way, or another, he is recognized and honored in the constitution of the society. That is one reason why the ministers, in general, have given from the beginning, such a cordial welcome to the organization; and that explains, in part at least, its wonderful growth throughout the world. Its work has been, and is, carried on under the direction of the pastor of the local church. Still, there may be exceptional cases where the pastors do not thoroughly understand, and therefore cannot fully appreciate, the genius of the Society for Christian work. There may be found, now and then, a minister who is not in sympathy with the young people's Society, and who does not attend its meetings. For such pastors the Society can do but little, and that simply because they do not avail themselves of its assistance; and are in fact unworthy of any help it has to offer; and in that case the Society cannot properly fulfill its mission to the local church. On the other hand, where the pastor has given the Society his cordial support, and heartfelt sympathy, and is in touch with the young people in their efforts for "Christ and his Church,' the Society has never failed to do its part to help the pastor. Let us briefly indicate how this can be done.

The Society can help the pastor by recognizing his true position in the church. The Society is the offspring of the church, and is practically a part of it; and the minister sustains the relation of a pastor to both. But you are not therefore to approach him as though you were about to confess your sins to him, and receive penance and forgiveness. I trust that all Christian Endeavorers understand that the church of Christ has no official priesthood, and that the pastor has no authority over the consciences of men. He does not claim any hierarchic power. Whatever the Society may be able to do for the pastor, its members are never required to commit the guidance and government of their souls, with implicit submission, to any one except to their Lord and Master. Nevertheless, the pastor should be regarded as prophet, shepherd, and teacher; but in all these relations he is the servant of Christ. And it is only fair that all Christian Endeavorers should give him due respect, because of his character, position and work. Treat your pastor with sincerity and truth, not as a pet, but as man among men, and your servant for Christ's sake. Regard his work as preacher and pastor, with sacred honor. Discourage the spirit of gossip and sneer, as well as the flippant and frivolous remarks relating to the character and influence of your pastor and his family.

As a rule the pastor is, or will be, to a great extent, what his parishioners make him; and the Endeavorers have an important part in the making of their pastor. If they, by kindness, care, and attention to his needs diffuse around him an atmosphere of social and domestic happiness, he will scarcely fail to radiate from the pulpit, and in his pastoral work and conversation, the warmth, beauty and light engendered in his heart by their own tenderness, confidence and love. How few realize in our churches, how much influence his people have over the pastor, and how he is often restrained in his work by their limitation. This is frequently the case in the matter of preaching. The late Dr. Dale, of England, relates the following: "A few years ago after a minister had been preaching in a Wesleyan chapel not far from my house, one of the older officials of the circuit began to talk to him of the glories of the past generation, and said with some fervor, 'Ah, sir, there were great preachers in those days.' 'Yes,' was the reply of the minister, who perhaps felt just a touch of human irritation, 'Yes, and there were great hearers in those days.'" The answer was very significant, and a wise one.

In the memorial volume of the late Rev. David Charles Davies, M. A., we are told that in the early years of his ministry he used to ascertain in the midweek meeting, whether his audience understood his preaching or not. To this end he would put them through a severe examination as to the divisions and plan of the sermon he had preached the preceding Sunday, and if the people failed to give a good account of what they had heard, he would repeat it the second, and even the third time, until they thoroughly grasped the sermon. The result was that he trained a class of hearers that could scarcely be equaled anywhere for intelligence and attention; and who can doubt the effect of such a congregation upon such a scholarly preacher. Let the Christian Endeavorers cultivate the same grace as they hear what the preachers say unto the churches.

The Christian Endeavor Society can help the pastor by faithful attendance on the means of grace. In the Christian Endeavor pledge I find the following solemn promise: "I will make it the rule of my life to support my own church in every way, especially by attending all her regular Sunday and midweek services, unless prevented by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Saviour." Such a pledge is an honor to the Society. It is just what we might expect from a sincere and faithful Christian. But, the one taking it is in duty bound to keep it, otherwise, it is a mockery, and a disgrace to the one making it; and in its effect demoralizing in the extreme. What, then, is the pledge? It is a vow made to God of things we believe to be in accordance with his will, or to abstain from things which we believe to be contrary to his will. And there is no better way of helping the pastor than to carry out the grand principles of that pledge. The Society is only nine-

teen years old, as yet, and during the past year a hundred thousand members have been added to the roll of those who have taken that pledge. How encouraging it would be if all the members throughout the world would keep the simple promise to attend all the regular Sunday and mid-week services of the church! And how much all the pastors would thus be helped! And how effectual would this be, as a means of checking the Sabbath desecration in this fair land of our adoption. The grand showing of the Society in this direction is full of promise for the future. About seven years ago statistics were obtained from a large number of average societies in all parts of the country, which prove that the influence of the Society is very favorable to a large attendance on the regular services of the church. The figures compiled from a very large number of returns show that sixty-five per cent. of the active members of the Society, habitually attended the mid-week prayer meeting; eighty-one per cent. on Sunday evening services, while in those same churches only thirty-six per cent., or a fraction less, of old and young attended the two services mentioned; a good showing, surely, for the Christian Endeavorers. A later account would probably show a greater progress.

The Society can help the pastor to train the workers for the church of the future. The older officers and members of the church are passing away from the church militant to the church triumphant, and many a pastor is wondering how their places are going to be filled. But God is preparing the future workers to advance his kingdom, by means of the Christian Endeavor Society. It is a school in which the future officers and active members of the church are thoroughly prepared for every good work. The limit of this paper forbids me to do more than mention two or three other points in the line of assistance to the pastor in his work.

The Society can help the pastor through the agency of its various committees. Among these may be mentioned the Lookout Committee, Prayer Meeting Committee, and the Social Committee. And of these none is more important than the Social Committee. In no direction can the Society help the minister as pastor better than doing its part in endeavoring to make the church a real Christian society, instead of an assembly of independent individuals and separate families! Nothing is plainer in this age of progress than that the church should be a pleasant home for the spiritual family of God; sharing common life and interest. No man in the church of Christ should feel himself a stranger. Instead of envy, "there should be a warm recognition of personal excellence, of generosity, and of zeal in good works. There should be cordiality and mutual consideration and respect," between all the members. The Christian Endeavorers have a great deal to do in order to cultivate the spirit of brotherly kindness in the

church, and by so doing it will help the pastor in his great and blessed work.

The Society can help the pastor by a sincere, faithful and constant prayer for him in all the departments of his work. The inspired apostles could not do their work without the prayers of the faithful ones in their behalf. We believe that the presence and power of God's Spirit will be revealed in the ministry of his servants, in answer to the prayers of his people. Pray, then, Endeavorers, for your pastor, that he may be kept from evil; that he may have the courage and wisdom to speak the truth in love; that he may have the illumination of the Spirit in order to see the glory of the words of Christ and his Apostles, in his solitary hours, as he prepares his sermons from week to week; that his ministry may be blessed in the salvation of many souls, and that men who are troubled by the consciousness of sin may through his ministry see "The Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

WHEN KINDRED SPIRITS MEET.

By Theron G. Osborne, Moosic, Pa.

When kindred spirits meet
In some dear haven from the world apart,
By kindly distance or infolding walls
Freed from the sordid din of mill and mart,—
Peerless the space 'mong time's best intervals,
Fruitful of joys enduring and complete.
When kindred spirits meet.

Such time the soul is raised
Above the dust nor feels the earth below;
The gracious light of other realms most fair
Suffuses all with its transfiguring glow.
Howe'er with weary feet and slow we fare
In separate ways, the hours are full and fleet
When kindred spirits meet.

When kindred spirits meet
The mind is vibrant to the charmed air,
And beauteous thought the blest occasion dowers,—
An incense of the heart, divinely rare,
As breathed in June the perfume of the flowers,
The cup o'er-brims, life's wine is rich and sweet,
When kindred spirits meet.

BEAUMARIS AND HARLECH CASTLES.

By Cambrensis.

Beaumaris is a seaport, borough, market town, &c., in the parish of Llandegfan, in Anglesea, about six miles across the strait from Bangor.

Beaumaris Castle.

with a population of about 2,500. In ancient times, it was called "Porth Gwygyr," or "Wgyr." This town was built by Edward the First along with the castle. It is also said that that monarch gave it its present name, "Beaumaris," a stretch of beautiful lowland, which in Welsh is "Y Morfa Teg." It is also supposed that the celebrated triad refers to this place in the words "Porth Wyg-yr yn Mon."

About 818 or 819, a severe battle was fought near this place, by the Welsh and the West Saxons under King Egbert, who had invaded North Wales at the time, who also in this battle completely routed the Welsh and took over the whole of the island, which he called "Angle-

sea," or the "Island of the Angles," and issued a proclamation inhibiting the people from teaching the Welsh language to their children. This despotism sojourned but a short while there, for Merfyn Frych so worried and harried the King's forces that they were glad to retire from the island, which they did the following winter.

ting atrocities of the worst kind. In the meantime, Prince Gruffydd ap Cynan was an exile in Ireland, and Magnus, the son of Harold, the Saxon king, approached the shores of Anglesea with the purpose of regaining England, but the Norman force in battle array on the Menai prevented his attempt, and upturned his plans; although in

Harlech Castle.

In 1096, the Earl of Caerleon and the Earl of Shrewsbury joined their forces with the purpose of invading North Wales for its entire possession, and after landing near this place they despoiled its possessions and built a stronghold on the Menai, subjugating the people, and committa skirmish Magnus succeeded in wounding the Earl of Shrewsbury, from which he died. Very soon, through the treachery of Owen ap Edwyn, a son of Cynan, the Saxons regained their footing, and re-established themselves. Cynan soon returning from Ireland made arrange-

ments with the Saxon king by which he settled in Anglesea. Nothing of any interest happens until the reign of Edward the First, who took possession nominally of the greater part of Wales, building the town and Castle of Beaumaris, Conway Castle and town, and other strongholds to intimidate the natives and defend the invaders from the continual attempts of the Welsh to annoy and expel them.

The first thing visitors to this town think of is to visit the castle, which is interesting for its history as well as its low Moorish-looking towers. It stands in the grounds of the Bulkeley family. In 1440, William Bulkeley, the first of the family of Baron Hill, was made constable of the castle. It was held by one of his descendants for King Charles I. against the Parliamentary army in the civil wars; but in 1648 it surrendered to Gen Mytton. After the General's death the castle's constableship was bestowed on Hugh Courtney, Esq., and at his resignation, General John Jones succeeded him, who, subsequently took part in the government of Ireland. The Lord Bulkeley was made constable in 1661. Lord Bulkeley, who died June, 1822, bought the property of the government, and left it to his nephew, the father of the present family.

During the civil wars, Anglesea was loyal to the king, and the headquarters of all the loyalists. We are informed that the island was the home of as many as half a dozen English bishops, who had left their sees, and a great number of fu from England and other parts kingdom.

In 1832 there was an Eisted the Castle, when the Queer Princess Victoria, and her r the Duchess of Kent, were p The church is also worthy of by the antiquary, who will fin a number of ancient mont and discover some curious ar tural features.

On the road to Harlech, one of the most beautiful vi all Wales. About a mile from Harlech the scene is sim witching, and once seen on day will never be forgotten lovely expanse of Cardigan I before, and the lowlands o digan and Pembroke appe islands in the sea. To the stands the castle of Criccieth beyond, the sea coast town o heli. Immediately in front is ruin of Harlech Castle, stan bold profile against the Snow giants which tower above th lyn, and above all is the "W

On arriving at the static Castle frowns above us, and chief object of our curiosity terest. Its history runs bac the time of the Roman occu and is enveloped by the m Welsh mythology. Ther situated here an old tower "The Tower of Bronwen," su to have been built by her for and Matholwch, her Irish h It was also called "The To Collwyn," a lord of parts of

eth and West Carnarvon, whose residence was a square tower on the site of the present ruins. Welsh historians state that Malgwyn Gwyneth, a Welsh prince, in the sixth century, built a strong castle here, and made it his marine residence. The present ruins are of a fortress built by Edward the First, probably on the foundation of the older remains. The situation of the castle and difficulties of the undertaking inspire feelings of admiration for the ability of the builder. The site of the castle suggests the meaning of the word "Harlech," signifying "the beautiful rock," which commands a splendid view of the surrounding country and the bay in front.

In 1404, Owen Glyndwr, during the insurrection of the Welsh took possession of this fort, but Prince Henry, soon taking Aberystwyth and surrounding Harlech, Owen was forced to retire after holding it for three years. The story of the attack of the Earl of Pembroke sent by King Edward in 1468, reads like a page of romance. According to a bard's account, 6,000 were killed at the gate-entrance alone! It appears that this was the siege which produced the celebrated Welsh march, "The Men of Harlech." It appears also that Harlech was the last fortress in North Wales that held out for King Charles, and this was due to the prowess of Col. William Owen of Porkington. The ruins of the castle are very extensive; and monster concerts have been held therein in the present age. There is a walk along the walls of the building, with a magnificent panorama of Snowdon and its companion mountains, and one of the finest sea views in Wales.

THE CELTO-BRITISH CHURCH.

By Rev. Thomas Frimston, Llangefni, N. W.

(Continued.)

The mode of planting churches in these early times was as follows: When a minister succeeded in making a number of converts in any neighborhood, he would go to the lord or prince of that district, who would give him a piece of land for building a house of worship and dwelling, and also for as many of the brethren to reside as chose to live on the premises, and also land for cultivation. There they lived mostly in community, and such members as lived on their estates supplied the wants of the ministers. By degrees, new stations would be established for preaching, and ministers would arise, and the congregations thus around them were called "Cor" or "Circuit," &c., whence came such as "Cor Deiniol," "Cor Catwg," &c. When a college or seminary was attached, it was called "Bangor," which meant

a "high place of learning." Till about the year 450, the ministers of the gospel were equal, but at this date an archbishop was introduced which at first was meant as an elder representative of experience rather than dignity. For about 100 pages or more, in Mr. Peter's history, he constantly recurs to giving the names of individuals and companies of men and women, who came from England, Ireland, Gaul, and Scotland, to Wales, as well as from Cornwall and Cumberland, which were parts of England, inhabited by the Cymbric people; about 150 of the primitive churches of Wales and several colleges were founded by these people. He also says that during the first century, there was but one minister over the same flock, and he chosen of the people, and in order to assist him, elders and deacons were appointed. The churches continued in this primitive order with no other bond of unity than love, for the greater part of the second century. But at the close of the second, this primitive order was replaced by ordering that the churches which were situate within the same Roman province should form one organized body. This was the beginning of bishoprics. The provinces were again united in a public session or council representatives of the churches meeting there. This plan first originated among the Greeks, and resulted in lessening the rights of the people, and in increasing those of the bishops. So, on went this innovation until patriarchs were initiated having control over all the provinces, and by the end of the fourth century the Bishop of Rome was upheld as being the supreme head of Christendom.

After the connection between Rome and Britain had been entirely severed (A. D. 422), various independent and rival communities arose in Britain, the petty sovereigns of each contending for the supreme authority. Hence we read of the kings of Devonshire, Cornwall, Kent and Glastonbury; several kings of Cumbria, the kings of Deira and Bernicia; several contemporary kings of Wales, and others in the north and west of England. There were nearly two hundred of these petty kings, the majority of whom did not presume to wear crowns. Their jealousies caused Gildas to figure them as "the lioness of Devonshire," encountering a "lion whelp" in Dorsetshire; and "the bear-baiter" humbling before his regal brother "the great bull-dog." This tyranny wrought havoc on the church. And from this time till the arrival of the Saxons, very little is known of religion. "The British Church," says Gibbon, "might be composed of thirty or forty bishops, with an adequate proportion of the inferior clergy. The interest as well as the temper of the clergy was favorable to the peace and union of their distracted country: those salutary lessons might be frequently inculcated in their popular discourses; and the episcopal synods were the only councils that could pretend to the weight and authority of a national assembly. In such councils, where the princes

and magistrates sat promiscuously with the bishops, the important affairs of the State, as well as of the Church, might be freely debated; differences reconciled, alliances formed, contributions imposed, wise resolutions often concerted, and sometimes executed; and there is reason to believe that in moments of extreme danger a "Pendragon," or dictator, was elected by the general consent of the Britons. These pastoral cares, so worthy of the episcopal character, were interrupted, however, by zeal and superstition; and the British clergy incessantly labored to eradicate the Pelagian heresy, which they abhorred as the peculiar disgrace of their native country. The loss of the support and patronage by the Roman government to places of divine worship, and the clergy declension of learning and science, owing to the Roman departure, corruption of manners, devastations by Picts and Scots, and a war for 130 years between them and the Saxons, terribly told on the Britons and the state of religion among them; the knowledge of the gospel had to combat the impure rites of Woden, and the cruelty of Thor, so that the inherent power of the gospel alone accounts for its not having succumbed forever to the filthy rites of depraved passions.

Roughly speaking, the organization of the British Church, followed the geographical forms of the Roman Empire, metropolitan and patriarchal In the third century, the three Roman provinces, had their three principal cities, each having its bishop, though not distinguished by the title of archbishop, each one exceeding a metropolitical jurisdiction over his respective province. The three provinces we have already described: York, London and Caerleon. In the same century (3rd) there were twenty-eight cities in Britain, of which Usher has given a list. How many of these cities were supplied with bishops, does not appear from any documents extant. The author of "De Antiquitate Britannicae Ecclesiae," states that the Metropolitan of York presided over seven bishops; that of Caerleon over same number; and London over fourteen. The sees of the suffragans of Caerleon during the sixth century have been preserved; Spelman sets them down as Hereford, Llandaff, Llanbadarn Vawr, Bangor, Asaph, Worcester, Margam (Glamorgan); the last Usher thinks should be Caergybi, in the Isle of Anglesey.

When Caerleon became the principal Roman city in the province, Britannia Secunda, the bishop thereof, in virtue of general custom, laid claim to metropolitical authority. This was met by a rival claim on the part of Llandaff, as being the residence of Lucius, the royal founder of the bishopric, the place where the first church in the island was erected. Having as yet no legal archiepiscopal authority, the contention was carried on for a considerable length of time.

A. D. 519, St. David (Dewi) succeeded Dyfri (Dubricus) in the primacy, and soon after his promotion, with the consent of King Arthur, he

removed the see from Caerleon to Menevia. The extent and boundaries of St. David's diocese and immediate jurisdiction extended over the entire counties of Pembroke and Carmarthen; its northern boundary in Cardiganshire included the parishes of Llanddewi, Aberarth and Llanddewi Brevi, from whence it followed the course of the Irfon through Brecknockshire, and in Radnorshire it included the parishes of Cregruna and Glasgwm. From Glasgwm it passed southward to the Wye, and followed the course of that river to its junction with the Severn, including the districts of Ewyas and Erchenfield in Herefordshire, and the whole of Monmouthshire, with the exception of the lordship of Gwynlliog. The southern boundary commenced as at present, between the rivers Neath and Tawe, and afterwards passed along the hills which naturally divide Brecknockshire and Glamorganshire, as far as Blaenau Gwent; from this point it followed the present limits of Gwyrllwg to the mouth of the Usk.

From the foregoing remarks, it is evident that the ancient Celto-British Church had nothing of the pomp and ecclesiasticism of the present Church of England as by law established. During this period, we read of kings granting lands and patronage, but not a syllable of either of them as compelling the people to adopt religion. We read of no archbishops all along, even at the metropolitan arrangement, according to the Roman fashion. We have travelled the whole way meeting as yet with no mention of tithe. The ministers were elected by the voice of the people, and to act so. It does not appear that the claims of Caerleon as the metropolitan see of the Cambrian Church were nationally established before the latter end of the fifth century, and not even then as nationally established by Henry VIII. Even St. David himself, up to A. D. 519, had assumed no higher position than a choriepiscopus, and it is due to the fertile imagination of modern ecclesiastics that he has been called archbishop ever since, for in the Anglican sense he could not have been so till the year 1534, and in the Roman sense he could not have been so at all. The independence of the ancient British Church of the Church of Rome is beyond dispute; for had it been subject "jure divino" to the see of Rome, an appointment from the Pope would have settled all disputes; but the fact is, that Giraldus Cambrensis, upon referring the question to that tribunal in the twelfth century, was unable to prove that any Welsh prelate had ever received the pall! In the register exhibited by the Pope to Giraldus, the names of four Welsh bishoprics are given, simply without explaining that anyone of them had authority over the rest, or that they were subject to a foreign metropolitan. And this was 554 years after Austin's mission!

(To be continued.)

HIS WAY HOME.

Religion is naught for the high or rich,
Or clerks to philosophize;
'Tis nothing to puzzle the ignorant poor
And naught to amuse the wise;
'Tis simply a lamp in this sinful world
And a light to all who roam;
'Tis simply the grace of God to man—
'Tis simply His good way home!

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

By Rev. W. R. Evans, Gallia, O.

Henry Ridgley Evans in his able article in the "Cosmopolitan" on "Cagliostro—Necromancer, Hypnotist and Charlatan," tells us that the arch-enchanter appeared on this mortal scene when the times were "out of joint." He further adds, that "the more skeptical the age the more credulity is extant." * * * "The soil was well fertilized for the coming of Cagliostro, the sower of superstition. Every verity of mysticism appealed to the imaginative mind." History repeats itself. Like causes produce like results. The human mind like the pendulum swings from one extreme to the other, from skepticism and agnosticism to credulity and superstition; for the time shall come when they will not endure sound doctrine, etc. "And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." It is said that "nature abhors a vacuum." The mind and heart of man abhors a vacuum as well. Agnosticism has nothing to offer but a vacuum, and the human mind cannot rest on nonentity, hence it is "turned into fables, speculative philosophy and various sort of fakes, raving communism, thin and rabid theosophies, nebulous Christian Science, and tangling jumble of Mormonism. Verily, there is a mint of rational truth in Edward Burke's estimate of himself, "His life," he says, "may be divided into fyttes or manias." Burke in describing his own fitful experience, voice that of humanity, for no doubt there is a good deal of mania in human life. The mania at the present time is in the direction of some magic healing. Probably, metaphysical healing or Christian Science takes the lead. Space will not permit us to take up in detail all the teachings or position of Christian Scientists. Suffice it is to ex-

amine its fundamental undermining principles, or claims. If these are errors contrary to the teachings of the Bible, sound reason, and the testimony of our senses, the details of the doings and teachings of its advocates may be ignored and dismissed from our thought.

What then are the underlying principles of the so-called Christian Science? Rev. Mr. Putnam, D. D., after careful perusal of the "Science of Health" by Mrs. Eddy, tells us that its views of divine being is identical with pantheism. Joseph Cook also calls the science pantheism. But it seems that it is not rank, unmixed pantheism. We prefer to call it "Nebulous idealism." It is a tangled maze, composed of some elements of pantheism; something of mysticism, something of Swedenborgism, and something of theosophy. All these factors added together, with a little sprinkling of Burkleyism and Emersonism, and we have as a sum total "nebulous idealism." Mark Twain in his humorous and caustic traversty of Christian Science and the book of Mrs. Eddy, says, "For of all the strange and frantic and incomprehensible and uninterpretable books which the imagination of man has created, surely this one is the prize sample." Christian Science has a general argument with theosophy in these points: (1) Both regard spirit as supreme and the body as unreal, and the unreality of bodily disease; (2) Both claim occult power over the minds and bodies of others even at long distance; (3) Both alike reject the existence of a personal God. Says Madame Blavatsky: "We believe in an ever-unknowable principle." Says Mrs. Eddy, "God is mind, He is divine principle, not person" (p. 377); (4) Both dispense with prayer.

"Theophists," says Madame Blavatsky, "can hardly afford to lose time in addressing an abstraction." Mrs. Eddy does not ignore prayer in such plain language, but it would be equally foolish for her to pray to a "principle." Rev. Stacy Fowler, of Boston, had the opportunity to be present in the Sabbath services of Mrs. Eddy in Hawthorn Hall, and this is the prayer which was used as the spiritual sense of the Lord's prayer: "Principle, eternal and harmonious, nameless and adorable intelligence, thou art ever present and supreme, and when the supremacy of spirit shall appear, the supremacy of matter will disappear," etc. We will not quote any further. What meaning is there in prayer if there is no personal being to be addressed?

If there is anything comprehensible in Mrs. Eddy's book, it is this: there is no divine nor human personality: "God is divine principle, not a person" (p. 377). "There is no finite soul or spirit" (p. 404). "There is but one I, one mind, one spirit; because there is but one God" (p. 159). God and man according to this science are impersonal spirits, or perhaps it would be better grammar to say that God and man is an impersonal principle or spirit. "There is but one mind,

one spirit." Now deny divine personality, and we are at once orphaned. No Father in heaven to hear our cry, into whose bosom we can fly, "when the nearer waters roll and the tempest still is high." Deny human personality and we who are alive, as well as the departed spirits are floating as ideal manifestations of principle in the thin illimitable ocean of ether! Deny conscious personality, and we have no ground for psychology or metaphysics, and no reasonable theology or science. We cannot construct a science without the conscious human "ego" to begin with. Christian Science is as unscientific as the mythological theory that the earth rests on the back of a turtle. Every person that believes in a personal God and a conscious "ego" should reject and scout Christian Science at once as unworthy of respectful considerations. If the foundation is rotten, who cares for their pretended regard for Christ and the Scriptures?

Now let us come to the doctrine of healing. The underlying principle is this: "Mind is God, therefore cannot be sick." "Matter is finite illusion" (p. 34). "Sickness is a delusion" (p. 342). Thus Mrs. Eddy leaps out of matter; denies all natural laws and scouts at physiology. "Tumors, ulcers, tubercules, inflamation, pain, deformed backs, are all dream shadows, dark images of mortal thoughts" (p. 301). We had a boil once, and it was very painful. But Mrs. Eddy tells us: "You say a boil is painful, but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The boil simply manifests your belief in pain, inflamation and swelling, and you call this belief a boil" (p. 339). Wonderful discovery! The divine healers accomplish their healing, if at all, by getting the patient into a belief; the Christian Scientist by getting the patient out of a belief!

We have been taught from our youth that the Saviour suffered on the cross. But if "matter is unreal," and "pain an illusion," why should he suffer in body? There was no cross, no nails, no hands only in human imagination. Was Christ deluded? Did he not know as much as Mrs Eddy? Again we read, "To the Scientist, sickness is a dream from which the patient needs to be awaken" (p. 296). "Your remedy lies in forgetting the whole thing" (p. 20). There have been wonderful discoveries of late years, but that of Mrs. Eddy surpasses them all. "Matter a finite illusion!" Other people suffer from cold and hunger, but the Christian Scientists are immunes. To them "matter is an illusion," and "the remedy lies in forgetting the whole thing." Then they will not have to dig like other people, for to them there is no "terra firma" only in imagination, and we know that an "illusion" is not illuminated by mattock and shovel, but simply by little light. Human language must be reconstructed, for words now in vogue like all earthly things are "dark images of mortal thoughts." For instance, we speak of things as round, or having length, breadth, thickness, solidity and weight. To

the Scientist, they are meaningless terms; for they are descriptive of matter, and matter is an illusion. Illusion cannot have solidity or weight. It is plain that Mrs. Eddy must construct a new language. She probably can make use of the last three letters of our alphabet, x, y, z, for our algebraist tells us that these letters represent unknown quantities, and if there is an unknown quantity within the whole scope of human thought, it is the uncomprehended and incomprehensible "Science of Health."

But what of the cures they effect? Within the last quarter of a century in America several sects of cures have appeared under various names, and have done notable things by way of healing without medicine, and apparently they do all their miracles with the same old instrument—the patient's imagination, although they do not usually give that instrument the credit. But can they cure diseased tissue, set broken bones, heal structural derangement, cure malignant cancer, leprosy, Bright's disease, etc? Nervous disorders or diseases that have their seat in the morbid feelings of patient, may be cured by mental impression. The Scientist does not implore divine interposition, like the prayer healer, but puts himself on a level with Jesus as a healer. He does not pretend to heal in Jesus's name, or through his power. He assumes to act as originally as Jesus did. Mrs. Eddy makes one suggestive concession, viz., that "a patient thoroughly booked in medical theories has less sense of divine power, and is more difficult to heal through mind than an aboriginal Indian that never bowed the knee to the Baal of civilization" (p. 338). This is an acknowledgement that the best patients are the ignorant. In this we concur. How any person in the normal exercise of his rational powers can be taken by these claims we cannot understand, for they contradict the facts of consciousness, the testimony of our senses, and the plain teachings of the Scripture. One must be uninformed or else a religious enthusiast to be carried away by this nonsensical heresy

THE CYMRY IN BRITAIN—THE BRITONS.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips, M. A.

(Continued.)

Another fact of great importance and significance in the history of the ancient Britons, which claims our thorough and candid consideration, was their essential oneness. Descending from the remote past and the distant east through the line of Gomer, multiplying into numerous and powerful nations, some bearing the names Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri, Cymry, from their great progenitor, and others bearing other names from some other great person, event, circumstance or country through which they passed or in which they lived, diverging in many directions and into many countries, filling Europe and Asia with their fame and terror; converting their ethnic language into so many dialects, more or less remote from the vernacular of the nation, according to age in which and the people with whom they associated, intermingling and intermarrying with other nations of different speech and different traits, modifying their ethnic characteristics by country and climate, by blood and condition, by heredity and environment; and entering the British islands from different countries, at different times, under different names, by different ways, and with different languages they were apparently very dissimilar and different; but really and essentially the same people—kindred nations—descendants of Gomer.

They were substantially the same in blood, language, laws and institutions. Notwithstanding the intercommunion of nations and the intermixture of blood on the continent, and on the island, the Cymric characteristics were discernible. Notwithstanding the internecine wars, so frequent and so destructive; and notwithstanding the invasions of the Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans, the Britons predominated and preserved their distinguishing characteristics. They preserved everywhere, on the continent and the island, in the north and in the south essentially the same strong, compact, agile, wiry constitution, the same quick, impulsive, resolute nature; the same free, active, independent spirit; the same heroic, daring, reckless valor, which made them the cavaliers of the continent and the terror of the age. Even Greece and Rome were once and again struck with consternation at their approach. Read Jewish, Greek and Roman historians of the Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, and Cimbri, and you will be convinced of their might and valor. According to these historians, to say nothing of the Triads of the Cymry, these and kindred nations under different names once covered

the whole of western Europe and the British Island, antecedent to second wave of migration from the east, which bore on its crest the Teutonic race, and left on stone, blood and character the impress of their life, and the evidence of their prowess. Whether those bearing the name of the mother nation, or those bearing the name of one of the daughters led the van or brought up the rear is immaterial, and whether they bore this or that name, or intermarried with this or that nation is immaterial since they preserved in mind and body their ethnic characteristic.

The Belgae, Celtae, Acquitani, Celtiberi, and kindred nations, notwithstanding their difference in language, in laws and in institutions, were substantially one and the same people, from one and the same origin; and Scots, Irish, Welsh and kindred nations, notwithstanding their difference in language, laws and institutions, were substantially one and the same people, from one and the same source. Even the Romans Saxons, Danes and Normans had in their veins British, Celtic or Cymric blood. Italy had its Cisalpian Gaul and Gaulish provinces. The progenitors of the Sabines, whom Cicero calls the "flower of Italy," were Gauls. The northwestern coast of Europe, from which came the Saxons, Danes and Northmen, was the ancient seat of the Cimbri, with whom, no doubt, they had intermarried. And Normandy, from which the Normans came, and which they occupied a hundred and fifty years was that part of Gaul which the Celtae inhabited. During the one hundred and fifty years the Normans though the dominant people, being comparatively few, were virtually absorbed by the conquered inhabitants, so that the majority of those who fought with William the Conqueror at Hastings, if not William himself, were Belgae, Gaul, Cimbri, so that the majority of those who inhabited Britain, even after the Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman invasions were Britons, Celts, Cymry; so that the majority of those who governed the country were fully or partly of British, Celtic or Cymric blood. The Romans claimed to govern the island, but they only governed the Roman province; the Saxons claimed to govern the island but they only governed the Saxon monarchy; the Danes claimed to govern the island, but they only governed the Danish kingdom; the Normans claimed to govern the island, but they only governed what the Romans, the Saxons and the Danes had governed.

"The ancient Britons," remarks Thomas Nicholas in his "Pedigree of the English People," "comprehends with the Cymry, Belgae, Lloegrians, Brythons, Gael, Gwyddyls, Picts, Scots, &c., in short all the Celtic inhabitants of Britain and Ireland." "The result of a careful and vigorous application of the arguments, inductive and deductive," says the same author, drawn from various fields of evidence has been "a conviction more clear and positive than the writer, when some years ago he resolved to investigate the

subject he had anticipated, that the English people embraced a much larger infusion of ancient British blood than English historians have been accustomed to recognize; and that some of the most valuable attributes, physical, intellectual and moral of the 'Tree Briton' are owing to this fact." The eminent Frenchman, M. Edwards, says that while the great linguist, Mezzofanti, recognized in the irregular pronunciation of English, the influence of the Welsh language, he, M. Edwards, saw in the complexion and features of the English people the images of the ancient Britons." Dr. Kombst's estimate of the mental and moral characteristics of the Celtic and Teutonic races has in view, evidently, the French and German, but is mostly applicable to the other nations of kindred origin. "The Celts may be characterized by quickness of perception; great powers of combination, application, love of equality, society, amusement, and of glory, want of caution and providence, national vanity, fine blandishing manners, great external politeness, without internal sympathy; irrascible, not forgetful of injuries, little disposed for hard work; abounding in wit." "And the Teutons may be characterized by slowness, but accuracy of perception; slowness, but depth and penetration of mind; not brilliant in wit like the Celt; distinguished for acuteness, fondness for independence more than rank; provident, cautious reserved, hospitable, with aristocratic tendencies."

The same ethnic characteristics more or less modified by intermarriage and environment, distinguished all the Cymric nations from the Black Sea to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. In the west as in the east on the island as on the continent their love of freedom, independence and self-government; their impulsiveness, enthusiasm and adventure; their courage, dash and reckless, daring everywhere, stood conspicuous, and everywhere left their impress.

Stone, mound and language, as well as blood, laws, institutions bear their impress, and prove their identity. The discovery of stone temples, alike on the island as on the continent, alike in England as in Wales and alike in Scotland as in Cornwall, leads us to infer that alike, if not the same people, erected them. The discovery of mounds built alike on the island as on the continent, alike in England as in Wales, and alike in Scotland as in Cornwall, leads us to infer that alike if not the same people built them. And the discovery of language used alike on the island as on the continent, alike in England as in Wales, and alike in Scotland as in Cornwall, leads us to infer that alike if not the same people spoke it. As already mentioned elsewhere, "The Rev. Isaac Taylor, in his 'Words and Places,' finds hardly a Celtic word meaning stream, current, brook, channel, ford, or flood which does not enter largely into the river names of Europe." "While eighty per cent. of European streams are Celtic, Captain Burton, the fam-

ous traveller, discovers no Celtic names of Asiatic waters." "A comparison of the various languages spoken in Britain, Ireland and Gaul in the time of Caesar," to use the words of Dr. Nicholas in his "Pedigree of the English People," "in so far as their elements are now ascertained, leads infallibly to the conclusion that the tribes and nations who spoke them, though torn asunder by dissension, and widely separated by locality, constituted but one people." "The family of languages, termed Indo-European, embraces the Sanscrit, Iranian, Helenitic, Romanic, Slavonic, Teutonic and Celtic. A family likeness exists in all these. As to the Teutonic and the Celtic it may be argued that the points of analogy between them are few. In one sense they are few, in another very numerous." Tradition the memory of a nation, is wonderfully retentive, and upon the whole singularly accurate, and tradition on the subject under consideration is clear and emphatic.

Local names in Jutland, and words in the vernacular of Schleswig and Holstein are found to be Cymric. Strabo, who was neither a careless nor an incorrect historian, distinctly affirms that the language spoken by the Celts was, with few variations the language spoken by the Belgae. "The nature of this language may also be learned from local names and tribes of Belgia." The Cymry name for sea, "mor," and the dwellers on the coast of Dover were called "Mor-ini." The Cymric name for water is "dwfr," or vulgarly spoken "dwr," and modern was known as Duro-Cortovi of the Cymric names for abode, home, was tre, tref cartref, and we read of Treve bati. One of the Cymric n a city was also "dun," a hig a citadel, hence Virodunui dunum. The Cymric nam citadel was "caer," Cornish Armorica "ker," Irish " pronounced cair. Zeuss l language of Gaul was of single type—the Cymric; a an almost equally able Celtic held that "the language of G gica was Gadhelic, and of G tica Cymric." "Wherever th Britons were necessitated t observes Dr. Borlase, "as north of Scotland, Wales, C Cumberland, Bretagne, in dy, there the remains of one same language common t still to be found; and there monuments—civil, military ligious remain; and ther same customs and religions inferred, and contribute to s they had one origin." "Pro Newman in his "Regal Rom "that vocabularies suffice to that at least one of the stoc population, out of which tl Roman people were made u a language so much akin t and Gaelic that we are ju extending the term Keltae brace this Italian tribe." "U and Sabins," remarks Bon others, "were Kelto-Italians ric," he continues, "may h spoken in England as well a

"But while two rivers are spoken in Suffolk, eight are in Surrey, thirty-two in Devon, fifty-nine in the Isle of Man, seventy-six in Monmouth, and eighty in Cornwall." "At the present time," says the same author, "the Welsh appropriate to themselves the appellation Cymry, but Scotland may lay claim in some part to that distinction. Whether the Cymric Britons were north of the Tweed before or after the Gaels arrive there, no one can doubt that a large portion of the inhabitants at the time of the Romans were what would be popularly called Welsh now. As late as the Norman conquest of England, no small amount of southern Scotland was essentially Cymric. Prof. Huxley boldly avows his belief that all Scotland was originally of that blood, and that Gaels were invaders and foreigners. Scotland has received so many successive layers of races that language affords no inconsiderable argument in the question of the Cymry." The word "aber" for river is Cymric, as "inver" is Gaelic. Some times they come together, as Abernethy and Invernethy. "The generic aber," writes Rev. Dr. MacLaughlin, "is in Scottish topography found uniformly associated with terms purely Cymric, as Abernethy, Aberdour, Aberdeen and Aberuchill." "While there are no 'abers' from Moray by Ness-loch to the Clyde, there are thirty of them from this to the isthmus of Clyde and Forth. Yet there are six 'abers' in Inverness, seven in Perth, three in Bauff, four in Aberdeen, two in Sterling, three in Forfar, one in Sutherland, and one in Kincardine." In Cymric topography the prefix "aber" is one of the most common as Abertawe, Aberteifi, Aberhonddu, Abergwili, Abercarn and Aberaman. But this is only one of the many words common to both countries. Scotland and Wales, to designate mountains, lakes, rivers, castles, cities, and other objects; like "pen" or "ben," "llwch" or "loch," "llanerch" or "lanark," "clwyd" or "clyde." Throughout the whole island are to be found numerous and significant words of one and the same language, and of one and the same people, modified to be sure, in the course of time and under the pressure of circumstances.

(To be continued.)

"God guards the man who guards himself,
Who bravely wields his spear and shield,
Who trusts not to his neighbours' help,
But fights alone and will not yield.
'Tis virtue makes the warrior strong,
'Tis virtue wins against all wrong."

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(The Conclusion.)

The king's chaplain flattered by Trahaiarn's allusion to a favorite quotation of his spoke in confirmation of what the prince had just said, and Idwal, remembering his personal grudge towards the once pseudo-bard, took occasion to remark,

"The lark consorts with the sparrow to the ruin of his song, and the watch-dog with the wolf to the detriment of his nature. If Bleddyn associates with the hateful Idrys—I mean Caradoc—it is not to his good, and mark my words, the day will come when the evil fruits of this friendship shall become manifest to all, and to the destruction of some."

"Ha ha, I see thou hast not forgotten thy rival of long ago, Idwal," said Gryffydd, amused at the words of his bard. "Show us that thou canst remember songs as well as offenses by favoring us with one of thy selections."

"Of what shall it be? Of love or of war?" asked the aged bard running his fingers over the harpstrings.

"First of love for Trahaiarn's special benefit, and next of war for the edification of us all," replied the king.

Trahaiarn saw nothing to laugh at in this remark, though the rest received it with merriment. Love was still a serious matter with him, since the king to punish his daughter for her conduct in connection with Magnus had so far refused to give his consent to a marriage that both the prince and princess would gladly have contracted. Yet he thought he saw in this allusion of the king to his love a sign that he was beginning to relent, and he therefore listened with more pleasure to the love song that Idwal now commenced. As the bard proceeded from stanza to stanza he also thought he discerned a hidden reference to his own case, and when the song was ended he applauded with the rest.

"There, I knew thou couldst sing both thyself and the prince into good humor," remarked Gryffydd. "Now let us have a good soul-stirring war song. By my faith, I am weary of these tame uneventful times. I almost wish that some of my craven-souled enemies would again give me some pretext to summon my forces together. But give us the song, and let it breathe of fire and battle."

Idwal obeyed, and commenced a song of his own composing on Gryffydd's attack on Leofgar. It was a song which always took well with the king, and one which the venerable bard always executed with spirit and skill worthy of a younger man. Mild and trembling at first his voice gradually gathered strength, and his touch on the harpstrings revealed more and more the fire that was kindling in his soul. Carrying his audience with him further and further into the fight he was about to describe the king giving the Bishop of Hereford the fatal blow when his hands fell powerless at his side, and his body fell backward to the floor. Before they could fully realize what had happened Trahaiarn and two or three others immediately sprang to Idwal's assistance, but as they were

to lift him back to his seat the physician interfered and prod to examine him.

et him be taken to his room," he physician presently, addres- the chamberlain's assistants, with the rest in the lower part : hall, now looked on in silent ement. Then as he saw the bard being borne away, and bout to follow him he whis- to the king, "Poor Idwal has his last song. He is stricken paralysis, and can live but a time."

ained expression which already d Gryffydd's face deepened at nnouncement, and turning to urtiers he said,

ver was there a more faithful killful bard than our stricken . Long has he been in my e. None knew my moods so none hated my enemies more. deeply feel his loss."

ore the king and his courtiers recover from the shock they ceived, a messenger rushed in- hall in great excitement, and g all ceremonies he advanced king and said,

warned, O king, your enemies compassed your destruction. d supported by Caradoc ap dd is close at hand with fifty nd men!"

t thou mad, man, or art telling uth?" cried Gryffydd excited- inging to his feet.

e yourself, O king; you have e to lose," said another mes- hastening into the hall. "Ha- he Saxon, and Caradoc the , with an immense army are n two hours' march of the "

villains!" exclaimed the king. think they can pounce upon a hawk upon a sparrow. To to arms! Let the beacons be lighted on every hill and eminence. Sound the alarm far and near!"

Such excitement and confusion as was never before seen in Rhuddlan castle now ensued, messengers hurrying away, domestics half frantic with fear running to and fro, and everybody in the swirl of action.

"By all the saints, this is giving me my wish with a vengeance," said Gryffydd, addressing a few of his chief men hastily summoned together. "A powerful enemy almost at the castle gate, and I with but a handful of men to oppose him! Why have I been kept in ignorance of this secret movement? Have all my subjects turned traitors? Did you know of this treachery, purposely hiding it from me? If it is your desire to get rid of me unsheathe your swords and bury them in this bosom that has never known the dread of death."

The chief men protested that they knew no more than the king about the enemy's movements, and hinted that action of some sort was imperative.

"Action! action!" vociferated the king. "Why talk of action without men to act? An army cannot be summoned in an hour. This is a fine plight for me to whom defeat is unknown to be in."

"Postpone the battle, my lord king, by eluding the enemy this once," Trahaiarn ventured to suggest. "When you have gathered an army you can hurl defiance at him."

"What! I that have never eluded a foe in my life to run away and leave my home and household to the fury of a merciless enemy?" retorted the king.

"The castle is of less value than your life?" said the judge of the court. "As for your household they can be conducted to a place of safety."

"King David, than whom there

never was a more valiant man, sought safety in flight when his son Absalom rebelled against him," observed the king's chaplain.

"To go against Harold with a few hundred men would be madness even for the invincible Gryffydd," insisted Trahaiarn. "There is a small craft at the mouth of the river, why not immediately embark in it to Powys or Deheubarth, and there chastise our common foe? Say the word and I will at once convey both the queen and the princess and all your treasure to a place where Harold shall not find them."

"Pardon, O king," said Cadwallader, rushing into the council room. "Pardon for this intrusion. Your life is in imminent danger. We met the enemy's skirmishers scarcely an hour's ride from here, and prince Meredith when on the point of offering them fight commanded me to warn you of Harold's proximity."

Gryffydd now yielded to the inevitable, and kissing his wife and daughter he hurried away towards the mouth of the river Clwyd, escorted by his guard and court officers, while Ithel and Trahaiarn hastened with such members of the royal household as were in their charge, including the stricken bard, to Tan yr Ogo, a spot a few miles west of Rhuddlan, where a number of natural caverns offered them the protection they sought.

"By my faith," cried Trahaiarn, checking his horse's speed after covering two-thirds of the distance, "we left the castle none too soon. See the miscreants have already applied the torch to it."

A chorus of exclamations burst forth at the sight of the burning castle, and tears forced themselves into nearly every eye. As they moved onward many a hasty glance was cast in the direction of Rhuddlan.

"Think you the enemy will pursue us?" anxiously asked Nest of her betrothed.

"Not unless some one betrays us," was the reply. "Harold knows not where to seek us, and the treacherous Caradoc, while he may seek us where the hermit was wont to dwell, is ignorant of Tan yr Ogo."

"We need fear no evil," said the queen, "even if we were pursued, for I knew earl Harold of old, and I scarcely think him less magnanimous than he was wont to be. At least I would rather fall into his hands than into those of most men that I have seen."

"Pursuit or no pursuit," said Trahaiarn dismounting near a huge calcareous rock, "we have reached our destination. Yonder is our home for the present."

The prince pointed to a large cavern, whose huge mouth resembled the arched entrance of a gothic cathedral. Invisible from where the party stood, and within the entrance, a rock reaching from the top to the floor, and presenting some resemblance to a massive column rudely sculptered, divided the cavern into two apartments, the one on the left being of small depth, the other being of great height and unknown depth. Into this spacious cavity the party now entered led by Ithel and Trahaiarn with lighted torches, and they proceeded at once to make themselves and each other as comfortable as possible. Coarse blankets were hung between them and the mouth of the cavern, and two fires were kindled about a rod apart, one for the higher, the other for the lower members of the family. Around these fires blankets, rugs, and skins were spread on the floor for the comfort of the fugitives, and near where Nest sat was a bed of straw on which lay the still living but unconscious Idwal. Care had been taken also to

bring food enough for several days.

"There," said prince Ithel, upon whom devolved the care of the royal household in the absence of his father, "we are almost as comfortable as we ever were. I wish poor Idwal were able to soothe us with his songs as of old."

"It suits me better as it is," said Aldyth to herself. "I at least am in no mood for music, unless indeed it be of the sort I used to hear in my father's hall."

"His singing and playing are over, at least on earth," said Nest. "The physician says he will never recover, and for his sake I am glad he will never know the sudden calamity that has overtaken us."

Trahaiarn now entered after a brief absence, and throwing himself on a blanket near the fire said,

"I have been as far as the road, and it may be reassuring to you that I have seen nothing of an alarming nature."

"Is the castle still burning?" asked Nest.

"I cannot say," was the reply; "for it commences to snow again, making it impossible to see far."

"Then I hope it will snow enough to hide our tracks," said Ithel, "for if when daylight comes the enemy should search the country for us, it would not be so easy to find us."

"I hope father is safe," said the princess.

"If he is not it is his own fault," replied the queen. "He preferred embarking in that frail craft to listening to my entreaties. He would have been much safer here."

At length sleep put an end to all conversation for the night. Trahaiarn alone besides those who acted as sentries, remaining awake. He had insisted upon taking care of the aged bard, and looking after the watch, knowing that otherwise the princess would not have consented to go to sleep. When the night was over he was relieved of his duties, and proceeding cautiously past a cavern which served as a stable he took a careful survey of the surroundings. The snow-storm which had lasted during the latter part of the night was over, and the sky being now clear he could see the smoke still rising from the smouldering ruins of the castle in the distance. Discovering nothing of a formidable nature he was soon back in the cavern, and he and the rest passed the day as best they could. When evening came, however, they were greatly alarmed by a report that a body of horsemen was approaching the cavern. But the cause of their fear proved to be prince Meredith and such of his men as had survived contact with the enemy. These to the relief of all, reported that the enemy, having learned of Gryffydd's escape, had left the country early in the day. Nor did they fail to entertain the royal household with an account of the part they had taken in harassing the progress of the enemy.

Apprehending no further danger at present, and wishing to be of use to the king, Meredith and Trahaiarn decided to proceed to the south in the morning with such men as they could muster on the way. Accordingly when the appointed time came, Trahaiarn took an affectionate leave of Nest, while Cadwallader, who was still a bachelor, because Enid refused to marry before her mistress did, kissed his sweetheart good-by, and mounting their steeds both rode away after Meredith, who had already started.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

Death and Love.

Gryffydd escaped from Harold's grasp only to be wrecked on Bardsey

Island not far from Aberdaron, and was rescued more dead than alive by a fisherman who lived on the island. A long spell of sickness followed during which the king's recovery was despaired of. In the meantime Harold's army swept over Wales, forcing the people into submission to the English crown, while his navy paroled the Welsh coast to make it more difficult for Gryffydd, who, it was thought, was still alive somewhere not far from Wales, to return. Notwithstanding Harold's vigilance, however, Gryffydd succeeded through the instrumentality of his loyal host in sending a message to his family assuring them of his safety and of his purpose to leave his hiding-place as soon as he thought it wise to do so. When he was fully recovered he bade the kind fisherman an affectionate farewell, and appeared suddenly in his kingdom, greatly to the delight of his family and of his loyal subjects. Harold learning of his return through the Welsh malcontents again gathered a large army, of which the men of Gwentland and Glamorgan, with Caradoc ap Gryffydd and Meredith ap Owen at their head, formed a considerable part. This time, however, they found Gryffydd ready to receive them, he having speedily summoned to his aid a vast number of men from Gwynedd and Powysland, and advanced to the neighborhood of Builth, where, upon learning of Harold's proximity he massed his troops on the hill upon which a remnant of Llewelyn the Great's followers defended themselves in a latter age. Being thus in a most favorable position to receive the enemy it did not annoy him in the least that Harold and his allies planted themselves to the best possible advantage in front of him. He was certain of victory he thought, and he viewed the setting of the August sun with much complacency, thinking that the enemy would ly attempt to force him from his tion on the morrow.

His tent stood in the center army, and was surrounded by who were less loyal to him tha suspected, their affection having large degree been alienated by adoc's intrigues and Harold's fl ing promises. Thinking that a men were as happy as himself a prospect of a victory in the future, he invited all the leading to his tent to a sort of extempo feast, and his invitation was re accepted.

"It is a great pleasure to me t you all again after my unwilling unavoidable absence," said the pleasantly, surveying his g "And I am sure that your past l ty warrants the belief that yo all not only willing but anxio throw off the yoke which Har cruelty forced upon you during late incursions."

Being assured of their symp and co-operation, though sever the chiefs had secretly nudged other, Gryffydd gave them an i esting account of his shipwreck subsequent sickness, and with a of policy which amused though i not reconcile the disaffected he ed by saying,

"As all the court officers witl in the ship found watery grav shall be under the necessity of ch ing others to fill their places, a may be of interest to you to k that those of you who on the mo shall display the noblest cou and perform the greatest numb valiant deeds shall be rewarded these positions."

The applause which followed declaration, while it pleased G ydd, was only one of many illu tions that even the most hon hearted can be hypocritical at ti Even while they applauded the k

words at least a third of the chiefs assured themselves that their host had conferred his last honors. The king's power over them was not a sufficient antidote to the venom which Caradoc had poured into their minds and hearts.

"I have kept you waiting too long, worthy chieftains," said Gryffydd presently. "Had not the angry sea deprived me of one of the best head-stewards that ever superintended a feast you would have been served long ago. But I hope your appetites have been sharpened by the delay, and that you will fall upon the beef and mutton with such avidity as will only be equaled by your liking for the goodly mead and cwrw that are soon to follow."

All now helped themselves to the repast that was laid before them, each guest cutting thick slices of meat with his dagger from a chunk of beef or a leg of mutton placed within reach of him.

"You seem to know how to use a dagger to perfection," whispered one of the chieftains to a neighbor.

"Ay, especially in such presence as this," was the reply.

"Did you ever slay a lion with it?"

"No, but I expect to ere long, unless you anticipate me. I understand you have conceived a liking for lions of late."

"I will not deny it, seeing that several others are stricken with the same disease."

"And have designs on the same lion, eh?"

"Ha, ha, I see that you are thoroughly initiated."

Here Gruffydd, being reminded by Trahaiarn of a deficiency which he himself, on account of pre-occupation, had failed to notice, remarked to his guests,

"The world has dealt hardly with me of late. In addition to the losses already made known to you must be mentioned another. I have been left without a bard, poor Idwal having died of paralysis soon after my enemy's attack upon Rhuddlan. This together with the fact that I have been far too busy with other matters of late to secure another bard is my excuse for the want of music tonight."

"The defect can be temporarily mended at least, if it be agreeable to the illustrious Gryffydd to have my bard, who is no novice at the profession, display his skill in this august presence," said one of the chieftains who was hostile to the king.

"His services will be most acceptable," was the reply.

The chieftain's bard entered the tent as the drinking horns were filled and soon added music and song to the joys of the occasion. Trahaiarn remembered the Christmas season when the base Idrys had made an attempt upon the king's life, and closely scrutinized the newcomer at first, but there being nothing in his voice or manner to suggest treachery the prince's suspicion soon vanished, and turning to the king he said that he had heard worse bards.

"Ay, and better," replied the king. "I would be willing to give half my kingdom to have poor Idwal back again. Didst thou see him breathe his last?"

"No, he died the day after Meredith and I left for Powys, remaining unconscious to the last."

"And they buried him at St. Asaph."

"Ay, beneath a large yew tree."

"Poor Morgan and the rest had a watery grave. I hope I have not been spared to meet a worse fate."

The night advanced and the king and his guests grew merrier and merrier, while the bard poured song after song into their ears.

"It is now past midnight," said Trahaiarn to the king. "Think you

not that I had better take a short tour through the camp?"

"Let Meredith go; but where is he?" was the reply.

"He was called out but a moment ago, and will soon be back. I also will not be gone long."

The bard watched Trahaiarn depart and when he disappeared from view he glanced at his chieftain, and at a sign from him he commenced a song entitled "The Chief's Revenge." The king who was interested in what one of his guests was saying paid no attention to the song; but it had a peculiar effect on some of the chieftains and upon the men lying on the ground in the vicinity of the tent. Suddenly there was a simultaneous rush within and without, while several voices answered the cry of "Death to the tyrant," with shouts of "Treason! treason!' Half a dozen daggers pierced the king before he could strike a single blow in his own defense, or his loyal chiefs could interfere; and while the guards were being overpowered without, Gryffydd expired under a final stab fron Caradoc, who had just broken into the tent behind him. Terrible confusion now followed, during which the king's friends sought to revenge his death by slaying his murderers and the whole army was thrown into a panic. In the midst of the con fusion Trahaiarn and Meredith forcing their way with much difficulty through the surging mass of human ity arrived at the tent in time to see the fiendish Caradoc with the triumph of a demon standing near a large camp-fire, and holding the gory head of Gryffydd, the lion-hearted on the point of a spear.

"Down with the traitor," cried the princes boiling with uncontrollable rage and swinging their swords.

"Down with the traitor," cried a hundred voices.

"Death to all tyrants and sycophants," answered the murderous Caradoc, pushing his way down the hill towards Harold's army, while a thousand voices repeated his cry.

"If you value your life," whispered a voice in Trahaiarn's ear, "you will seek safety in flight, for you and Meredith are marked men. Go; I will see that the king's body receive decent burial."

Trahaiarn's first impulse was to disregard the warning, but thoughts of Nest and of the futility of any attempt to restore order to the army convinced him that to heed the warning was the best policy. Hence after secretly charging the man to repeat the warning to prince Meredith, and tell him to hasten will all speed to Radnor forest, he pulled his visor over his face and forced himself through the still excited troops towards the north, while a shout of triumph announced the arrival of the arch-traitor with the king's head in the English camp. Then presently finding a horse, he sprang upon his back and galloped away, and plunging into the forest he dismounted to await further developments. He heard horses galloping in various directions, and thought they were in pursuit of him.

"The villains!" said he to himself, "I hope they will all break their necks. But hark! By my faith, I fear some of them are actually coming this way."

Two horsemen now rode into the woods within hearing distance of him, and as they dismounted he heard one of them say to the other,

"It is the most fiendish plot I ever heard of. More than half the army must be implicated in it."

"It is terrible," answered a voice which Trahaiarn recognized as belonging to his squire. "Think you it is true that the princes also have been assassinated?" added the same voice with a tremor.

t least am still living," said
in a husky voice, advanc-
ere the others stood.
meantime Meredith, who
less fortunate than Trahai-
a desperate struggle with
ee assassins who tasted the
s sword, tore himself away,
g to secure a horse has-
oot towards Radnor forest,
ng that Trahaiarn had pre-
n, his message having
reach him. He was hap-
ised therefore upon enter-
rest about daybreak to find
Trahaiarn, but also quite a
of other loyal subjects
awaiting his arrival.
ot until Harold's departure
disbanding of the Welsh
t the two princes decided
l northward. Nor was there
risk in their leaving their
ice, the loyal men of Gwyn-
ig joined them in great
They had enough to make
however, as they pursued
rse homeward. They felt
countrymen had made a
istake in conspiring against
best defender, and the
ns of the people along their
arch convinced them that
felt the same way. But the
was done now, and what
bria's disgrace was Eng-
umph, at least Harold, to
ntrigue was no novelty,
o as he proceeded towards
with Gryffydd's head.
aching Tan yr Ogo, where
household still remained,
porary structure near the
he princes found that the
he king's violent death had
them. The queen shed
ears, but her sorrow was
The manner of Gryffydd's
ibled her more than the fact
did this trouble her to the
of thoughts of Harold.
She knew the earl to be still a bachelor, and she was not unwilling to entertain a hope that her charms might win him for a second husband. True she had heard his name coupled with that of Edith the Fair, but she tried to persuade herself that rumor had more to do with the matter than had Harold.

Nest on the other hand was prostrated by the melancholy news. Her father was to her more than life itself.

"To think that he should die at the hands of assassins!" cried she. "Death by shipwreck would have been a thousand times preferable!"

"Yet it is worse for his assassins than for him," said Trahaiarn. "Their names will perish, but his name will live as long as the Clwyd flows."

"You saved him from the dagger of the arch-traitor once," continued Nest, looking affectionately at him through her tears.

"And I would have tried to save him again had I been present when they fell upon him," was the reply. "It was an evil spirit that put it into my mind to leave the tent when I did."

"I think not, for had you been there I would now be mourning your death also."

"Did they tell you that Cadivor ap Collwyn buried your father's body in the family burying ground?"

"They did, and I shall never forget his kindness."

As yet the family had made no definite arrangements for the future; but a visit from Morcar, now Earl of Chester, caused them to hasten matters. The princes Meredith and Ithel decided to live hereafter on their respective estates, while Trahaiarn accepted Morcar's invitation to go for the present to Coventry with Nest and the queen. There being no impediment to their marriage now, the princess consented to fix the date as soon as the period of mourning was

over, and Enid gladdened Cadwallader's heart with a similar consent as they rode behind their master and mistress on the way to England. As to Gryffydd's kingdom, Gwynedd was given to Bleddyn, and Powys to Rhiwallon. But Harold kept not his promise to Caradoc ap Gryffydd, for he gave the Deheubarth to Meredith ap Owen, and when the arch-traitor complained he stole his estates from him. In due time also, he completed his triumph over Wales by marrying the widow of king Gryffydd.

PRINCIPAL T. C. EDWARDS.

Dead,—and in harness,—even such a death
Would he have died could he have chosen the way.
But of the times and seasons here beneath
'Tis not for man to say.

Clear thinker, teacher dear to those he taught,
Loved of the souls he guided in the way.
Strong man magnetic,—what his influence wrought
Let all his students say.

Calm soul and bright, fine gold amid the dross,
Man among men, called swift from hence away.
But the full measure of his country's loss—
Let mourning Cambria say.

Dark is the path Omnipotent, we own
Submissive: all is good beneath His sway.
Life's work well done, but what its glorious crown
There's only One can say.

– *Idris.*

FIELD OF LETTERS

PERSONOL Y DUW-DDYN, Parch. R. S. Thomas, Aber- Joseph Williams, Swyddfa y

olume was called out by Dr. celebrated lecture on the God- originally appeared in the rticles which were published raethodydd," but the discus- been enlarged, and several introduced to make the study bject complete. To the ori- ussion has been added a sketch ctrine of the Person and God- Christ from the Apostolic age e present time, which will elp the reader to understand eciate the dissertation. Mr. s regarded as a powerful writer eological scholar of ability. er will find in this volume a ntity of information regard- bstruse subject, and will dis- ch knowledge to interest him. lso find in this discussion al- rything of value ever written bject.

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emarks "To the Children," the "Cymru'r Plant," endeavors with some correspondents re- he question of the century, a hich has thrown the greater the age into two camps. How- oes on to state the April num- ymru'r Plant" is the 100th, a ct, in itself, which illustrates that the next century of the Monthly will commence with number—the 101st, and not 100th. If "Cymru'r Plant" will e its 1900th number it will be completing its 19th century, not commencing its 20th.

The "Drysorfa" for April opens with a sketch of the life of the late Rev. Thomas Roberts, Bethesda, by the Rev. J. Puleston Jones, M. A., with a fine portrait. Then follows "The Purpose of the Gospel of St. John;" the Rev. Owen Thomas, D. D.; "Sanctification" (Preliminary Remarks); the "Rev. Thomas James, M. A., Llanelly; Zwinglius;" Monthly Notes, by the Editor; News, Sunday School lessons; Obituaries; Religious and Missionary intelligence.

The "Drysorfa" discusses the question of praying for the dead, suggested by the prayers prepared by the two Archbishops on behalf of the killed in the war in South Africa. Mr. Townshend, the Vicar of Llanfapley, had the courage to write to the Bishop of Llandaff holding that praying for the dead was contrary to the teachings and usages of the Church of England and the Protestant reformation. The Bishop declined to enter into any controversy, but undertook in a patriarchal way to censure the clergyman for daring to cast doubt on the propriety of the Archbishops' action. Not the least discouraged by the rebuke, Mr. Townshend wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury "to beard the lion in his den" as it seemed, who in his reply stated that praying for the dead was in perfect consonance with the usage of the Church, and that manufactured prayers of the kind had been issued for similar use by the two Archbishops a hundred years ago; that the Church allowed it,

although it prohibited praying for the dead in purgatory. The Archbishop little thought how entangling was his side of the argument made by such a reckless admission. If there be any foundation to praying for the dead at all, it is on behalf of those who are in purgatory. No one would think of praying for those in heaven, or for those already condemned everlastingly according to the teachings of the Church. Praying for the dead is a deduction from the belief in purgatory. The one is worthless and meaningless without the other. With the denial of purgatory, praying for the dead is a superfluity.

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The Editor also animadverts on the divided way in which St. David's Day was celebrated among the Welsh in London. It has been the usage for years to conduct duplicate services, the one ecclesiastical, the other nonconformist, in memory of the national Patron Saint of Wales; the one in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, the other in the City Temple. The church people held their meeting the evening prior to that of the Dissenters, "so that singers from the chapels might be had to help," it was said. The Church celebration was "a kind of a demonstration; a re-union of those who have forgotten and have disowned their mother tongue, and also who have depreciated their early religious training." It is hard to believe that the festival was celebrated for the purpose of pomp and ostentation, merely; no more than that the services at the City Temple were carried on for the purpose of competition and rivalry. The both parties may have little ends intermingled with the main aim of honoring the Saint. The "Drysorfa" proceeds to state that the City Temple service was a pious undertaking, and was "the" national celebration. However we may look at the question, it is evident that considerable jealousy exists between these two sections of the Welsh people, and it is quite hopeless, ε ent, to fill up the chasm.

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In its "Religious Notes," the "C complains, almost laments, ov hopelessness of collecting $100,(the Twentieth Century Fund. idea was suggested and the mo inaugurated in 1895, and little p has been reported since. It can be said that half the members : tendants of Congregational cl know anything of the undertakin writer states that hardly 20,0 of the 282,790 Congregational Wales read the Congregational I tions. As the question has not to been discussed from the pulp few have any comprehension of portance of the movement. Unles thing is done soon to enlighten t ple and arouse them to a sense magnitude of the task, it will l to dream of collecting $100,000.

—Another paragraph contains tract from a correspondent in the wherein he scores the baptismal of what he calls the "High C Congregationalists. They regar tism as a cleansing and a purif He mentions also other Congre ists who perform the feat of l without water. It appears tha cases are rare exceptions.

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Contents of "Dysgedydd" for A as follows: "Personality and I tion" (Art. III.); "Christ in the is continued; "The Old Charac Penygarnedd;" "The Brito-Boer Is it Just?;" Dr. John Kennedy portrait); "The Place of Theol the University of Wales;" "Ev the Month" by the Editor; the School corner, Poems, Notices, R Reports, &c., &c.

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Among the "Events of the M we find a fine exhibition of the ness of human nature; a somewl conscious demonstration of it

pro-British party in England and other parts of the United Kingdom are rebuked and condemned in unmistakeable terms for denying to pro-Boer speakers the right of opinion and the expression thereof, and the old Welsh adage is added as the old common law of the right of speech. It is evident, says the Editor; that all this profession is mere fiction. In a following paragraph, it is related how the Wesleyans in order to celebrate the anniversary of Wesley's death, invited Joseph Chamberlain, the Secretary of the Colonies, to preside. This was the signal for a movement to boycott the honorable gentleman, many threatening to withhold their support from the movement, and that they would stop their contributions to the Twentieth Century Fund. So the committee was forced to change the arrangements, and the Editor commends the boycotting. Bigotry is a weapon that bruises both ways; but it seems to bruise all right when it bruises our opponents.

"Cwrs y Byd" since the beginning of the war in South Africa has been consistently and intensely pro-Boer. It has scolded Britain with bitterness; and a stranger reading the "Cwrs" would be inevitably led to believe that the Editor was a "Boer of the Boers. Its spirit of opposition to Britain and British civilization is projectingly and protuberantly manifest. In the last number of the "Cwrs" to hand, it shows this spirit as unmistakeably as ever. It furnishes a translation of a Jewish prayer, which is offered among Israel in Jerusalem for the success of British arms in South Africa, wherein also the British people is recognized as a nation elected and guided of God to teach the world righteousness, liberty, love of man, wisdom and science (religious and political), and the Queen, its royal representative, as a most gracious sovereign. Towards the end, these Jews pray that British arms prosper, and their civilization transend wherever they go, and that their enemies be routed wherever they rise up against Britain. As a comment, "Cwrs" concludes with the words "Let us thank that He is too wise to be misled by such nonsense." The Welsh for nonsense here is "truth," which "Cwrs" had done wisely to have taken in its English sense.

—In the next paragraph but one, "Cwrs" furnishes us with a bit of information which sounds a little risible. A special detective has been detailed to follow the Editor, who also translates every word the "Cwrs" publishes of bitterness against Britain. We cannot see why the "Cwrs" should be persecuted more than a few other Welsh periodicals and papers which are pro-Boer? The privilege of being pro-Boer should be accorded every Briton, although it is a consummation not devoutly to be wished. A powerful government can afford to be generous to "Cwrs y Byd."

One of the Editors of the "Cerddor" pens some practical remarks anent the Eisteddfod as an educational institution. Among the Welsh, the Eisteddfod comes next to the church or chapel; and the first thing a colony of Welshmen is attracted by is the idea of having an Eisteddfod, where the old Celtic instinct of competing may be cultivated, if not satisfied. There is room to doubt that this enjoyment of mere competing gives the Eisteddfod more of its hold on the Celtic heart than the progressive idea of education. This may also account for the state of stagnation the Eisteddfod is in among us. It is this consideration that moves the "Cerddor" to suggest that the institution may degenerate into something worthless unless care be taken to keep it on progressive and practical lines.

There is certainly danger in popularizing and even vulgarizing the Eistedd-

fod to a level with the demand of the ignorant and the illiterate; especially to the level of low business principles. Very often the object of it is not to educate, improve, train or perfect in any line of science or art, but means to make a little money to meet the liabilities of a society or a church, or for other reasons more personal and less worthy.

"Young Wales" should circulate largely among the Welsh. Its mission is new. More of its kind would enlighten. It is critical of our national and social life. We have been used to wheedle one another, flatter and hypnotize ourselves to a state of self-satisfaction. "Young Wales" has love enough for us to tell us our failings, and suggest remedies. It is a teacher. We need more leaders who will dare correct us. "Young Wales" has often articles valuable on this line. Such are "A Century's Progress," by J. Herbert Roberts, M. P., and "A Twentieth Century Message," by Robert Owen, Welshpool. "Welsh County School Notes" and "Welsh Literary Echoes and Impressions" have practical thoughts to ponder over. The "Cartoon" from the "Western Mail" is suggestive. It is time for Wales to take interest in the outside world. The cartoon represents stout Wales, a picture of health and strength, busily engaged in equipping a hospital for South Africa. "Now, bachans," says she, "send along your shillings, an' let us make our Welsh Hospital worthy of old Gwalia." Wales should make her debut among the nations as a live people.

"Yr Haul" for March opens with an article (illustrated) on Narberth church. It was built by Sir Andrew Perrott, the builder also of Narberth Castle, in 1246. It retained its old form for 600 years, until 1830, when great changes were made, and when it was altered from the old cross shape into an L. Then follows an interesting article, "Dr. John Davies, Fallwyd." Dr. Davies was born 1570, 330 years ago. When he was born, Dr. Morgan, the translator of the Welsh Bible, was a student at Cambridge, in his 30th year. After attending a grammar school at Rhuthyn, he entered Jesus College, Oxford, in his 19th year, where he remained four years, when he took his B. A. When Bishop Parry published a new edition of the Welsh Bible (1620), Dr. Davies was credited with having rendered valuable service. He was considered a fine scholar in Welsh, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. In 1632, he published a Dictionary in Welsh and Latin, which cost him an immense amount of labor, and he translated several good books in his time. He spent a Christian life of benevolence and good works, and departed this world May 15, 1644, in his 74th year. He was buried in the chancel of Mallwyd Church, and over his remains was placed the quaint remark "In memory of his virtue rather than his name." "A Sermon," by the Rev. T. J. Jones, Gelligaer, delivered at the Cathedral Church of Llandaff, St. David's Day, 1900. "Justin Martyr," by the Rev. J. Edwin Davies, B. A., is an interesting and instructive paper. "Sir Charles Warren," now in South Africa, with General Buller, shows the General in the service of Christian scholarship. "The Rev. David Griffiths, Nefern, Pembroke;" "Protestantism," by the Rev. Ben Jones, Llandegai; "Amos," an English address by the Rev. Professor Wade, St. David's College, a worthy contribution to the literature of the "Haul." "A Sketch of the History of the Ages," by the Rev. T. M. Williams, Llanarth. It is with pleasure we commend the contents of the "Haul."

SCIENTIFIC

An English exchange states that a careful calculator estimating the space covered by a dancer finds that in a program of twenty waltzes, four polkas, and two quadrilles, a good dancer would cover close upon 12 miles.

Electric flatirons are used exclusively in many large laundries; their advantages are apparent. The heat can always be controlled so as to keep the iron at the right temperature thus obviating the danger of spoiling a finished dress by smut from an iron heated by gas.

Women physicians have established themselves all over Russia, and they have achieved a respected position. Some of them are employed by the government, and since last year are entitled to a pension. Many of them occupy positions as country physicians, school physicians, physicians for the poor, and as surgeons for the municipal ambulance system, etc.

The Emperor William, of Germany, who it is well known takes a keen interest in the latest inventions and improvements which are applicable to military operations, has been studying the question of applying the automobile in military service, and evidently considers that it will be of great value, as he has decided to award a prize of $20,000 for the vehicle best adapted to the purpose. A number of experiments have been recently made in this direction, and it is after considering the favorable results of these tests that the decision to award the prize was taken.

Regarding the present remarkable demand for copper, an American authority is quoted in "The Mining and Metallurgical Journal" as saying: "The consumption of copper in this country, as well as abroad, is phenomenal. As this is the electrical age, copper is being put to new uses every day, and the demand is naturally large. The product of the various mines throughout the country has been sold months ahead, but the demand appears to be as pronounced as ever it was. England is now in the market for a large amount of American copper, thousands of tons of it being required for war purposes. Germany and France are also buying liberally.

"The pathology which new conditions of life is ever creating," says "The Lancet," London, "tends more and more toward conditions where the absence of sleep may play a prominent causative part. We improve our sanitation and our general hygiene, and we abolish the plagues of our forefathers; but we work our nervous systems more in a day than they did in a week, and we fall victims to insomnia and the whole train of nervous disorders in which worry, overwork, and want of sleep occur as etiological factors. Sleep all men must have who use their brains much, and especially all men whose work is associated with extra worries."

Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, rector of St. Andrew's Church, Rochester, has republished his article on church unity in pamphlet form. His plea for "absolute intellectual freedom within the church" is laid on the following grounds: (1) The subordination of the official organization of the church to the church itself; (2) the pastoral rather than the priestly conception of the ministry; (3) the statement of Christian doctrine so that it will be in accord with the facts of the visible

universe; (4) the statement of Christian doctrine so that it will not conflict with the primal instincts of the human heart; (5) absolute intellectual freedom within the church; (6) the submission of the entire Christian tradition to the trained intelligence; (7) the restoration of the church's moral discipline as the only true basis of her spiritual life.

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CHRISTIANITY AND PREACHING.

The sermon has declined relatively in importance. It had an exaggerated importance in the Protestant Church, especially in the non-liturgical churches. There is a world-wide tendency now, which is increasing in power, to improve and enlarge the worship of the church. Liturgies and ceremonies of worship are more discussed now in the Protestant world than are sermons and lectures, because it is becoming every day more evident that the church is organized for common prayer and for public worship, and not merely to furnish a pulpit for a minister. The pulpit is more and more being merged in the worship, and is losing its domination over the worship. With this tendency goes increased attention to the Holy Sacraments, especially the Holy Communion, more frequent celebrations and more frequent participation, increased opportunity of worship during Sunday and during the week, and also therewith the greatly increased attention to the organization of the church for aggressive Christian work. Those who think that the pulpit is everything in the public service naturally suppose that with the decline of the pulpit Christianity declines, but those who think that public worship is the essential thing in the church rejoice at the changes that are taking place, and hold that Christianity is advancing.—P. Science Monthly.

SHARPSHOOTING.

There are few soldiers in any regular army, to say nothing of the militia, who, with the service rifle, can be relied upon to place most of their shots in a 12-inch circle at 200 yards, off-hand. A large majority of troops can not do nearly so well. But go to the range of some civilian rifle club, whose members practice rifle-shooting for pastime, and note the difference! None of these men consider that they shoot well unless they can "call their shots," which means that the shooter can announce almost exactly where his bullet has hit before the marker at the target has signalled the result.

At prize-shooting, where experts are gathered, you may see one of them call his shots repeatedly within two inches of where they actually struck, 200 yards away. In other words, he can detect a movement of a hundredth of an inch at the muzzle of his rifle at the instant of discharge. This, bear in mind, is with the unaided eye, the marksman standing erect and shooting off-hand. A run of fifty consecutive hits on a 12-inch bull's-eye at 200 yards, off-hand, is not uncommon. Such nail-driving accuracy of fire counts for as much on the hunting-field or battle-field as on the range. Bullets are no respecters of targets. It is all the same to them, be it paper, deer, or man.—Cassier's Magazine.

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Over the wide world the great Preacher Saint was honored by the true sons of the leek. The London Cymru Fydd Society, celebrated at the Hotel Cecil, when a delightful speech was delivered by Sir Wm. Harcourt. The Church people and the Nonconformists also duly observed the great man's name.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

THE LATE SAMUEL B. JONES.

On Friday, March 23, there passed to his last rest Mr. Samuel B. Jones, an old and honorable merchant and resident of the Borough of Brooklyn, New York City. He was the last of the children of Mr. Benjamin Jones, the Welsh litterateur, who was widely known among his countrymen as P. A. Mon.

Samuel B. Jones.

Mr. Samuel Jones was born in Holyhead, Anglesea, North Wales, April 23, 1830, and came to this country in 1851. He entered the employ of R. H. Macy, and later went to Lord & Taylor's, subsequently becoming a partner in a branch of the dry goods store of Lyons, Jones & Co., of "Columbia Hall," Grand Street, New York City. In 1865 Mr. Jones formed a partnership with Mr. William Johnson at 224 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, as dealers in fine trimmings and laces, etc. At this time he was carrying a burden of debt due to the

failure of Lyons, Jones & Co., and it was not until 1867 that he was able to meet these obligations. On the death of Mr. Johnson he went into business over his own name in a much larger store at 228-230 Fulton Street. All these old debts, even those for which he could not have been legally held strictly liable, were paid in full, and as his business grew under his wise and able management he was twice again enabled to move to more commodious quarters, finally retiring in 1887.

"A gentleman of the old school," kindly in his manner, and of the strictest integrity in all his dealings, he commanded the respect of all his business associates, and was beloved by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. In 1869 he married Miss Jennie Jones, the grand-daughter of William and Elizabeth Owen. His widow, two daughters and four sons are left to mourn the loss of a true, devoted husband, and an indulgent father.

The funeral services were held at his residence, 186 Lincoln Place, on Monday evening, March 26, and were conducted by the Rev. John W. Chadwick, and the Rev. Charles F. Williams. In the course of his address the Rev. Mr. Chadwick fittingly referred to his simple, honest character, and to the fidelity with which he had discharged all trusts, closing by quoting the following lines from one of his (Mr. Chadwick's) own poems:

"It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all;
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore;
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More home-like seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
What'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore."

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Professor Iorwerth Tydfil Daniel, who recently came to Utica to accept the responsible position of vocal instructor at the Elliott School of Music, is having unusual success. He is recognized as an authority on vocal culture, and those desirous of study are not slow in appreciating that fact. Since his advent in this city, his class has doubled in size, compelling him to resign his out-of-town engagements for the purpose of giving undivided attention to local teaching. He is to be complimented on his success.

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THE LATE BENJAMIN HUGHES.

Benjamin Hughes, ex-general mine superintendent of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company, died April 1, 1900, at 2:15 o'clock in the afternoon at his home, 1201 Washburn Street, after an illness of only a few days. His death was so sudden and unexpected that it came as a shock to the entire community, but few people outside the immediate relatives having been aware of his illness, viz., pneumonia.

Mr. Hughes was born near Bryn Mawr, Breconshire, South Wales, on October 25, 1824. He was the son of Daniel and Esther Hughes, the latter of whom died at the age of ninety-seven, and the former at sixty-eight. When ten years old he began to assist his father in the mine.

In the fall of 1848, when twenty-four years of age, he left Liverpool, and after a voyage of thirty-six days, during which he had a narrow escape from drowning, arrived in Philadelphia, and afterwards went to Pottsville. There

he was employed in mining for the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company until January, 1850, when he came to this region and entered the employ of the Scranton Iron and Coal Company. That position he resigned in July, 1853, to accept a position with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company in the Diamond mine. In 1855 he was appointed inside foreman of the Diamond, and remained in that position until 1862, when he accepted a better position at the Luzerne slope in the North End. While engaged at the last named place, Mr. Hughes was selected by the late J. J. Albright to conduct a prospecting tour in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. In this capacity he arranged several leases for extensive mining interests, and when he returned to Scranton at the conclusion of his mission was appointed superintendent of the Storrs shaft, operated by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company.

In 1859 Mr. Hughes was elected a member of the council of the borough of Hyde Park, and served until 1862.

Benjamin Hughes.

In 1861 he was school director; and for three years was a member of the select council of Scranton, serving one year as president of the body. In 1865 Mr. Hughes was promoted to be general mine superintendent under the company, in which capacity he served until July 1, 1899, when he resigned. At the time he became connected with the company there were only five shafts here, but this number has since been

increased to thirty, with twenty-one breakers. In 1892 he was a delegate to the convention at Minneapolis that nominated Benjamin Harrison for the presidency, and he had the honor of casting one of the original eleven votes from Pennsylvania for Harrison. He also attended the National Convention of 1896 at St. Louis, with Hon. William Connell as delegates from his congressional district.

When the West Side Bank was organized in the early 70s, Mr. Hughes was vice president, and assisted in its establishment, and was recently re-elected president, which office he has held for over fifteen years. He was also one of the organizers of the Cambrian Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and continued as its president from the organization to the close of the company's business about a year ago. Fraternally, he was a member of Hyde Park lodge, No. 339, Free and Accepted Masons, and assisted in organizing the Ivorites Society in this city, and was the first grand president, which office he held for about nine years. In addition to the above offices, Mr. Hughes was president of the Chamberlain Coal Company, which operates in Schuylkill County, and also active as general manager of the company since he resigned from the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company. The Welsh Philosophical Society, now the Hyde Park Free Library Association, also honored him with the highest office within their gift.

In West Scranton the name of Benjamin Hughes was more than the proverbial "household word." He was always loyal to the West Side, its people, its interests and institutions, and assisted in a material manner to the marvelous growth of the important suburb of Scranton. Above all other institutions, however, his constant attention was earnestly devoted to the development of the First Welsh Baptist Church, on South Main Avenue. Although a devoted and strong Baptist, Mr. Hughes, however, was always ready to assist other churches, and found it impossible to turn a deaf ear to appeals for any charitable and deserving object. As president of the Hyde Park Welsh Philosophical Society he has upon many occasions showed his zeal in the cause of assisting the young men of West Scranton in the work of self-education and mental improvement.

Before leaving Wales, Mr. Hughes married Miss Mary Davies, who accompanied him to this country and remained here until her death on October 6, 1880. Of their children, five daughters are living, namely, Mrs. Esther Evans, widow of Rev. John Evans, of Westerly, R. I.; Mrs. Eliza Jones, widow of Luther Jones; Mrs. Annie Eynon, wife of A. B. Eynon, cashier of the West Side Bank; Mrs. William Stephens, and Mrs. Jenkin T. Reese. In November, 1881, Mr. Hughes married Mrs. Ann Rosser, of Shamokin, who also survives him.

Daniel, a brother of Mr. Hughes, died at the age of sixty-six years; Evan, another brother, was killed in the Avondale disaster, and Elias, also a brother, died in West Pittston in September, 1894. Three sisters survive him, Charlotte, of Pittsburg; Rebecca, in Wales, and Mrs. Rachel James, of North Hyde Park Avenue. Fourteen grandchildren of Mr. Hughes' are living. Mr. Hughes was one of a family of twenty-one children, all of whom lived to enjoy long life. His second wife, who survives him, is over eighty years of age, and has been an invalid for several years.

The following words, uttered by the Rev. D. D. Hopkins, are a fair estimate of his life and services: We stand now before the casket, which contains his remains, with our eyes filled to overflow, with tears of sorrow. Without exaggerating we can say that we have lost a great man, a conscientious Christian, a noble character, and a faithful worker in the Lord's vineyard. The history of his life in connection with the church and the denomination as a member and officer, is remarkable.

The following short but graceful address was delivered at the morning session of the Cincinnati Eisteddfod at the Music Hall, January 1, 1900, by Judge David Davis, as President:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is my duty, as a Cincinnatian, and it gives me supreme pleasure, to welcome you within the gates of the Queen City of the West. This, the first day of the last year of the nineteenth century, we have again met to honor our Welsh forefathers and the grand old national custom, the Eisteddfod. Its history and accomplishments are one of education, moral elevation and national honor. Proud of its past, the present is full of promise. Let us hope and prophecy that the twentieth century shall excel all of its predecessors.

The Welsh give praise to all nationalities that uphold their old national customs in the United States, that tend to uplift, educate and elevate downtrodden humanity. This day again the contestants have met upon the field of battle—battle of oratory, music and song. Every soul that is engaged in this battle, no matter how badly he may be injured or wounded, though he may not receive the prize, will be a conqueror; and he who does win the prize shall be thrice conqueror.

The ancients believed that music and song cured mental disorders and sickness. We read, in the 16th chapter of 1 Samuel, that when king Saul was sick nigh unto death, and the evil spirits was upon him, he sent for David, the son of Jesse, who came and placed himself before Saul and played upon the harp with his hand and Saul immediately became refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him. I am here to say to you that if old king Saul could be present and listen to the music and songs of this day as they will be rendered, the evil spirit would depart from his soul never to return.

I must not delay you with any extended remarks, because there is a great literary and musical feast awaiting you. The management have selected wisely and well who shall be the conductor and literary adjudicator of this National Eisteddfod. He is a lawyer of ability, an eminent judge, a man learned in the literature of the nations, and particularly in the Welsh, and in every way qualified for the high position that he now is about to assume. It, therefore, gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Judge H. M. Edwards, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, and to him I shall say, "Calon Ohio wrth galon Pennsylvania."

The "Cymrodorion" Society (Welsh Associates) of Boston and vicinity held its annual meeting and election of officers April 20th, as follows: President, W. B. Jones of Roxbury; Vice President, John G. Roberts of Quincy; Recording Secretary, D. Lloyd Evans; Financial Secretary, R. H. Evans; Treasurer, B. B. Esau of Malden; Auditor, T. T. Jones of Cambridge; Librarian, Hugh Hughes; Musical Director, R. O. Jones. Reports of outgoing officers show the society to be on a sound basis, and the ensuing year promises much. The constitution and by-laws were amended, and it was decided to

meet quarterly in future at a place to be decided on by the executive board, and announced later. It is intended that the Society's object, namely, "To promote an interest in literature, music, benevolence and social welfare of the Welsh people" shall be enhanced more vigorously than at any time during the 12 years' existence of the Cymrodorion.

Sir Lewis Morris has lifted his voice in protest against the literature of decadency and Ibsenity.

It is said that the last Welsh bard to hold the position of "bardd teulu," or family bard, was David Nicholas, a Glamorgan bard who died in 1769. He was the "barod teulu" of Aberpergwm.

Notwithstanding the pro-Boerdom of some of the North Wales papers, the quarrymen both of Merionethshire and Carnarvonshire are decidedly loyal in their attitude on the war.

Reuter's correspondent says that the goat of the Welsh regiment seems to thrive on the South African veldt. "Billy" marched at the head of the regiment when it entered Bloemfontein, and was distinguished for the fact that he was the only member of the regiment not dressed in khaki.

Bloemfontein burghers ought to be brimful of gratitude. Since their sensible submission they have had the luxury of hearing the band of the Coldstream Guards play the anthems in church. A Newport musician says he would cheerfully bear invasion for such a treat, and wonders when the proletariat of Pretoria will hear Dan Godfrey's famous "Reminiscences of Wales."

It was in August, 1800, that the Wesleyan Conference appointed the Rev. John Hughes to labor in the Principality, and he first preached in the Welsh language at Ruthin on the 23rd day of August in that year. The present year will, therefore, witness in Wales the celebration of the centenary of Welsh Wesleyan Methodism. The 22nd and 23rd of August have been fixed for the celebration.

"Monmouthshire a Welsh county!" writes a correspondent. "The Vicar of Alltmawr cites an old book in evidence of the Welsh claim being correct, but on the authority of the Rector of Merthyr, it is assured in a trustworthy old book that Monmouthshire is neither in England nor Wales. Its position is neither with the one nor the other, for it is placed right at the end of the Blue Book, 'Her Majesty's Educational Report!' "

For centuries the old Ferry Farm Inn at Llandudno Junction was a stopping-place for travellers between England and Ireland. It is now in course of demolition. The grounds are being laid out in building plots, and recently one of the excavators picked up a small copper coin about the size of a half-penny. One side of the coin bears an effigy of James II., with the inscription, "Jacobus II. Dei Gratia 1686," and on the other appears an Irish harp, surmounted with a crown, and the contractions "Mag. Brit. et Hib. Rex."

On a pillar-dial in Conway churchyard is the inscription, "Learn to live and die well." In her "Book of Sun-dials," Mrs. Gatty tells the following story:—"It is said that the witty Dean Cotton of Bangor had a very cross old gardener, who protected his master from troublesome visitors by saying to everyone he saw near the place, 'Go about your business.' When the gardener died, the dean had his servant's favorite formula engraved round the sun-dial in his garden in this wise: 'Goa bou tyo urb us in ess'—the result being that the

motto was usually supposed to be Welsh."

A few years ago the Welsh Congregational Union published a new hymn and tune book for the use of the churches, and the profits realized by the sale have been considerable. Encouraged by such success, the Union undertook to prepare a smaller hymn and tune book for the use of the Sunday School, and this has just been published under the title of "Caniedydd yr Ysgol Sul." It contains 160 tunes, 236 hymns, 15 chants, and 25 anthems. The price is low, and the profit, like those of the hymnal, are to be divided among the churches pro rata to the number sold by each association.

The tale of Saint Guthlac, a devout Saxon, shows the bitter struggle between his people and the Welsh. Disturbed in his meditations one night by a great uproar outside his hermit hut, he engaged himself in prayer for preservation until the morning. The chronicler tells us that he was much relieved at daybreak by the discovery that the midnight marauders were only "devils," and not Welshmen. So strong was race antipathy that the laws forbade a Briton from drinking from a cup touched by a Saxon till it had been scoured with sand or ashes!

John Bright was not an advocate of perpetuating the Welsh language. Writing to a friend from the beginning of 1888, he said:—"I agree with your views most completely. At this moment the stream of opinion seems running the other way, and many men, and even Mr. Gladstone aiding them, are apparently anxious to continue to strengthen the ancient difference between Wales and England. I have had great pleasure in visits to Wales and among the Welsh people, but I have not failed to notice the comparative helplessness to which their ignorance of English has reduced them." This must have been an exaggerated view even twelve years ago; it is certainly quite incorrect now.

Mr. Justice Channell said at the Carnarvon Assizes that there was only one town in Wales where questions and answers were correctly interpreted from Welsh to English and from English to Welsh. There was much speculation in court as to who this ideal interpreter might be. That is because in North Wales they don't know Mr. A. H. Thomas, on whose neck the judges who visit Glamorgan nearly fall in thankfulness for the way he smooths out a case in which the Welsh language is necessary.

The late Dr. Lewis Edwards had a high opinion of the hymns and poetry of Williams of Pantycelyn. Writing to "Glan Alun" in 1840, Dr. Edwards said: "I am particularly anxious to see some of Williams, Pantycelyn's poetical compositions translated into English, and happy should I be if I could persuade one of your abilities (I mean it seriously) to take the work in hand. Of course, I have no wish that those splendid original productions of yours which afford your countrymen so much pleasure and profit, should be discontinued. But when you are not in the vein for something original I hope you will not deem it beneath you to do that for Williams which Coleridge did for Schiller. Suppose you were to begin with a few of his hymns—this will prepare you for 'Theomemphus' and 'Golwg ar Deyrnas Crist.' I consider Williams more like Homer than any other poet that ever wrote. It is true that you will not meet in him with passages so sublime as many in Shakspeare and Milton. But neither will you find them in Homer. The proper attribute of both is fire—intense fire, which kindles irresistibly the feelings of every reader."

The ninth anniversary of the institution of Glyndwr Lodge, No. 54 of the

Order of American True Ivorites, was observed in a most fitting manner on Monday evening, April 9, at O'Neil's Dining Rooms, corner 6th Ave. and 22nd Street, being the occasion of the third annual dinner of this progressive Welsh organization at New York. Over 100 loyal members with their friends sat down to partake of an excellent menu. The Welsh flag, with its red dragon, recently presented to the above Lodge by one of its most active and energetic members, Mr. H. Lloyd Roberts, occupied a conspicuous position among the other attractive decorations of the room. The menu cards were neat and artistic, indicating the good taste of those having the arrangements in charge. It is but fair that we should admit that the ladies attending these dinners add greatly to their attractiveness, and it is to be hoped that their number will continue to increase with each successive dinner.

After partaking of the above, the President of the Lodge, Mr. Thomas Wynne, acting in the capacity of toastmaster, called for order, and under the first hazy wreaths of cigar smoke, the speech making commenced. Mr. John F. Evans responded briefly to the toast "The President of the United States." Prof. D. Gordon Thomas then sang in his usual spirited and interpretative manner "Cymru fy Ngwlad" (D. Pughe Evans), and in response to a well-earned applause sang with considerable hwyl "Myn'd i Batagonia." The veteran poet and acknowledged authority on Welsh history, Aneurin Fardd, responded to the toast "Ein Hurdd" in a most able and masterly address. After the singing of "The Holy City" by Mr. P. J. Reilly, speaking of "The Welsh of 1857," which toast had been assigned to the Welsh Chauncey M. Depew of New York, Mr. John T. Davies (Ioan Fedyddiwr), he stated that the committee should have made the topic of his discourse "The Welsh of 1848," and not the "Welsh of 1857." He gave a very interesting account of his early days in the City of New York, furnishing some rare bits of Welsh wit, and relating with splendid memory, and in his strikingly humorous style the incidents that occurred in 1848, at which time he arrived in New York from Wales. Mr. William Morgan (Tenorydd Tuen) then sang "Yr Hen Freuddwydion," and was encored. "The Land we Live In" was responded to in an address by Mr. William H. Williams, in which he dwelt principally upon the excellent resources of the United States as compared with those of other countries. Mr. William Chambers responded to the toast "The Land of our Fathers," and delivered a well and carefully prepared address. The programme of the evening closed with the singing of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" by Tenorydd Tuen, while the assemblage joined in the chorus. Among those present were Mr. I. Newton Williams, W. J. Williams (late of the U. S. S. "Detroit"), Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Roberts, Rev. Wm. T. Williams and Thomas Morris.—T. D. B.

Miss Hughes, Bedford, in an address she delivered before the "Celtic Society" at Aberystwyth, gave expression to some Welsh ideals which are peculiar if not whimsical. "What about the prospects of 'Cymru Fydd?' Firstly, will Wales become an independent state? If that should occur, it seemed probable its form of government would be democratic." The history of Wales would rather suggest it would be tribal. "Secondly," she added, "will the Welsh remain separate, or will they be merged in the Anglo-Saxons? The latter fate would be a loss to themselves as well as to the people with whom they would be commingled." Miss Hughes also regretted the prospect of a common humanity—all peoples made one. Miss Hughes's regrets are the outcome of her egotism and excess of patriotism.

THE UTICA MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

By Ed. Ward.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and Wednesday afternoon, April 23, 24 and 25, at the Utica Opera House, occurred the musical festival, which, for some time past, had been the chief topic of discussion among the music lovers of Utica and adjacent towns. The result exceeded the most sanguine expectations of all interested in the welfare of the project. While the undertaking was not a glowing financial success—there being an estimated deficiency of $844.46—the promoters of this important undertaking feel that their efforts to inaugurate an annual musical festival will result in success, and they rightly have just reasons to feel proud of their achievement. There was also an apparent willingness on the part of the foremost local singers and musicians to devote their talents and a large share of their time and energies to making the festival one of which the city might be proud. This was in itself deserving of highest commendation, as it furnished a valuable object lesson to musical forces in many cities, where small cliques, self-complacency and petty jealousies prevent the concerted action needed in an effort of this kind. The programmes arranged for the festival included Rossini's "Stabat Mater," sung Monday evening; Mendelssohn's "Elijah," given Wednesday evening, and two miscellaneous concerts, at one of which selections from Wagner's operas "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin" and "Rienzi" for orchestra, soloists and chorus were heard. The works rendered at the various concerts required the services of talented soloists, and several singers of exceptional gifts and accomplishments were engaged at an expense that would have seemed too great a risk to a management less enterprising. The following artists participated in the festival: Sopranos, Misses Sara Anderson, Rose Stewart, Kathrine Hilke and Flora Provan; Contraltos, Misses Gertrude May Stein and Isabella Bouton; Tenors, H. Evan Williams and William C. Weeden; Baritone, Gwilym Miles; Basso, L. B. Merrill; Harpist, Van Veacton Rogers; Cellist, Arthur K. Hadley; together with the Boston Festival orchestra, consisting of forty performers, under the efficient directorship of Emil Mollenhauer, one of America's foremost orchestral conductors. Albert Lewis Barnes, organist of Tabernacle Baptist Church, of this city, and an accomplished musician, was director of the festival chorus, which numbered two hundred excellent voices, and he is to be complimented on the fine results attained through his careful and conscientious work.

The artistic ability of Miss Gertrude May Stein, Miss Sara Anderson and Miss Rose Stewart, and Messrs. H. Evan Williams and Gwilym Miles, was demonstrated to the utmost satisfaction of their critical auditors. The other soloists, with the exception of Miss Kathrine Hilke, the soprano, Mr. Hadley, the 'cellist, and Mr. Rogers, the harpist, were comparatively unknown to Uticans, and while they did not declare unusual ability as professionals, yet they showed agreeable talent, and their efforts increased the enjoyment of the

festival. The orchestra, unquestionably one of the finest organizations of a like nature in the country, was a valuable aid in the festival scheme, and greatly increased the enjoyment, not only by its performances of orchestral compositions, but also by its exquisitely played accompaniments. One particularly noticeable and encouraging feature was that many of the musicians in the orchestra were native Americans, and that in ability they equaled many of the long haired importations heretofore considered indispensable to a pretentious orchestra in this country.

Space forbids an individual reference to the efforts of the various artists, but a spirit of fairness necessitates the statement that Miss Stein, Gwilym Miles and H. Evan Williams were easily the star attractions. The former's reputation as one of America's leading vocalists is so well established, that further reference on our part would be superfluous. However, without fear of contradiction, it can be said that Gwilym Miles' interpretation of the great role of "Elijah" was the most thrilling and impressive vocal effort of the festival. This was his first appearance in Utica. He is small in stature, but mighty in ability, and he completely captivated the hearts of his audience, before he emitted a sound, by his pleasing manners. He was in excellent voice, and delivered the music assigned to Elijah with fine intelligence, exceptional ease and superb spirit. In fact, not even Ffrangcon Davies, who created a most profound impression by his singing of this part at the Worcester (Mass.) festival a year ago last September, could surpass Mr. Miles' performance on this occasion. In the air "Is Not His Word Like a Fire," he sang as though inspired, and with a power and beauty of tone, a depth of feeling and a clearness of enunciation in the most rapid passages that had a wonderfully stirring effect upon the audience, whose insistent applause obliged him to repeat it. His fine voice and art were also revealed with puissant effect in his singing of "It Is Enough." The climax of musical expression during the festival was reached in his performance. H. Evan Williams' singing of the "Cujus Animam" from Rossini's oratorio, and the recitative and aria "Deeper and Deeper Still," and "Waft Her Angels to the Skies" from Handel's "Jephtha," was worth going far to hear, although during the performance of the latter number he was repeatedly interrupted by the cries of a child. At the conclusion of the recit, Mr. Stewart, manager of the orchestra, requested the removal of the child from the building ere Mr. Williams would proceed. This greatly pleased the audience, who were deeply annoyed at the interruption. They tendered Mr. Williams an ovation as he finished, and he repeatedly bowed his thanks. Possibly, his rendering of the "Cujus Animam" was the best work he did. He electrified his listeners by taking the upper D flat in the cadenza at the end of the aria, an effort which drew forth repeated applause. Miss Anderson sang the great air from Massenet's "Herodiade," and a group of English, French and German songs in artistic style. She possesses a splendid voice, and sings with considerable depth of expression. She was well received. Miss Rose Stewart, while not displaying a remarkable voice, did some coloratura work in the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia di Lammermoor," which was really wonderful. Her execution is absolutely perfect.

An interesting feature of the festival was the singing of a couple of choruses at the Wednesday afternoon concert by children in the public schools, under the direction of Prof. Timothy L. Roberts, supervisor of music in the schools. Such a festival is a great and needed stimulus to musical culture in every progressive community, and should be made a permanent institution in our city.

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ALLEGED DISCOVERIES OF AMERICA.

(The Madogian Tradition Refuted.)

By Aneurin Jones (Aneurin Vardd), New York.

The tradition of the discovery of America by Madoc, the son of Owain Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, in the 12th century, is still advocated by many in the United States, as will be seen by the continuous publication of books and magazine articles on the subject, and this notwithstanding the fact that the tradition has found but little support from Welsh scholars in Wales within the present century. On the contrary, it has been a matter not only of much doubt, but in some instances of explicit denial. At the outset the reader is informed that this essay must be classed with the latter, and that after a careful examination of the authorities for and against, producing and analyzing the same, in accordance with the bardic motto, "Yn ngwyneb haul a llygad goleuni" (In the face of the sun and the eye of light).

Much that is contained in the present article was written twenty-four years ago, intended as a review of a book published at that time by B. Bowen, purporting to prove the authenticity of the Madogian tradition, but was not offered for publication. What was then written was given to the late William Cullen Bryant for his perusal, and which was returned with the following letter:

Roslyn, Long Island, N. Y.,
July 5th, 1877.

Dear Sir: I have read your review of Mr. Bowen's book, and it seems to me conclusive. The different stories of people who have claimed to have had conversations in the Welsh language with North American Indians have given a certain plausibility, and with that a certain interest to the tradition of a voyage made to the North American continent, but your review dispels the illusion. As it seems to me, it settles the question, and leaves those who favor the notion of the discovery of America by Madoc without an inch of ground to stand on. I return the manuscript with this note. Yours respectfully, W. C. Bryant.

Aneurin Jones, Esq.

A great deal that is irrelevant to the main subject in its treatment by different writers has been published, which will only be touched upon, treating only that which is most pertinent towards bringing out the most plausible and authentic conclusion. The whole subject resolves itself into three principal divisions, viz., (1) The poetical compositions of contemporary Welsh bards adduced in its support; (2) The prose literature of Wales; and (3) The purported American Madogian discoveries.

The Work of Contemporary Bards: We commence with Gwalchmai's ode to Owain Gwynedd, King of North Wales, celebrating the victory obtained by Owain Gwynedd over the troops of Henry the Second on the shores of the Menai in 1157. The following translation is by Mr. J. Humphrey Parry, altered by Mr. T. Stephens, in his "Literature of the Cymru," where it did not seem sufficiently literal.

ODE TO OWAIN GWYNEDD KING OF NORTH WALES.

The generous chief I sing of Rhodri's line
With princely gifts endowed, whose hand
Hath often curbed the border land,
Owain, great heir of Britain's throne;
Whom fair ambition marks her own,
Who ne'er to yield to man was known;
Nor heaps he stores at avarice's shrine.

Three mighty legions o'er the sea-flood came,
Three fleets intent on sudden fray,
One from Erin's verdant coast,
One with Lochlin's armed host,
Long burthens of the willowy way;
The third from far bore them of Norman name
To fruitless labor doomed and barren fame.

'Gainst Mona's gallant lord, where lo! he stands,
His warlike sons rang'd at his side
Rushes the dark tumultuous tide,
Th' insulting tempest of the hostile bands
Boldly he turns the furious storm
Before him wild confusion flies,
While Havoc rears her hideous form
And prostrate rank expiring lies;

Conflict upon conflict growing
Gore on gore in torments flowing
Shrieks answering shrieks, and slaughter raving,
And high on Moelfre's front a thousand banners waving.

Now thickens still the frantic war,
The flashing death-strokes gleam afar,
Spear rings on spear, flight urges flight,
And drowning victims plunge to-night;
Till Menai's overburdened tide
Wide blushing with the streaming gore
And choked with carnage ebbs no more;
While mail clad warriors, on her side
In anguish drag their deep-gashed-wounds along,
And 'fore the King's Red Chiefs are heaped the mangling throng.

Thus Loegria's onset, Loegria's flight
The struggle doom'd her power to tame
Shall with her routed sons unite
To raise great Owain's sword to fame;
While sevenscore tongues of his exploits shall tell
With all their high renown through future ages swell.

It may not be uninteresting to note from Carnhuanawc's "Literary Remains," that this ode of Gwalchmai was selected by Gray as a specimen of Welsh poetry; and his metrical, from Evans's prose, may be seen in the poem entitled the "Triumph of Owen." It is to this composition that Bishop Percy refers, when he speaks of Gwalchmai's very sublime and animated Ode. And it is of the bards of the same period that he speaks, in his correspondence with Evans, when he pays so high a compliment to their genius. "I have," says he, "lately been collecting specimens of English poetry, through every age from time to time of the Saxons down to that of Elizabeth, and I am ashamed to show you what wretched stuff our rhymers produced, at the same time that your bards were celebrating the praise of Llywelyn with a spirit scarce inferior to Pindar."

The Madogian advocates in order to prove that Madoc was a seafaring

man, assert that the foregoing poem refers to a naval engagement on the Menai, and that Madoc was the commander of his father's fleet. There is not so much as a single sentence in Welsh history to sustain such an assertion. As the poem alludes, it was the battle of Tal-y-Moelfre. The Rev. T. Price in his "Hanes Cymru" (History of Wales), p. p. 556-567, states that this formidable fleet of Henry II. entered the Menai Strait so far as Abermenai, the soldiers having landed began to despoil the country and robbed the churches of Mary and Peter with many others; but the people of Menai raised to arms at once and meeting the enemy at Tal-y-Moelfre fought a desperate battle, completely defeating Henry's men, who on retreating to their ships were killed, and according to Gray's terse and bold rendering of the original:

Check'd by the torrent tide of blood,
Backward Menai rolls his flood.

Neither is there any particular allusion to Madoc in the poem only with reference to Owain Gwynedd, that "His warlike sons rang'd at his side."

Hywel ab Owain, contemporary bard, has a poem referring to the same event, describing the conflict, but containing no personal names. The attempt to connect Madoc with the battle of Tal-y-Moelfre as a commander of his father's non-existing fleet, being an anomaly as amusing as it is erroneous, we go to the next examples produced in the endeavor to prove Madoc's migration. This is from Llywarch ap Llywelyn's poem to the hot iron, an ordeal which the bard underwent to prove his innocence of the charge of having slain Madoc. Erroneous renderings having been given of this we give a literal translation from the original Welsh.

ODE TO THE HOT IRON.

ON THE LOSS OF MADAWG AB OWAIN.

Creator of Heaven! thy servant is a believer,
Shall we believe in this, as we believe in Jonas?
Steel Magistrate! of cheap ordnance, blessed by the God of Heaven,
Subdued I am before the transfixed One.
Concentrated truth, glowing hot!
My song delights in thy blessedness.
Reflect when thou judgest the number of my kindred,
Hot wounding creature, who created thee?
I will ask advice through Peter of Christ
Who was appointed to bear the cross:
And of the fair interceders Thomas and Philip,
And Paul and Andrew,
Lest my hand be misplaced, and I be slain by the bright sword,
And my kinsmen pay the retribution fee of murder,
Good Iron! exonerate me
From the charge of having slain Madoc,
And show that he who slew the fair prince
Shall have no part of heaven, nor its nine Kingdoms.
But that I shall obtain the society of God,
And escape his enmity.

It is inferred from this that Madoc was lost, and that the bard from being perhaps the last person seen in his company, or some other circumstance, was held responsible for his disappearance, and finally charged suspected of having murdered him and put him under the ordeal of the hot iron to produce a confession, which the bard withstood declaring his innocence.

ARE WE TO HAVE JUSTICE?

By Rev. G. James Jones, D. D.

There is a class of people in America far more anglomaniac than the most egotistic Englishman dares to be. To that class England seems to be the source and origin of all that is best and purest in our American institutions, political, social and religious. At its shrine this class worships. That which is English, you know, is its god. From its idol it can not be separated. There it ever remains bowing and worshipping while the better minds in England look on with surprise and disgust. The English people on the whole are a grand people. Their government is the most stable and impregnable of all human institutions; they are liberal, generous progressive. They are to be admired for many virtues and excellencies, but they are not the only people who have rendered yeoman service to the human race; they are not the only people who to-day stand for what is as essential as life to the higher interests of men. England and English have some centuries ago become a part of a great whole known collectively as the British. The British people and British empire embrace other intellectual and moral excellencies than possessed by the English and by England, and to these much credit should be given for the stability, vigor, power, progress of our neighbors across the sea. It should always be held in mind that the law of the survival of the fittest has merged England in the more comprehensive and characteristic term British; that term refers back to the Briton, and Briton to the Brython, the earliest inhabitant of the island. In an essential sense the Briton has had a large share in the development of the realm. Intelligent thinkers in Britain to-day not only recognize the fact but also take pride in it. Over there Welshmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen are accepted on equal terms with the Englishmen, and are honored and used according to their worth. Speaking of the achievements and powers of England comes as far short of telling all the truth as if in this country we should refer to New York when speaking of the entire nation. Yet the anglomaniacs continually speak and write of England as the guiding spirit of men. The English indomitable energy is regarded as the cause of all American progress. The English have an important share in the work, but others have contributed essential help. At one time there were more Dutch in New York than any other people. The settlement was known as New Amsterdam long before it was known as New York. The pilgrims had spent some time in Holland. At that time Holland was the most liberal and

democratic country on the globe. Those earnest and honest pioneers could not fail to catch some of the spirit of the people who so kindly gave them asylum in their time of need, and to carry with them many of their ideas to the western world. It is very certain to every impartial reader of history that to Holland is due much of the credit given to England. But there were others. Robert Morris, a pure Welshman, gave his fortune to keep the army of Washington from starving while battling for independence.

Recently, papers and magazines were full for months announcing the approach of the International Council at Boston, and its importance to the Christian work of the age. The intelligence, consecration, godliness, wisdom of the speakers were described in flowing rhetoric, and all that was said was surely true. The speakers on that occasion were surely among the best that could be obtained. We thank God for them. Yet those in this country having in charge the selection of speakers to represent the Americans steered clear from recognizing the ability and service of Welshmen. There were on the programme Welshmen from England, Wales, Australia, but not one from America. Americans never thought of this class of people as being in any way worthy of recognition. There are Welshmen doing grand work, and there are Welsh churches forming a strong party in that denomination, but they were not represented. American Englishmen were in prominence. So were American Dutch and German, but Welshmen were carefully relegated to the pews, not one on the platform. Why? It has been discovered that the Welsh are most excellent "hewers of wood and drawers of water" and "pack horses." Difficult fields and uninviting places are cheerfully given to them, but the platform of great assemblies, never. An Esther even is not allowed to speak for her people. It was a great loss to that Council not to have heard the thrilling eloquence of some Welsh American pouring red hot logic from the furnace of a heart set ablaze by power from on high, and intensified by experience in fields of labor spurned by the less courageous and consecrated. Why this neglect, this partiality, this injustice. The same fact is noticeable in gatherings less important and famous.

While the origin of the world's postal systems must be looked for in earliest attempts of men to communicate with each other by means of letters, our modern systems were largely brought into practice by the noble efforts of the British Parliament, yet the "penny postage" emanated from the brains of a Welshman. The inauguration of the penny postage was one of the most important devices in the commercial and social relations of men. And the Grand Old Man of Wales, than whom no more magnificent in character and conduct appeared among men since the Apostle Paul, the Rev. Thomas Charles, B. A., conceived the idea of a Bible to every person (Beibl i bawb

o bobl y byd). That idea became incorporated in the Bible Society, but it is rarely that his fair name is mentioned in connection with it. The value of the work of Robert Raikes can not be over-estimated, but he is not the parent of the Sabbath School. The Rev. Griffith Jones had established many flourishing Bible schools in Wales many years before Mr. Raikes saw the necessity of them. But nearly on all occasions we are referred to Mr. Raikes. The reader may imagine the joy thrilling the heart of the writer not long ago at hearing an eloquent speaker at a Sabbath School Convention in a large city calling attention in powerful diction to the truth in the matter. The speaker had no thought of a Welshman being nearer than a hundred miles of him, but he experienced the grasp of his hand in few minutes after the close of the address. The man also called attention to the deeper insight of Jones to the moral philosophy of the work. Raikes sought schools for children, but Jones sought schools for all ages. We are suffering to-day from the mistake of Raikes. The American people seem glad when they have reached an age when they are no longer expected to go to Sabbath School, while Welshmen expect to let go of the Bible only as they receive the crown of immortality. That address was an inspiration. It sought to establish rightly historical facts. It also sought to enforce the truth burning in the old Welshman's heart of the long ago that the blessed old book is a book for all men in all stations and at all time. It was the voice of a modern prophet speaking to the present generation the truth that had been spoken before to a former generation in Carmarthenshire. Yea, it was the voice of God. It is a source of much joy to the Welshmen of to-day who labor in the name of the Master to the building up of the kingdom of God among men that the labors and prayers of their illustrious ancestors are beginning to be recognized and appreciated. As yet "the half has never been told." No, never been told.

THE THUNDER.

By David Ap Gwilym.

The people hear its mighty shocks,
A roaring bull doth rend the rocks;
The thunder its battalions brings
The welkin with their clangor rings;
Red fire encounters heavy rain
And lo! the fiery wrath is slain!
I shudder as I hear aloft
The rain's loud trumpet braying oft!

SHREWSBURY AND CHESTER.

By Cambrensis.

Shrewsbury is the junction of several railways. The inhabitants were called "Proud" because as an old tradition says, "King Charles would have made them a city, but they chose rather to remain a corporation as they are, for which they were called the 'Proud Salopians.'" They were satisfied with what they had, and were the people to make the proper use of what they had. In front of the station is the square where a monument has been raised to the memory of a notably Salopian, W. J. Clement, who represented the county in Parliament for many years as a Liberal; but it was rather for his services as a good citizen and as a skillful surgeon that his fellow citizens honored his memory. Above the square is Shrewsbury Castle, for centuries a royal fortress, from the time of Henry I. to the first Charles. Opposite is the old Shrewsbury school, where Sir Philip Sydney and many other famous men were educated. Close to the approach to the castle is the Council House, in former times the seat of the Court of the Marches, and for a little while the residence of Charles I., and afterwards of James II., but now used as private dwelling houses. In the near vicinity is also St. Mary's Church, which is said to exhibit almost every variety of ancient architecture. Its graceful spire (220 feet) is notable. It was from the top of this that Cadman, the flying man, was killed in making his foolhardy attempt to slide down a rope, in 1739. St. Alkmund's Church is said to have been founded by the daughter of Alfred the Great, in 912, but the main body of the building was restored at the end of the last century.

On the main street, on the site of the Old Cross, was David ap Gruffydd, the brother of Llywelyn, said to have been hung and quartered. The Square with the curious old Market House, is one of the attractions of Shrewsbury. It is unique in point of ornamental decorations to any similar structure, and above its portal are the arms of Queen Elizabeth in high relief, and the date 1596. In the gable is a wonderful clock, as notable a clock as the one by which Falstaff fought an hour in the battle referred to in one of Shakespeare's plays. As the battle field is three miles away, Falstaff must have been watching its movements through a telescope.

An upper room of this Market House was occupied by the company of drapers, who there bought flannel brought to town by Welsh weavers. Their mode of measuring beats anything known in modern times. A drum revolving on an axle was used for measuring the flannels.

This drum, exactly a yard in circumference, was turned by a handle, and each revolution of the handle was counted as a yard, without any consideration for the gradual increase in the diameter of the drum by the successive folds of the article measured thereon.

Shrewsbury Castle.

Thomas Pennant calls the City of Chester "respectable" in his "Tours in Wales," and quotes on the authority of Ranulph the Monk and Henry Bradshaw that its founder was "Leon Gawr," a mighty great giant who builded many caves and dungeons, but that King Lear, "a Briton fine and valiant" was the real founder of it as a civilized city. The old Welsh name is "Caer Lleon," which means the "Camp of the Legion," the headquarters of the Roman 20th legion, styled also "Valeria" or "Victrix." A Roman colony was established here, called "Colonia Devana," or simply Deva. The walls or precincts of the present city mark the limits of the old. The structure of the four principal streets is without parallel, and shows its origin to have been Roman; and they run from east to west, and north and south; and were excavated out of the earth. "In this city," as an ancient writer states, "ben ways under erthe with vowtes and stonewerke wonderly wrought." Julius

Caesar's name, along with others, was engraved on the stones.

Of the four gates, one of them, the East Gate, continued till of late years. In digging near the Water Gate, in 1779, an hypocaust was discovered of great extent, consisting of many apartments with plastered walls and tessellated pavements of black, white and red tiles. There are other relics of the Roman period and of great interest.

Chester Castle.

The legion was withdrawn from Chester in the 5th century, with the rest of the Roman army, and the country was soon over-run by invaders. Hengist and Horsa poured in their hordes, and other set of banditti landed in Wales from Scotland. The fate of the city was decided at length in 607, when Ethelfrid, King of Northumbria, resolved to annex this rich tract to his dominions. He was opposed by Brochwel Ysgythrog, King of Powys, who fought with Ethelfrid, while a number of pious people from the convent of Bangor was posted on the hill to pray. Ethelfrid fell on these, and put every one to the sword without mercy. After this, there is little history of Chester for a long period. In 875, the Danes took possession of the city, but soon evacuated it. After the retirement of the Danes, it stood in ruins till 908, when it was restored by Ethelfleda.

It passed from the hands of the

Saxons into those of the Normans. Cheshire became the share of Gherbod, a Fleming, but falling soon into the hands of his enemies, the Conqueror appointed Hugh Lupus in his place. In 1069 William was at Chester in person. In this city was received, in 1300, the final submission of the Welsh to the sovereignty of England, by Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales, when the freeholders of the country did homage and fealty for their respective land. During the insurrection of Glyndwr, this city was made a rendezvous of the royal forces.

At the time of the conquest, the king visited this city in person, and restored the fortifications, and probably, rebuilt the castle. The castle was composed of two parts, an upper and a lower; each with a strong gate, defended by a round bastion on each side, with a ditch and formed with draw-bridges. The gates, walls and towers are now destroyed. On the sides of the lower court, stood the noble room called Hugh Lupus's hall, in which the courts of justice for the county were held. In the days of the Normans, Chester was almost a royal city. The other places of interest are The Rows, God's Providence House, Bishop Lloyds' residence (1604), and the Cathedral, which from the various styles of its architecture, it is said to be one of the best studies in the kingdom. Modern restoration has made it as attractive as money could have made it. The visitor will notice among the corbels on the north transept, the faces of Gladstone and Beaconsfield.

THE CELTO-BRITISH CHURCH.

By Rev. Thomas Frimston, Llangefni, N. W.

(Continued.)

Henry I., A. D. 1115, with a view to bring the whole Cambrian church under the jurisdiction of Canterbury, appointed Bernard, a Norman, bishop of St. David's, and made him at his consecration profess subjection to the see of Canterbury as his metropolis. Soon after his appointment the stalwart Norman refused to act upon this profession, and endeavored to re-establish the independent authority of St. David's. The case was ineffectually argued at three several councils, viz., the council of Rheims, summoned by Pope Eugenius, A. D. 1148; the third council of Lateran, held A. D. 1179, by Pope Alexander III; and the council of London held by Cardinal Hugatio in the reign of Henry II. It was eventually brought by Giraldus Cambrensis, the bishop elect, im-

mediately before Pope Innocent III. Here, as it could not be proved that a pall had ever been sent to any of the bishops of Wales, the pope decided against the claims of St. David's, and ever since that see has, together with the other Welsh bishoprics, been subject to the power of Canterbury.

III. The argument from doctrine. There are at least six sources of information for this argument, viz., Phraseology of earlier records; A poem descriptive of the synod at Brevi; Taliesin's poems; Austin's mission; Adelm's letter; and Bede's works.

The phraseology of the earlier records: If for instance we take the Triads, or Iolo's MSS., we find representing the period of the Celto-British Church (A. D. 51—A. D. 596) the term "faith and baptism" continually used as representing the whole Christian community. The object was to enroll believers, and not followers alone. Therefore we have Christianity having its root in Christ, whereas Christendom was a thing introduced by Austin. In the "Chronology of Remarkable Occurrences," we read of the Emperor Constantine patronizing "the faith in Christ," which was equivalent to Christianity. Again it is said in the "Memoranda," that Caractacus and Eurgen brought the Cymry first "into the faith in Christ," which is again translated, "And they were the first that converted the Cymry to Christianity." In short notices of St. Patrick, it is said, that A. D. 420, the black invaders (Danes) devastated "each country where belief and baptism prevailed," * * * and it is noted that "Patrick being conveyed to Ireland exerted himself strenuously there to inculcate "belief and baptism" among the aboriginal Irish, the Gwyddelians, and the Lochlynians" (A. D. 519).

The Synod at Brevi: Giraldus's account of this synod we reject as palpable falsehood, the Pelagian heresy was but an excuse for an advancement of another purpose; the "bringing back" of the people from the Pelagian heresy, was but a feeble attempt on the part of Giraldus to prove how the people had been brought to the Church of Rome. When he sees David "foreseeing the coming of two most holy and faithful men" "in the spirit" (to settle the dispute among them), he simply relates his own imagination; the great miracles performed on the occasion may be safely relegated to oblivion; that David was on the occasion "raised to be archbishop of the whole of Wales, by the common election and at the same time acclamation of all, clergy as well as people," is but a Romish compromise dating 500 years after the event. and that the decrees of this synod "were committed to writing by St. David himself, and deposited in the archives of his own cathedral, and having been confirmed by the authority of the Church of Rome," &c., still wants proof: no mention is made of this confirmation in any life of St. David, and Usher and Stillingfleet unitedly declare it as being spurious.

The only reliable information we

can gather in regard to this synod is a poem by Catwg the Wise, a Briton, and a contemporary of the occasion. In this, no mention is made of Rome, or pope, or priests, or of Mary, but in beautiful harmony with the history of primitive Christianity in these islands, he makes mention of God and Jesus, of David and Cybi, as divine ministers of temperance, faith and prayer; no miracles are recorded, and no mediatorship is at all mentioned except that of Christ crucified whom we must approach by prayer. Throughout Catwg's poems and works there is not the slightest reference to Rome.

Taliesin's poems (A. D. 520-570):

"I am Taliesin the bright,
I sing the praise of baptism,
The baptism of a King of numerous possession,
Fighter of alien on the edge hill in the night.
The dread of Cunedda the burning,
And Caer Weir and Caer Liwylydd."

That British Christians in Taliesin's time were independent of the Church of Rome is again evident from these his words:

"Woe be to the priest unborn,
That will not cleanly weed his corn,
And preach his flock among:
Woe be to that shepherd, I say
That will not watch his fold alway,
As to his office doth belong;
Woe be to him that doth not keep,
From Romish wolves his sheep,
With staff and weapon strong."

The editors of the "Myvyrian Archaiology" say: "In some of our oldest bards, passages that are papistically superstitious appear, though but seldom; and some half informed critics wish to consider such pieces as spurious. The churches of Wales, they observe, submitted not to the papal authority till long after the age of Taliesin and others. So far they are right; but though the power of the Church of Rome was not then, nor for two centuries at least afterwards, acknowledged in Wales, many of its superstitions had taken root among us." This latter assertion might have been true of the illiterate, but, certainly not of the cultured class, for they formidably withstood the Romish onsets all along.

Austin's mission (A. D. 596): The points of difference between the British and Roman churches as proved by Austin's mission, we do not give at length. They may be found in most church histories for the period, but we give Hardwick's footnotes in loco. "Though much depressed, the British church was far from extinguished. Bede (a warm friend of the Roman missionaries) mentions 'septem Brittonum episcopi et plures viri doctissim' (ii. 2); and the monastery of Banchornaburg (Bangor-is-y-coed) under its abbot Dinoot, was large and flourishing. The points of difference were first in the reckoning of Easter. The British and Irish were not indeed quarto-decimani (Bed. III. 4); they uniformly solemnized that festival on a Sunday, but in some years (from their use of an antiquated cycle) on a Sunday different from that observed by the rest of the western church. The second difference was in the form of the clerical tonsure; a third in the ad-

ministering of baptism without chrism. Other points of variance in the British Christians were the marriage of the clergy, a peculiar liturgy, and a peculiar code of monastic rules; but the difficulty which above all others prevented their union with the Roman party rose out of their different views on ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Augustine professed to waive the other differences for the present if three points regarding to Easter, baptism and preaching to the English were conceded. The abbot of Bangor (Dinoot), who is mentioned by Bede on the occasion, made a very spirited protest, granting indeed that the Britons owed to the Roman bishop, in common with all Christians, the deference of love, but denying that any other obedience was due to him. It is true the worth of his document has been impugned by Stillingfleet, but Dr. Lappenberg, one of the latest writers on this period, is convinced of its genuineness. A passage in Bede (II. 20) proves that the feeling of repugnance on the part of the Britons grew up into bitter hatred: 'Quippe cum usque hodie moris sit Britonum fidem religionemque Anglorum pro nihilo habere, neque in aliquo eis magis communicare quam paganis.' What more can be asked for, to prove the total difference of both communities? Why, even Ethelbert the Saxon, in his case, firmly replied, "Your words and promises are very fair, but as they are new to us, and of uncertain import, I cannot forsake the established customs of my nation." Subsequently he yielded nevertheless in a compromise.

Aldelm's Letter (A. D. 692). Under Trajan's rule Christian congregations were styled collegia illicitia, illegal meetings. In the beginning of the second century Christianity was styled genus tertium, the third species; and A. D. 375, Theodosius decreed that all nations under him were to embrace the religion of St. Peter, which was introduced to the Romans. This was totally objected to, as we have already noticed, in regard to Austin's mission, and Aldelm's letter indicates that the Britons initiated the following century according to their own rules. Aldelm was a Saxon abbot, and A. D. 692 sends a letter to Geraint (Gurentius), Prince of Cornwall, and complains that the Britons rejected the tonsure of Peter, and that they defend themselves by saying that they cut their hair as their fathers did, that they held in contempt the traditions and ordinances of the Church of Rome, that the British ministers would not pray with them nor eat at the table, and would not drink out of the same cup without first scouring the cup, that the ministers of Wales excuse and defend themselves by saying that they reverence from their hearts all the commandments and rules of the Old and New Testaments, and that they believe with all their hearts that the Godhead exists in three persons, and yet is one infinite God, and that they preach to the people the mystery of the incarnation, the death, the resurrection, and ascension of Christ, and publish

that there is a judgment to come, when all men shall be weighed in the balance, and receive according to their works; but that they hope, by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, to appear among his holy followers at his right hand in glory." Does not this letter, written under and by an opponent's hand, indicate that the Pelagian heresy tale (at least as regards Morgan and the British church themselves) was a farce, and used as a handle by the bishops of Rome in order to attempt the conversion (?) of the Cymry. The fact is, we know absolutely nothing of Morgan, except what is given us through Romish channels. That heresy might have prevailed, and we believe it did, but to make Morgan the scapegoat to bear the penalty of the offence, is to us, on the face of it, a Romish trick for the humiliation in the sight of the world, of the church to which he belonged, and the country of which he was a native. A prominent reformer in the British or Gallic church would naturally incur the frown of the papacy.

Again, in St. Patrick's confession, or epistle to the Irish, from the original Latin as collated and edited by Charles O'Connor, S. T. D., from the Cottonian MS. of at least 800, and the Armagh of 1000 years' standing, the one would bring us up to A. D. 1096, and the other up to A. D. 896. I find no allusion to this heresy, which seems very strange when we consider the mutual relations of both the Irish and British churches, which had continued for centuries before and after that event. St. Patrick notes he had been "in Britain with his parents," styles himself simply "episcopus," having his "elders" with him.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC NOTES.

By William Apmadoc.

"How many times in England have my plans for a holiday been altered by my hearing the strains of music from within when passing a church or a cathedral. How many and how happy have been the hours I have spent in the dim light of those ancient temples, surrounded by exquisite carving, confronted by gorgeous pictures in stained glass, listening to the melody and feeling the thrill of the organ, and, above all, lifted in heart and soul by the marvelously impressive music of the boy voices in the choir!" With these words, Julian Ralph commences his delightful article in the April "Ladies Home Journal," on "The Choir

Boys of England." In the closing words of the quotation, there is a recognition of the truth of superiority and impressiveness of the human voice over all material instruments. In other portions of the article, the same truth peeps out. Another fact is set forth, namely, that the beauty of tone possessed by the boy voices of the Westminster Abbey choir, as well as in all other cathedral choirs, is due to a great extent to the classification of the voices. Not all good choral leaders, even, are capable of this discerning necessity, hence the lack of a .pleasing and winning "timbre." The late Caradog, probably, was the best Welsh choir-trainer we have ever had. There ought to be among us, to-day, capable choral directors in the line of tone production. But, in Caradog's time, he was the peer of all in "placing" the singers in each part, and in "blending the parts" most admirably, hence placing the choral excellence of the Aberdare region in the front rank, and the ultimate triumph of his noble "500" in the Crystal Palace contest of 1873. In justice be it said, that among the musicians who were appointed to criticize the rehearsals of the famous choir, Mr. D. Emlyn Evans rendered invaluable service. The writer, in many Eisteddvodic adjudications, emphasized over and over again, the great importance of voice classification of choral parts in order to produce the beauty and one-ness of tone which characterizes every good choir, but he is not aware of any efforts whatever to carry out the suggestion.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, "England's greatest composer," is much in evidence just now, as far as newspapers are concerned. But in the highest musical circles, his place has always been that of a royal prince. A writer remarks that just as England's best soldiers appear to have had a habit of being born on Irish soil, so her composers, from William M. Balfe to Sir Arthur Sullivan, have largely identified themselves with the little green isle "which was the home of the arts when Britain was steeped in almost hopeless barbarism." Sir Arthur Sullivan was born in London, May 13, 1842, but his father was an Irishman of the old stock, and his mother, Mary Coghler, had an Irish father and an Italian mother. It is thus shown that the Irish blood needs the infusion of a more musical blood in order to produce a knightly genius. The father, Thomas Sullivan, was the bandmaster at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, for eleven years, and then, until his death, an instructor in the Military School of Music at Kneller Hall. Arthur showed his musical talent from earliest infancy.

There is no study that is more interesting than the history of the growth and development of sacred music. We have read that Henry Purcell 1658-1695), "the greatest musical genius of England"—prepared the way for Handel (1685-1759). One thing is certain, the style and power of Purcell in many

of his songs, that, should we listen to the singing of them, we could not but think of the great Saxon. Let any one sing "Come, if you dare" and "Down among the dead men," and we feel ourselves at once in the strong and majestic sweep of a Handelian tide. Of course, Purcell was no Handel, but it is asserted by an able writer in an English magazine that Handel could not be to the world what he is to-day, had it not been for the style-creative Henry Purcell, who, at 18 years of age, was organist of Westminster Abbey; at 19 producing his first opera, "Dido and Eneas," and following with twenty other operas, besides anthems, and many vocal works for state festivals, &c. Handel's genius had no scruples. Whatever could be of use to him he "appropriated" without compunction. This is amply exemplified in the airs of his "Messiah," and in many of his other works. It must be confessed that whatever music he "took," he cast upon it, about it and through it the spell of his genius, and made it splendorously Handelesque. The famous Dr. Arne (1733-1810) again, was caught in the same sweeping Purcell-Handelian style, when he penned his immortal "Rule, Britannia," which, to-day, has made British hearts to beat almost in unison the world over. It was Richard Wagner who said, "The first eight notes of "Rule, Britannia," typify the British character, an important testimony to the power and significance of style.

"The Etude" some months ago offered three prizes for the best three series of "Dont's," one for teachers, one for pupils, and one for the public. Miss Phebe J. Bullock of Ann Arbor, Mich., won the prize for "Dont's" for teachers, which contain valuable hints. We quote a few from the April number: Don't teach music unless you are well prepared. Don't teach music unless you have infinite patience. Don't teach music unless you can impart knowledge. Don't teach music unless you continue to advance by practice and study. Don't teach music unless you can be civil and courteous to other teachers. Don't teach music unless you study human nature. Don't teach music unless you can control your temper. Don't teach music unless you can make the study of music attractive to your pupils.

Goethe's remarks are respectfully quoted for many composers of the day—"There are in this world so few voices and so many echoes; and it is one of the most discouraging signs which can be observed of any time, that it is an age of echoes. There are so few men in this world who have the intellectual power of thinking for themselves good, honest, original thoughts."

We have frequently noticed what a prominent part music plays in some of the finest of oratorical writings, in poems, essays and histories. The following quotation, entitled "The Star Spangled Banner on the Luneta," from Senator Albert J. Beveridge, in "The Saturday Evening Post" of May 5, deserves to be

memorized. What a fine selection for an Eisteddfod recitation contest it would make? In the Senator's article on "The American Army Officer in Action," under the above caption, he writes:

"If I have not made clear the religious and fatalistic adoration of the flag which inspires the American soldier and officer alike, let the following illustrate it now: It is a scene which you may witness on the Luneta of Manila any evening as the sun sinks behind the waters of Manila Bay. This famous combined park and driveway at that hour is thronged by a circulating procession of carriages, filled with mestizos in their most effective toilettes, and with white-clad officers who are in Manila after duty for the day, or who are in the city on leave. The seats along the driveway, all the walking space, and the sward next to the beach are filled with our khaki-clad soldiers, their keen, young faces showing their enjoyment as they drink in every impression.

Now and then a young face looks wistfully out over the sea, with thoughts of home in every feature. On the band-stand in the centre is a regimental band rendering all manner of tunes and airs, lively and pathetic, jolly and sad. Around and around sweeps the circle of carriages, up and down move the walking throngs, gradually crystalizing, however, about the central point from which the founding of music throws its sprays of sound into the air. Some lively, fantastic composition has ended amid laughter and applause. Then the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" float out upon the air, and a sadness and silence steals over the constantly increasing throng. It is finished in silence, and then a great wave of earnest applause comes up from thousands of hands. The sun is sinking rapidly in the west, and the whole horizon is a panorama of spangled flame. There are no sunsets in the world comparable to those gorgeous and astounding pictures that stream oceanward athwart the sky of Manila at close of day. To the east the heavens assume a hue of minor, mistlike and tender purple. The whole atmosphere is full of beauty, beautitude and benediction."

A STORY OF A PEASANT.

By Will Watkins.

My father was born about the year 1800; but as his parents could not read or write, he never knew the fact but indirectly. In those days, among the poorer and illiterate class, they registered births and deaths by events rather than years, in this wise: Very often an event like the battle of Waterloo would become a basis for calculation; and parents would say that their children were born so many years before the battle of Waterloo, or so many years after the plague or any famous event. My grand parents never referred to my father's birth as having happened in 1800, but to him as being fifteen years old at the time of the great French defeat. So in subsequent years, my father calculated after some little figuring that the event of his appearance on the stage of this life happened in 1800.

He was a native of a hillside in the county of ———, South Wales, and the little cottage, roofed with thatch and a home of the most humble proportions and appearance, was situated in a remote nook almost concealed by an overhanging ledge ("dan gesail y mynydd," as my father used to describe it). Many many years after the event, above noticed I visited the little home in his company, and I discovered that he was greatly attached to the poor humble dwelling and its environments, because, as he told me, a myriad of recollecitions rose in his mind, many happy hours he enjoyed in the innocence of childhood years, when the sunshine, and the murmuring of the brook, the twittering of birds, the strolls over the hill sides and through the sweet-scented fields with innumerable daisies and ox-eyes, and the mysterious pleasures, which nature fills the young heart with, crowded on his memory. The sight of the old home served to revive his young experiences of former days.

My father was born in poverty, and far from means of education. The church of the parish was the only institution of civilization in the whole neighbiorhood. Contiguous with the parish church was the inevitable public house or tavern; as essential a part then as the Sunday School is to-day; and although the tavern was more than the undoing of the half-hearted and perfunctory spiritualizing work performed by the worldly minded vicar, the question of temperance and religious decency never troubled anybody. Drinking and carousing seemed a part and parcel of religion, and was the amen of the church service. Especially, this was the case, after a funeral service when the family of mourners and their friends and acquaintances would hasten to the tavern close by to drown their sorrows in a number of pints of "cwrw melyn" (yellow

ale). This gave occasion to a couplet which attained the status of a proverb—

Claddwch y marw
A dewch at y cwrw.

When my father was a mere child he was attached to a man-servant of the neighboring farm, in the position of a helping hand (gwas bach), who followed the experienced man (gwas mawr). The happiness and training of a boy in that position would depend greatly on the character of this "knight of the plough" which he attended. If an ignorant and unscrupulous churl, the boy's fate would be little better than serfage; if a good-natured man, he would be treated with much kindness, and the companionship would be pleasant and beneficial. The "knight of the plough" whom my father had to serve was a good deal of a literate, was a great reader, conversant with the plaited and involved poetry and the jingling rhymes of the period. During the relaxed seasons, while looking after the flock, hours at a time, he would amuse himself and the boy singing tangled carols or songs with considerable skill; or he would spend hours at a stretch, teaching father the rudiments of reading. Before my father had attained his majority, he had graduated in reading, writing and singing from this school of the hillside; and he even in his old days, felt grateful to this friend and teacher of his youth.

Education was nowhere. It is truly pitiable to think what good the church could have done in every parish, had the clergy any love of progress in their hearts. The ages passed in Wales without any attempt on the part of the clerical party to educate and enlighten their fellowmen sunk in ignorance and undertrodden by oppressive labor. The church tnrough the middle ages seems to have lost sight of her mission, for outside of taxing and tithing the people, her service was of very little value. The servants of the church thought more of their living than of the eternal life of their parishioners. The Rev. J. W., vicar of —— was in every sense unworthy. Regarding the rights of his church, he was energetic and bigoted, a bitter opponent of every attempt to institute means of civilization and culture outside his jurisdiction. When an attempt was first made to inaugurate a Sunday School in a farmhouse in the neighborhood, he had recourse to every means to crush the movement, but the institution flourished in spite of his foolish opposition. Very soon a chapel was founded, which immediately began to revive interest in evangelical religion among the people. So far had he forfeited his respect in the parish, that in a few years, his church was almost useless as a place of worship, as it had been for years as an evangelical institution. In his opposition to the church of his time, Wicklyff argued that more rights should be given the parishioners, a greater privilege to resist ecclesiastical oppressions, and especially a right to withhold their support from unworthy clerics. If the church

through her corrupt and worthless servants had brought her into disgrace and suspicion among the people, they should have been provided with the privilege of starving them out of the parishes. Instead of that, for ages, the secular arm forced these clerks upon the people and held them in their office by sheer authority. How oft ignorant and even drunken priests had annoyed the people, and wasted the good things of their parishes, backed by the ecclesiastical and civil powers? What bitterness prevailed between these "servants of God" and the hard worked people! The people are satisfied when they get something in exchange for their money. Church taxes and tithes should have represented something actual and beneficial; but for ages they brought in nothing except ceremonies, rituals and annoyances.

Every Saturday our vicar would go to town, four miles away, and return on his nag the worst for liquor, and many a time my father would pick up the clerical hat half a mile from the vicarage, and would run over with it, with not even thanks for his trouble. The Vicar would lie on his mare with a tight embrace, which probably saved him many a time. It showed the corrupt state of the age when such a priest could hold his place in the face of every reason (civil and ecclesiastical) to oust him.

In those days, tithes were paid in kind, which was often troublesome and difficult to the parson, as well as annoying and exasperating to the farmer. In many places, and under peculiar circumstances, the old way of collecting this church tax was bringing religion into contempt, and its inconveniences and often the conflicts which happened, led to attempts to devise ways to commuting the payment, of exchanging tithes for cash or for a lump consideration, which was conducive to peace and good will. An honorable Christian minister would have very little trouble, and would cause very little annoyance in the collection of his dues, especially if he knew how to acknowledge the difficulties and hardships of his fellowmen; but an overbearing, exacting, bigoted, merciless, worldly cleric would have frequent clashes with his parishioners. They would invent and devise all manner of ways and tricks to annoy and fool him often without regret. His difficulties and grievances would only help to amuse and divert them. "Honesty the best policy" would have no meaning in his cause; for each one would try to deprive him of his dues. He would have to keep a sharp outlook on the sum total of the farmer's harvest. He would have to figure up his lambs, his pigs, his colts, chickens, cheese, eggs, grains of every kind, fruits and herbs. This kept the parson continually peeking into the affairs of the farmer; and the farmer, on his part, would undertake to put the parson to all the annoyance in the world. The parson's agent, like Pharoah's bailiffs and deputies for Israelitish newborn children, would be watching for new comers in the

animal department, for tithing. Estimates, even of the potato crop, would be carefully taken, so as to figure up the parson's dues. Although the whole business was the reverse of the spirit of the gospel, yet the parson would claim his share with the same tenacity as Shylock his pound of flesh.

The farmer which the above "knight of the plough" and my father served was a Nonconformist, and a chapel-goer; so during harvest time, he and my father would hitch up the waggon for the hay, grain or potato field out of pure mischief, in order to see the parson's drive out also, for his share of the spoils. Our "knight of the plough" would drive round a couple of miles, and return home, and, thereby, disappoint and worry the parson. Often the farmer and his men would drive into a field, with the parson's man tearing after, when the party would swing around and hurry back home. Often they would dig potatoes, unawares to the parson's man, who would get exceedingly wrath; because he liked to be there to count the potatoes, of which the farmer would fain pick the smallest, and the parson the largest tenth! There was no end of wrangling when the parties felt a little out of joint. As long as the people were faithful to and favored the ecclesiastical system, there would be little difficulty, but once a majority had come to despise the system, often on account of its inactive, and also in too many instances immoral ministers, disputes and annoyances multiplied until a measure was introduced by the government to commute tithes into a money rent charge. The change gave a certain satisfaction; but the system of tithing is still repugnant to the feelings of the majority of farmers, although they find it politic to pay. However we may regard the righteousness of the imposition in the light of past religious notions, there is no doubt as to the ultimate fate of this discriminating and compulsory mode of providing revenues for a national church. How His cause has been wounded by our transgressions, and bruised by our iniquities by so long disregarding His simple statement that His kingdom is not of this world!

The Church of England has greatly improved her position and relations with the people, of late years, and many of the old-timed grievances and annoyances have been removed or modified; but, nevertheless, the tithe question will probably remain an abiding source of discontent, and along with her increased tendency toward ritualism and mediaeval theology and practices, will furnish the ultimate lever for her removal as a state institution. Even some of her own clergy and a majority of her Welsh members recognize the fact of her persistent disregard of the language and the best interests of the people of Wales. She is largely English in her instincts and objects. It is in her power even as late as now, to regain the good will of the people, but she seems to neglect the only means of attaining an affectionate relation with her surroundings.

THE CYMRY IN BRIT AIN—THE BRITONS.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips, M. A.

(Continued.)

It confounds fact and bewilders reason to make tribes the mother nation, and dialects the mother language; and then to make them distinct, different and antagonistic. Better follow the stream from the source to the ocean, and the tree from the root to the branches. In the understrata of population and language in Gaul and in Britain, if we examine them thoroughly and candidly, we shall discover one main and vast ethnic stream, flowing strong and full from the Caucasian mountains, through Asia Minor and the Black Sea, overflowing western Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, forcing its way across the channel into the islands beyond, inundating east and west, north and south; and we shall discover one main and vast tree on the plains of the past, pushing its roots far and deep in the soil of humanity, growing tall and strong and broad, spreading its branches from sea to sea, and from sea to ocean, filling northern, central and western Europe, and the British islands, with its magnitude, its shade and its beauty, the richness of the country, the protection of the nations, and the study of humanity.

Before the Teutonic races had reached western Europe the inhabitants were substantially one and the same people, and spoke substantially one and the same language. This substantially one and the same people, and this substantially one and the same language took possession of the British islands and established themselves upon them. And it is of little consequence which tribe of the mother nation first landed, or which dialect of the mother language was spoken upon them. They were of the same family of nations and of the same family of languages. The inhabitants of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland were ethnically brothers, and the languages of these countries were lingual sisters. As we have already shown they were of the same blood and the same speech.

This great family of nations, the western pioneers of the race, became separated and estranged on their march of so many centuries on the continent, and entered the island by different routes, and at different times, and under different names: and this old family of languages which they all spoke with fluency and pleasure around the hearth of the old homestead on the Black Sea, became by so great a time and separation much modified and divided, and entered the island by different routes, at different times, and under different names, among which we discover

the Cornish, the Gaelic, and the Cymric. The Cornish is now a dead language, in having expired with Polly Pentraeth in 1768, who was the last to speak it, and would speak no other to her dying breath. The Gaelic is gradually dying, and is now spoken by only a few. But the Cymric is yet vigorous, spoken by millions, and preached from thousand pulpits, with valuable if not voluminous literature.

The branch of this great ethnic family which came from south-eastern Aquitania and the banks of the Iber in the north-west of modern Spain, and were known as Celtiberi, are recognized in those who inhabit the south-western coast of the island. The branch of this great ethnic family which came from Armorica, Bretagne, Brittany, gave their name to the island, and established frequent intercourse between the island and the continent. The branch of this great ethnic family which came from central Gaul, appear in the Gael of Scotland and Ireland, and in Gwalia, Walia, Wales, the Welsh of the Principality. And the branch of this great ethnic family bearing the name of the mother nation, which came from Belgic Celtica and farther north, name the Principality Cymru, and delighted to trace their pedigree from the Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri, Cymry.

Another fact of importance and significance in the history of the ancient Britons, which claims our thorough and candid consideration, was their peculiar province in the construction of Great Britain—the construction of modern civilization. Their number was peculiarly large. The number of Romans that remained on the island after the evacuation; the number of Saxons that landed on the island during the Heptarchy and Monarchy; the number of Danes that lodged on the coast in their one hundred and fifty years piratical invasions and twenty years possession of the island; and the number of Normans that came with William the Conqueror in the eleventh century, were small compared with the number of Britons that always inhabited the island. Add to these those of kindred blood in Ireland, the adjacent island, and on the continent, whose natural influx was large, and you considerably increase the number. As a numerical factor in the great and intricate problem of British government and civilization the Britons and their accessories were incalculably larger than all the Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans on the island combined. They furnished the bulk, the mass, the most of the people in the foundation, as they have since in the superstructure of the kingdom. It is in reality as in name the British Government, or it is a misnomer and an imposition the English Government.

Not only was their number peculiarly large, but their blood was peculiarly strong. Furnishing most of the people they naturally furnished most of the blood. But they furnished more. By intermarriage with the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes and the Normans, their blood en-

tered indirectly and under other names into the constitution. Many of those who inhabited and governed the Roman province as Romans had in their veins British blood. Many of those who inhabited and governed the Heptarchy and Monarchy as Saxons had in their veins British blood. Many of those who inhabited and governed the kingdom as Danes had in their veins British blood. And many of those who inhabited and governed the country as Normans had in their veins British blood. Many of the Romans before they ever saw the island had in their veins Celtic and Celtiberic blood. Many of the Saxons and the Danes before they ever saw the island had in their veins Cymric and Belgic blood. And many of the Normans before they ever saw the island had in their veins Gallic and Britannic blood. The blood that inhabited and governed the island, for the most part, was decidedly intermixed with the British ingredient by far the largest and strongest. As it was before the eleventh century, so has it been ever since; or as it was in the foundation, so has it been in the superstructure.

After the Romans had conquered the Gauls during the century immediately preceding the Christian era, they forced upon them the Roman language, laws and institutions, so that the language and religion of western Europe, save of Armorica, became modified Latin and modified Catholicism. But after the Franks had conquered the same people in the fifth century of the Christian era they were absorbed by the conquered, and embraced their language and religion, simply giving their name to the country; and the Normans, as we have already intimated, conquered a part of the same people, a few centuries later, were absorbed by the conquered and embraced their language and religion, so that that we read, instead of their ancient names, France and Normandy. In Britain the Romans left neither their language, their laws, nor their institutions, simply their name and blood by intermarriage. The Saxons spoke the language of their native country in the part of the island they had conquered. The Danes endeavored to force Britons and Saxons to accept the Danish, but failed; and the Normans endeavored to force the Britons, Saxons and Danes to accept the French, but failed; the Britons and Danes were too tenacious of their language, and too persistent in its defense, so that two or three languages, and that two still stand their ground, the vernacular of the people, and the British language like British blood underlied and interpenetrated Saxon speech more than many are willing to acknowledge.

Their traits, like their number and their blood, were peculiarly dominant. Directly or indirectly they had commanding influence. Their intuitive knowledge and native wit, their enthusiasm and impetuosity, their courage and daring, their love of liberty and independence, of justice and compassion were essential elements in the foundation of the British Government, and have been

essential elements in the superstructure. The German was more phlegmatic, the Gaul more sanguine, the Teuton was more accurate, the Celt more ready, the Saxon was more prosaic, the Briton more poetic. The intermixture of blood and traits made better men, better government, and better civilization. This, doubtless, God had in view in compounding pre-eminently German and Gallic blood, Teutonic and Celtic traits, Saxon and British characters on that beautiful island in the long ago. Hence the first and second families of nations, the Cymric and Teutonic, often allies and opponents in war, the first and second inhabitants of Europe, were brought together on that beautiful island to lay the foundation and erect the superstructure of government and civilization which shall fill the whole earth and bless all mankind.

(To be continued).

FAITH.

By Tudor Williams.

What the dim future hath in store
No sage is visioned me to tell;
Yet, if I judged by times before,
Whate'er shall be, it shall be well.

Of the vanished past I make no plaints;
Fate better wrought than my desire;
With faith serene as any saint's
I strive undaunted and aspire.

For whatsoe'er for me is best.
That shall the power o'er-ruling give;
Submissive to the high behest
In duty's ways I toil and live.

FIELD OF LETTERS

HIRNOS GAUAF is a collection of tales and stories by Welsh writers, edited by the Rev. T. M. Evans, M. A., Lampeter, S. W.

It consists of 18 narratives ranging all the way between the serious and the superficial. Some of them are a little thin and shadowy—even spooky—but among them are others of interest and edification. "Y Salm Ddu," "Ymweliad Gwiber ag Emlyn," and a few others are substantial, and others are amusing; but really, some of them might have been excluded without injury to the contents. Even humor is worthless unless there be a moral attached to it. Wit and humor should be as graceful as any other qualities of the human mind, and may be made as edifying and elevating. There are fallen wits as well as angels; and a few of these tales soar rather low.

—An article by R. D. Glyn Roberts in the "Cerddor," recapitulates the "essentials" of a good accompanist. He must have a thorough knowledge of the musical art; must have an idea of the art of singing; a conception of the nature of music to be performed; an ability to sympathize with the singer and to assist effectively in the expression of the music. He certainly should have the exquisite knowledge of the cook, as to how to season the vocal performance.

Among the contents of "Yr Haul" for April, are the following: A sketch of the life of the Rev. David Griffith, Nefern (with portrait); Church Doctrines and Principles; Some Celebrated Prayers; Justin and others on the Resurrection; The study of theology and the ministry; A sermon; Our Father. The article on the "Sacraments of the Church" gives least satisfaction. The writer conceals his identity for some reason or other, which makes his remarks suspicious in the present crisis through which the Church of England is passing. The article throughout is uncertain, ambiguous, equivocal, and is evidently more Roman than English. It is misty and mysterious, and unworthy of a Protestant clergyman. It seems that the writer is afraid to show his face. Such notions were never gotten out of the Scriptures.

"Trysorfa y Plant" opens on a fine portrait of the Rev. W. Morris, St. David's, formerly of Cilgeran, Pembroke. He was one of the most popular preachers in Wales, improving and mellowing to the last. He had an original style, and an indescribable voice. His preaching was very attractive and pleasing. He was the son of a Welsh preacher and a shoemaker of Cilgeran. As there was no chapel in the village in those times, services were held in his father's house; consequently Mr. Morris was born in the "chapel." He preached for over 60 years, continuing to improve. When unable to attend any longer to preaching on account of old age, he used to say "the pulpit or the grave for me." On page 130, we find also a portrait of the late Principal Edwards, a prince of the Welsh pulpit. He was grandson of the celebrated Thomas Charles, Bala, and a son of the late Lewis Edwards, a noted Welsh divine.

In the "Dysgedydd" for May, we are, by a short sketch and a fine portrait, introduced to John Carvell Williams,

M. P., who was Secretary of the Liberation Society for 30 years, and who fills the chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales for the present year. He represents the Mansfield district in Parliament, and is one of the leading men of the day. Then follows other articles, viz., "Sin," by the Rev. Owen Evans, D. D., London; "Old Characters of Penygarnedd" (III.); Recollections of Old Bethel, Liverpool; Sunday School Lesson; The Meeting of the Welsh Ministers of Liverpool and vicinity; Events of the Month, etc., etc.

—Discussing the question of "Sin," the writer takes the optimistic view that it is an eradicable evil; that it is not necessarily to remain in the heart of man. It is possible to destroy the power of sin in human nature, and so it may be expelled as an evil agent. He narrates the story of Robert Roberts, Tyddynyfelin, who when told by Dr. Lewis of his intention to publish a book explaining how sin came into the world, to cost 6 pence, Roberts requested him to make it a shilling book giving instructions also as to how to get sin out of the world.

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The "Cronicl" has gone in a little too much for expansion—it is somewhat halfway between a magazine and a newspaper. It has nevertheless improved in appearance, though not in the quality of its contents. The Religious Notes are generally timely and interesting; its miscellaneous department is attractive; and its "Events of the Month" are comprehensive. The editor in a note ridicules the idea of the difficulty of raising $100,000. He considers that small sum a mere fleabite. He thinks it ought to be made $250,000. In fact, he says, more than $100,000 is spent by Congregationalists on tobacco annually! "Could not we turn some of that into gold for the good cause?" he asks.

—The "Cronicl" waxes warm every time the Boer question is mentioned. It is strange how the Welsh publications commencing with a C side with the Boers! Although B stands for Britain, and has sheltered C for so long a time, yet every Welsh publication whose name commences with C opposes the British cause with considerable bitterness; viz., the two "Celts," the "Cymro," the "Cwrs," and the "Cronicl."

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The May "Traethodydd" has several articles of interest: "Jacob Boehme," by W. Hobley; "Ioan Mynyw," by the Rev. J. M. Morgan, St. Dogmells; "The Royal Commission and the Liquor Traffic," by the Rev. Daniel Rowlands; "Howell Harris—His Second Visit to Llanidloes," by R. Bennett; "Archaeology and the Bible," by Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A.; the Rev. Thomas Roberts, Jerusalem, by John Owen, M. A.; Notes, etc.

—The Rev. Daniel Rowland's article on the "Licensing Commission" is a powerful discussion of the liquor question, and the question is handled in a convincing manner. The report of the Commission commends the operation of the law of Sunday closing in Wales, and advises the extension of the same so as to include the border County of Monmouth. The law of Sunday closing is often eluded by stepping over the line into Monmouth, where Sunday drinking is in vogue. The inclusion of Monmouth would make the operation of the law complete and satisfactory.

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"Cwrs y Byd," has a sensible paper on "Tom Paine and the Rights of Man." Tom was not as bad nor as good as his foes and friends paint him. He was a great man in many respects. The other articles are "A Trip to Paris;" "The Boers and the Britons—the origin of their Trouble;" "The Order of Things;" Correspondences, Poems, etc. "Cwrs" is often sensible with a penchant towards bitterness and spite. There is lack of humaneness in some of its remarks. This, for instance, that it sympathizes with the regular soldiers who are bound to serve in South Africa, but it wont

hurt him a bit to see the other lubbers (the volunteers) hobble home on crutches or wooden legs!

In "Young Wales" for April, in an article entitled "Welsh Airs," David Jenkins is endeavoring to throw some light on the origin of Welsh tunes which is certainly extremely difficult. Most of these have been handed down to modern times orphaned as far as their origin or date goes, but it is probable that none of them is as ancient as we often think. Then follows a "Plea for Reform," by a Welsh Professor; "A Maid of Cymru" (a tale), by "The Dau Wynne" (Chap. I.); "Welsh Nationality," by the late Sir George Osborne Morgan; "Wales That is To Be," by Miss Ellen Hughes, Bedford; "Where There is no Vision the People Perish," by the Rev. Charles Davies, (Cardiff); "The Welsh Colony in Patagonia," by Benbow Phillips; "Echoes and Impressions," by Ernest Rhys.

—Miss Hughes reckons the following facts as prognostications favorable to the future of Wales; our age is inspired by healthy ambition and corresponding energy; our country is fully alive to the advantages of knowledge and learning; an ever growing sense of brotherhood in Wales is observed; as well as increasing independence of thought.

—Mr. Davies says that it is a source of joy to us to realize that, though some of the old signs are perhaps not quite so evident, and though some of the great pillars of the nation have lately fallen, there are still a fair outlook for the future. Mr. Davies, nevertheless, shudders at the thought of our young men knowing more of the foot ball players than of the great leaders of their nation. However, there is a promising vision.

The contents of the "Drysorfa" for May are: The Sabbath Question; The Late Rev. Dr. Owen Thomas; Sanctification; The Liverpool Welsh Ministers Meeting; Zwinglius; A Memoir of the late T. C. Edwards, D. D.; Monthly Notes, News, Obituaries, Reports, Poems, etc.

—Among the "Notes" we find the following description by a musical critic of the voice of the late Dr. Owen Thomas: "Dr. Owen Thomas was the most dramatic preacher I ever heard; the range of his voice was very great, and he had an exceptional compass. He was a first class elocutionist, with a perfect control over his voice. As to the quality of his voice it was a high baritone, not a tenor. He could speak as low as Irving, and could go higher than Wilson Barrett. I have heard him shout 'Ffowch! Ffowch!' as high as G at an open air meeting in an Association, a most memorable event to me. Yes, his was a grand voice; he could manipulate it to convey tenor as well as refined, mellow, persuasive passages."

—The "Drysorfa" objects to the idea of a Catholic University for Ireland, and denounces the part taken towards its consummation by members of all political creeds, such as Balfour, Morley, Bryce, William Jones, etc. Mr. Jones during the consideration of the measure, made a remarkably eloquent speech in favor of the measure, and a marked impression on both sides of the house, but the "Drysorfa," although it acknowledges the power and beauty of eloquence, adds that the principle of religious equality is something of deeper importance. He holds the government should not endow religion.

"Y Geninen" for April opens with an instructive article by T. Marchant Williams on the "Normal Colleges of Wales." He quotes from a report dated 1846, wherein is described the pitiable condition of education in Wales. The position of teacher was the least respected and worst paid one of those professions which became a kind of refuge for those who had failed or had been unfortunate on other lines. At this

time, teachers were ignorant and almost worthless. Then follows a spirited paper on the war in South Africa by Edward Foulkes; Deism and the New Theology; Recollections of Old Elsteddfodau; Ystrad Clud; The Religion of Wales in the Next Century; The Struggle Between Paganism and Christianity in the Primitive Ages; Charles Ashton; A Couple of Welsh Bards; The Especial Mission of Congregationalism; Griffith Owen of Llangybi; Literary Scraps of Alun Wyn; William Nicholson; T. E. Ellis, M. P.; A Poem; The Valley of Teivy; Literary Relics; Correspondence; Englynion, and other poetical varieties.

—Cranogwen in her paper on the "Religion of Wales in the Next Century" casts a longing look backward to the good old times of spirited preaching and the happy revivals, when the old-timed Welsh "crefyddwyr" regarded the chapel with the same fond affection as the Jew his Sion. She is reminded of the itinerary preachers who had such power to draw people from their every-day work and cares to chapel even at noon to listen to the preaching of the evangel of Christ; of the good old happy Sundays, of which people thought of through the week, and when over, people often wished that the morrow was Sabbath; that preaching which people were prepared to sacrifice everything in order to enjoy. Those days are gone, and concerts and entertainments have flowed in over all. The old days of revivals are passed, and commoner times are with us, milder preaching, less thundering, with fewer of the strong conversions of yore. But although these are evident losses, she hopes we have gained on other lines some advantages that will be of benefit to Wales, morally and religiously.

There was considerable commotion in the Church of England recently. A number of High Churchmen held that they should have a free hand in their ecclesiastical affairs; but the argument that their living would be imperiled by their independence had a quieting effect on their party. A minority still insist on their right to interpret the laws of the church in a ritualistic light; and on the other hand, John Kensit witnesses with horror the laying of episcopal hands on the heads of notorious transgressors! It is no longer the evangelical reading and study of the Bible but a rapid backsliding into the darkness and superstitions of the Middle Ages.

France is still in a contemptible condition religiously. E. Saint Genix, in a series of articles in the "Contemporary Review," furnishes a sad picture of superstition in that country. Nothing shows this more graphically than the fact that a magazine is published among Catholics devoted wholly to prayers directed to St. Joseph for favors, many of them ridiculous, others even blasphemous. He mentions one of a woman asking for the destruction of a priest she loved, which petition was granted. It is truly astounding to see a large number of the clergy of the Church of England, in spite of the light of this bright age, sinking back into such darkness, closing their minds to the potent facts and lessons of noon, as we may say.

"Welsh Ballads and Other Poems," by Ernest Rhys (David Nutt, London, W.S. Spurrell and Son, Carmarthen, and Jarris and Foster, Carmarthen). In his dedication the author says, "Dear Princess in Wales, here is my long-promised book of ballads, which comes to you for grace, ere it sets out boldly at last over the Welsh border, and into that world where things new and old, Welsh and English, come to the one test in the end." The little book, which is nicely bound and well printed, contains about fifty ballads.

SCIENTIFIC

The largest smokestacks which have ever been manufactured in the United States are now being built by the St. Louis Transport Company. They will be 70 feet in circumference at the base, and gradually taper to 40 feet in circumference at the top. They will be 200 feet high, and will cost about $20,000 a piece.

In restoring the White House recently while the workmen were painting the doors they discovered that they were of solid mahogany, but owing to some mistake the original wood had been painted in imitation of walnut. The paint was at once scraped off and the doors restored to their pristine state.

The secretary of the Paris Academy of Science has announced to that body, according to "La Science Francaise" (March 2), that the late Professor Hughes, the inventor of the microphone, bequeathed to the Academy the sum of 100,000 francs ($20,000), the interest of which is to be paid each year to the inventor of the best practical device in physics, electricity, or magnetism.

Life's features are so close to us that they often seem out of proportion. But the day, and distance, will come when we shall see how well balanced were all God's thoughts of us. The eye too close to a picture has no right to telegraph criticism about the painter's purpose and skill. Stand where the painter intended. Some views of life are never understood except in a review, some prospects or aspects never appreciated except in retrospect. Reserve your judgment. Time will vindicate God, and, if it does not set you singing, eternity will.

When we hear people speak of liberal ideas, it is always a wonder that men are so readily put off with empty verbiage. An idea cannot be liberal; but it may be potent, vigorous, exclusive, in order to fulfill its mission of being productive. Still less can a concept be liberal; for a concept has quite another mission. Where, however, we must look for liberality, is in the sentiments; and the sentiments are the inner man as he lives and moves. A man's sentiments, however, are rarely liberal, because they proceed directly from him personally, and from his immediate relations and requirements.

"Miss Ward writes from Brazil," says "Omega," "that the whole country is perpetually in a state of semi-intoxication on coffee—men, women, and children alike, and to babies in arms it is fed from a spoon. It is brought to your bedside the instant you awake in the morning and just before you are expected to drop off in sleep at night, at meals and between meals. The effect is plainly apparent in trembling hands, twitching eyelids, mummey-hued skin, and a chronic state of excitability worse than that produced by whisky."

Gottlieb Daimler, the inventor of the Daimler motor, died in Germany a short time ago. He became associated with Dr. Otto some thirty years ago, and in their little workshop at Deutz, the Otto gas engine was constructed. Herr Daimler finally started in business for himself, and undertook the production of an engine using gas made from petroleum. According to "The Automobile," the first attempt to construct an automobile at the Daimler works was about fourteen years ago.

It has been proposed to employ the

phonograph as an aid in learning foreign languages. In learning a language it is necessary first of all to have the ear trained to catch and recognize the sounds, and the only way to accomplish this is to listen to the continual repetition of the sounds until the ear becomes familiar with them. Many persons have to learn a foreign language without any aid from a teacher that can speak that language correctly, and even those that are so fortunate as to have a competent teacher can not constantly have the teacher at hand. Now it is proposed to have phonographic records of language lessons; then the student can have the machine repeat the lesson over and over again, until he is perfectly familiar with it.

Gas liquor has been turned to a very useful account at Cuzzies, in France. Beet root would not grow in the fields because they had become infested with a beet root parasite, but with one application of the gas liquor 15 tons of beet root per acre, with 14 per cent of sugar, four splendid crops of cereals were obtained, and in another set of trials using gas liquor only, four successful crops of more than 24 tons to the acre and a fifth of over 16 tons were secured.

A new church at Chicago, is built exclusively of vitrified clay, even the window frames are of the same material. The decorative features are white terra cotta. The altars, communion rail, pulpit and front of organ loft are all terra cotta. The entire ceiling is of brick and tile vaulting, the keystones being of terra cotta, and the ribs of the arches and groins of molded brick. There is not an inch of timber or a nail in the entire structure. Its acoustic properties are said to be remarkable.

The use of alcohol by soldiers is an old evil, and its excessive use was at one time so common that old soldier and drunkard were almost synonymous words. Part of this drinking in former generations was a result of the habits of the times when every man was expected to get drunk occasionally like a gentleman. Nevertheless, much of it has been laid to the sameness and insufficiency of the ration. The enormous consumption of whisky during the Civil War was partly due to this natural craving of a depressed nervous system. It made no difference in the tropics to tell every one that alcohol was dangerous, and it must be confessed that we saw more drinking in the Philippines than we had seen for a long time—not drunkenness, but a steady daily consumption.—Medical Journal.

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LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

Nowhere has literary competition been so severe as in France. Nowhere has good work been so openly and dazzlingly rewarded. And nowhere, also, has failure been so quickly remarked and unhesitatingly derided. So that, in order to receive the stamp of authoritative approval, literary work in France has had to come up to a high standard. Frenchmen have the artistic conscience more highly developed than Englishmen or Germans, and are less likely to commend a badly written book or a poor painting. It is the carefulness resulting from such sharp competition and such outspoken criticism that, more than anything else, has made French prose so clear, until now it is perhaps a more easily handled instrument of expression than English, and certainly more facile than German, and more precise than Italian.

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M. Flammarion believes that there are many proofs that the ideas and opinions of persons who exercise a so-called "magnetic" influence over others can be perceived by their patients or subjects. It is, he asserts, a proof of igno-

rance to suppose that the only phenomena around us are those which we can perceive directly; we know that there are colors, electric currents, sounds, and magnetic attractions and repulsions which are wholly imperceptible to us, and yet can be detected by means of delicate instruments. Our knowledge of science authorizes us to consider that all the bodies surrounding us are in infinite and constant relation one with the other, in accordance with the well-known laws of energy. We ought, therefore, to consider ourselves also as permeated by all these reciprocal calorific, electric, and attractive actions, not to speak of influences derived from forces the existence of which we do not even suspect; in a word, as permeated by dynamic actions of which we only perceive the most gross as they come into play around us.—The Literary Digest.

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A BABY ATHLETE.

Chicago boasts a little wonder in the eight and one half months' old baby of Prof. A. A. Stagg, director of athletics at the University of Chicago. "His physical training," says "Good Health," "began when he was four weeks old. It being noticed that he was not equal to the average baby in physical development, his father concluded to try a little training, to see if it would not help him. The child has been able to stand erect almost from the first of the training, and now is so far master of his movements that he securely balances himself on his fathers hand held at arm's length. He swings from a trapeze bar by his hands, stands on his head, walks, and arches his back like an athlete. He can lie flat on his back, and put his big toe in his mouth, or rise to a sitting posture by simply using the abdominal muscles, which is beyond the power of most men. Baby Stagg is probably the strongest child of his age in the world. He weighs twenty-one pounds. His first training was massage; now he can stand quite severe knocks, and with seeming enjoyment. His father has been very cautious about over-training him. 'It is not my intention to make a freak of the baby,' said Professor Stagg, 'or to see how much muscle he can develop. I want him to be as strong and healthy as he can be naturally with his physique."

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IS THIS LIFE?

It is impossible to write without drawing a line between good and evil. Unless one is a passive photographer in literature, one must, while writing, keep in mind that which ought to be, and not merely that which is. It is incumbent upon the writer to communicate to the reader his profoundest faith. One should not write in obedience to mere reasoning, but in obedience to a feeling dominating the whole being. The writer's trouble originates in the fact that he sees what others do not see, and that what to him is clear is to others vague and obscure. The expression of what he sees is his spiritual labor.

Turn to the modern drama. I have just read Ibsen's latest play, "When the Dead Awake." Heaven knows what it all means! It seems to me mere raving. The hero, the sculptor, seeks truth; the heroine also seeks truth, and in the course of her quest she has made a number of victims. And after all these achievements, the two ascend some mountain to live nearer the truth! Is this life? Are these real human beings? Where is there any drama in this decadent confusion? Thirty years ago it would have been passed over with a few sarcastic remarks. To-day it is eagerly seized upon, praised, translated, produced. Talk about the serious purposes of the modern theater!—Tolstoi.

HOLY WATER AND BACTERIA.

The London "Lancet" has recently cited some instances where diseases were communicated by holy water, and many samples were taken from churches in different towns in Holland. The result was the discovery in most cases of abundant bacterial growth, with the occasional presence of staphylococci and other pathogenic forms. Two guinea pigs that were injected with the sediment from a font of a church in Amsterdam died in thirty hours. Mr. Bruns, of Arnhem, Holland, devised a means of completely avoiding contamination. The water is stored in a narrow-necked jar inverted in a shallow basin, so that the overflow from the jar ceases as soon as the water in the basin covers the neck of the jar. One end of a bent tube filled with hair is immersed in the water in the basin, and the other end, overhanging the edge delivers a constant stream of small drops raised by the capillarity of the hair. All these parts are inclosed in an ornamental open case so that the congregation have merely to hold their fingers for an instant in the stream. The apparatus has been sanctioned by ecclesiastical authority.

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CAN ANTS HEAR?

Whether ants can hear is a question which has engaged the attention of Mr. Weld, of Iowa University, for some time, and he has recently published an account of some of his experiments in science. He states that for many years it has been the accepted opinion among naturalists that these insects are not endowed with an acoustic sense, at least within the range of sounds perceptible to the human ear. This opinion is based upon the failure of experiments which showed that loud and shrill noises do not produce the slightest effect upon ants. Mr. Weld, however, finds that this was not the case with several American species of these insects. He confined an ant in a test tube and brought it near a milled disk rotating in the air. At each sound which was produced, the ant showed unmistakable signs of agitation, quickly moving its head and antennae. Shrill noise were produced close to a colony protected under a glass, and the ants immediately showed signs of alarm. These experiments lead to the conclusion that at least some species of ants are capable of perceiving vibrations conducted through the air or other media which are audible to the human ear. This does not necessarily demonstrate that they hear in the strict sense of the word, but merely that they are capable of perceiving ordinary sounds.

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A NEW ORE OF NICKEL.

A new nickel, believed to be of great commercial value, has been discovered in the copper ore district of Houghton, Mich. It has been named Mohawkite, from the mine in which it was found. It was at first supposed to be a copper sulphide, but chemical examination indicated that it was a new mineral. It possesses a silvery metallic lustre when freshly broken, with very irregular fractures. Chemical analysis shows that it is an arsenide of copper, similar to the domeykite, in connection with which is also found an arsenide of nickel. The possibilities offered by this combination are very great. Copper is more than ever a valuable metal, and is now commanding a high price, and nickel is now used in a large number of industries where twenty-five years ago a few tons only were used, in the subsidary coinage of the United States, so that the discovery of new ores and new bodies of an ore of nickel, may be regarded as of the greatest possible importance.

Sir Lewis Morris is about to bring out a new volume of poems.

The word 'talcen" (forehead) shows one of the distinctive differences between Welsh and Gaelic. It is one of few Welsh words borrowed from the Gaelic. In pure Welsh it would be "talpen," the "c" of Gaelic becoming "p" in Welsh.

A correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" states that the library belonging to the late Principal Edwards, which is one of the largest collections of theological and philosophical works in the Principality, has been left to the Bala College committee to be added to the valuable collections of books forming the Bala College Library.

Many Welsh tunes have become popular in Cape Town. The London "Kelt" says that "The Land of my Fathers," "Crugybar," and "Aberystwyth," are great favorites, but the most popular of all is the "Sospan Fach." A short time ago Mr. J. B. John, of Loughor, sang the "Sospan Fach" in Cape Town, and a large audience joined in the chorus.

George Meredith's description of a Welsh girl:—"Only a Welsh girl would be so quick and all in it, with a voice intimating a heated cauldron under her mouth. None but a Welsh-blooded girl, risking her good name to follow and nurse the man she considered a hero, would carry her head to look virgin eyes as she did."

Which is the oldest coal mine in Glamorgan? In the "Cardiff Records," under the date of 1307, there is a statement that "there is at Keuenkarn one pit wherein seacoals are dug, and the profit is worth by the year 20s." Hard times, rather. There was a "farm of mines of sea-coal" at "Neeth Citra" in 1492, taxed 3s. and 4d.

A Welsh Nonconformist Church at Woolwich, founded over a hundred years ago, enjoys a distinction quite its own. When Welsh regiments are stationed at Woolwich the Church flourishes amazingly, but when the Welshmen are not in the garrison the funds of the Church become well-nigh defunct. Under such conditions it is no wonder that the church cannot sustain a resident pastor.

The library of Welsh books which Principal T. Charles Edwards left to the Bala College Library contains many valuable and rare Welsh works, among which are:—One of the few perfect copies in existence of William Salesbury's New Testament, published in the year 1567; a copy of Bishop Morgan's Bible, published in the year 1588, and a copy of Bishop Parry's Bible, published in the year 1620.

According to "Seren Cymru" there are in South Africa twenty churches with a membership of several hundred whose ministers have recently become Baptists. Their conversion to adopt baptism by immersion is declared not the result of any external pressure or influence, but is solely attributable to a diligent study

of the Scriptural texts relating to baptism. A Carnarvon Baptist says:—"This is the best news received from South Africa for a long time."

White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," notices that the people about him call the pigs with the word "Sic, sic." The word may be peculiar to Hants. The Welsh have their own way of calling domestic animals, viz.:—Horses "cup, cup;" cows, "dewch, dewch;" pigs "beuks, beuks," and "soch," when you drive them from you; geese, "toole, toole;" ducks "bill, bill," &c.

When will people have done with analyzing and diagnosing the Celt? The Celt has suffered much from the generalisations of men imperfectly acquainted with him. What a crop of half-truths about him we have had recently! To Matthew Arnold's dictum that the Celt always reacts against the despotism of fact—a glaring half-truth—is now to be added that of his relative, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, "the Celt shrinks from all active competitive existence." Is this half a truth even?

A bewildered correspondent wishes us to solve a difficulty in his search for a "Cymro o waed coch cyfan" in Cardiganshire. According to Dr. John Rhys, the Cardigan substratum was a non-Aryan race. On top of that came the Gwyddel, next the Brython, then Roman, next the Saxon and Dane; then, in more recent years, the Flemings and a large importation of Cornishmen and Englishmen to work the mines, and now there is a large consignment of Italians in the northern division of the county for the same purpose. Yet, in course of time the mixture always talks Welsh.

The Bard of Ammanford spends his leisure time these days in composing the words of an opera for Dr. Joseph Parry, the subject being "The Maid of Cefn Ydfa," which "Watcyn Wyn" treats in an original and striking manner. The work when finished will be translated into English by that genial musical critic, Mr. Joseph Bennett, of the "Daily Telegraph," the one Englishman who has a thorough knowledge of Welsh tastes, having attended the National Eisteddfod for the past quarter of a century. "The Maid of Cefn Ydfa" will be performed at Liverpool.

The fallacious idea widely prevails that voice is everything. True, no singer can be evolved but of one who does possess a suitable vocal organ. But that organ must be exercised and developed. Of late years we have made great strides in solo singing, due chiefly to a few talented teachers amongst us who have devoted themselves to this branch of the art, and it needs no repeating that, whenever possible, our young singers should place themselves under such tuition. But, as already indicated, we are now concerned chiefly with the case of those to whom such like assistance is not feasible.

In the Welsh Chronicles we read that in the year 1135 a hard-fought battle took place at Aberdyfi, between the Welsh, under the command of the sons of Gruffydd ab Cynan and Gruffydd ab Rhys, and the united forces of the Flemings and the Normans, the latter being defeated with immense loss. Numbers of them were slain, many were drowned, many were trodden to death, and large numbers fled away and attempted to escape to England. But they were met in the Vale of Neath, where, according to the Book of Aberpergwm, 3,000 of them were slain, the remnant driven back took refuge in Gower, under the protection of the castles which had been erected by Henry Beaumont.

An interesting study for the historian of the future will be the various instruments and implements and pretexts

employed by Welshmen in attempts to get around and through the Welsh Sunday Closing Act. What with tin belly cans, secret pockets, shebeens supplied by taps from next door, stables furnished with gas jets leading from the beer cask on the floor above, clubs, indoor and outdoor, and a multitudinous assortment of verbal excuses, the Act has been assaulted and bombarded with every conceivable kind of ingenuity. And now an Irish lady at Penydarren has added one more curious effort to the list, for she has made use of her stockings to secretly carry away brandy. On being searched no fewer than four small bottles of brandy were found concealed in the lady's hose.

The time and place of St. David's birth no one knows; so that North and South Wales have equal right to claim him as its own. He died in 601, and so lived during the remarkable political revival of Wales under the sons of Cunedda Wledig, in the sixth century, and the equally great religious revival described by Gildas, which gave to Wales its seven bishoprics. Two of these bishoprics were in Mid-Wales—one in Llanafan Fawr in Brecon, and the other in Llanbadarn Fawr in Cardigan. Both these have long disappeared, the former for a reason unknown, the latter for a reason which brings a blush of shame with its very recollection. For in 720 the rowdy inhabitants of Llanbadarn rose in revolt against their bishop, Idnerth, and slew him within the precincts of the Church, when, as a punishment, the bishopric was merged in the see of St. David's.

The impression of foreigners respecting our popular institutions are always interesting. The magazine of the University College of North Wales gives in its last number several interesting excerpts from an article written by Professor Schuchardt, who toured North Wales some time ago. One week he seems to have given to sermons; the next he gave to the songs and secular pleasures of the National Eisteddfod. He was veritably impressed by the sermons; he was delighted with the songs. Welsh sermons, he declares, are better than German sermons. Welsh preachers deliver their sermons with confidence, vivacity, earnestness. But they did not altogether convince him.

It is a pity that greater care has not been exercised by the Ordnance Survey in the matter of Welsh place-names. These, as they appear on the ordnance map, are frequently misleading, and confusion has at times been made worse confounded by the efforts of amateur advisers to set the English officials right. The authorities have at length begun to recognise the fact that it requires a Welsh scholar, and a scholar who can personally cover the ground contained in any map, to produce anything like correct renderings of place-names. Some districts of North Wales (says the "Liverpool Mercury") are now being systematically worked in this fashion by competent local scholars, and the results in many instances amply justify the additional cost. The same principle might with advantage be applied to every part of Wales.

In continuation of his articles on Wales in "Les Cloches Breton," M. Jaffrennou has now written a very fine appreciation of the works of the Welsh poet Ceiriog, to whose lyrics Professor Zimmer the other day paid so remarkable a tribute. In his study of the life and works "Du Barde Ceiriog," M. Jaffrennou devotes his warmest praises to the sorrows and charms of "Myfanwy." No one, he says, can read "this magnificent poem, touching history of a young maid of Llangollen, without being seized by an emotion at once powerful and natural. All is there called together that can move heart and mind. It is superb in its beauty and its simplicity,

while at the same time it paints faithfully the old Welsh traditions."

In Glamorganshire we had the set measure, the old Welsh "Triban," a measure, says Lewys Morys o Fon, as old as the Book of Job. The following translations of the old tribanau may serve to give the English reader a faint idea of Welsh tribanau, which are most of them like these, remarkable for their quaintness as well as for the epigrammatic point with which they terminate:

No cheat it is to cheat a cheater;
No treason to betray the traitor;
Nor is it theft—I'm not deceiving—
To thieve from him who lives by thieving.

Three things there are that ne'er stand still,
A fog upon a high-top hill;
A snail the naked stones among;
And Twm the Miller's rattling tongue.

Three things 'tis difficult to scan—
The day, an aged oak, and man;
The day is long, the oak is hollow,
And man—he is a two-faced fellow.

In the "Oswestry Observer" for 1882 is a most interesting communication respecting the songs sung to oxen in Radnorshire long ago, when oxen were yoked to the plough. It reads:—"Seventy years or so ago the Vicar of Llanrhaiadr-yn-Mochnant had oxen working on his farm. The driver, Edward Humphreys, sang to them a rhigwm (doggerel rhyme), made up of penillion suitable to the occasion, the following being part of the interminable song:

Yn syth ac yn union,
O dan y coed celmion,
Fy ngweision aur i;
Tair blynedd i hyn
Buoch yn yfed y llefrith gwyn.

And occasionally he would talk to the oxen, thus: 'Dowch, druain; dowch, druain; heddyw fel doe, a doe fel heddyw, ac fel y diwrnod o'r blaen.' It was considered necessary that the driver, armed with a long stick (which was called 'yerthyd' in Glamorganshire) or rod, be a good singer, and have his memory well stocked with appropriate penillion (stanzas) in order to soothe and encourage the oxen to work steadily."

This is the way the "Cardiff Times" compliments the ability of our friend, the "Drych:" "No one, we imagine, would accuse the American 'Drych' of any want of loyalty to Wales and the Welsh. Our contemporary, however, has a knack of saying some very unpalatable things about Welsh characteristics, and, as a rule, the statements have a pretty solid foundation. Thus in a recent article on "Our National Defects' the 'Drych' leader writer observes:—'Our horizon is too restricted. We are content with small achievements. We like not aims and objects that demand persistent effort. * * * We magnify small things, and belittle things that are great. We are more anxious to preach than to learn to preach; fonder of singing than of learning music, and have a greater 'esire to become poets than to master the rules of poetry.' And concluding the 'Drych' applies to Welshmen the remark made by Bacon of another nation:—'Our wisdom is loquacious and unproductive of effects.'"

The fourth part of the "Life and Letters of Dr. Lewis Edwards" carries the correspondence up to the year 1848. Most of it relates to business matters concerning the "Traethodydd," but there are one or two typical passages. Writing to Mr. Matthews, of Aberystwyth, (the grandfather of Mr. Roderick Matthews, of the electrical department of the Cardiff Post Office), he says:—"I really do not know what will become of our connexion. The wretched way in which our ministers are paid is a burning shame to us, and I must confess that I am not sorry to see Caledfryn's exposure of us in the 'Carnarvon Herald.'

The old Methodists were good men, but they could not do less than they did in the way of lasting benefit to their native country. One may almost say that they left everything undone. They were the means, it is true, of saving thousands who came to hear them, and this, of course, was an everlasting good to those immediately concerned, but they labored as if the world was to be blotted out of existence at the end of that age. We now suffer the consequences, but we must not despair."

"It is the custom," writes Professor Zimmer, "to give the name of 'ffug-chwedlau' to Daniel Owen's three masterpieces, 'Rhys Lewis,' 'Enoc Huws,' and 'Gwen Tomos.' If we take this word in the ordinary sense of novels or stories, we apply a standard which he does not come up to and by which we have no right to judge him. If we consider that his immediate predecessor was 'Gwilym Hiraethog,' in his 'Letters of an Old Farmer' and 'Life of an Old Tailor,' and also remember that the above-mentioned works of Daniel Owen are not essentially different from his earlier book, 'Y Drefian,' we then see that novel and story are not suitable names for the works of Daniel Owen and the branch of literature they represent. They are sketches of Welsh life so full of insight and so true to nature that one quite forgets one is merely a reader and becomes instead a sympathetic spectator. If we consider them as novels the plot is always feeble, the different parts unequal, and in this respect the works of Daniel Owen are far behind those of a Dickens; but for the insight and the fineness with which he describes Welsh life in the fifties and sixties as well as typical characters like John Aelod Jones, Wil Bryan, and Tomos Bartley, he can calmly take his place side by side with Dickens."—Young Wales.

"What I dislike," says Professor chardt, "in Methodist preaching very artificial raising of the tone the extravagant limits to which carried. At first the preacher s slowly and in a whisper; often on hardly hear the text; graduall warms up; finally one seems to be ing at and listening to quite a dif person. The orator begins to flir hands about in the air, and is espe fond of bending his arm, and draw in, and then suddenly darting it o if he wished to rip up the unrepe sinner; his face becomes red, his gruff and hoarse, the "ch" gurgle from the inner deep, as if to rep the terror of the Judgment Day words are howled out in a pe rhythm, with an unnatural length of the accented or other syllables. tone is by no means an invention preachers; you do not find it a English people; it is genuinely W and I have also come across it in ary conversation, though to a lesser extent. This and other rhet devices produce a very powerful im sion upon the people, and many, cially old folk, break down comp and begin to sob and groan. So godly awe struck terror to my sou even on the morning of the last left the field." It may be expl that the professor speaks of the or at one of the big North Wales "sa au."

"The Story of Wales," written b Owen Morgan Edwards, M. A., M which is to be one of the "Story o Nations" series, is to be publishe year. Mr. Edwards has spent se years in preparing the volume, b has not been able to work contin at it. He has had to be content spending an hour now and then i midst of his numerous other duti write what will probably be the story written in the English lan of Cambria and its people.

PERSONAL—MISCELLANEOUS

PROF. J. HAYDN MORRIS.

Among the younger element of Welsh-American musicians none is more respected and honored than the subject of this sketch, Professor J. Haydn Morris, Mus. Bac., the celebrated composer and organist of Mount Vernon, N. Y. His name is known to nearly every Welshman, as well as a host of Americans, by reason of his numerous musicianly compositions, both solo and chorus, which bear his name.

J. Haydn Morris was born in Llanbedrog, North Wales, and from early child-

Prof. J. Haydn Morris.

hood displayed a strong taste for music. When but nine years old the family moved to Port Dinorwic, where his talents soon drew the attention of the late Rev. R. W. Griffiths, a noted Welsh divine and musician, who encouraged and paved the way for his first systematic instruction in the science of music under the able guidance of that admirable master, John Henry Roberts, Mus. Bac. Cantab, now of Liverpool, England, and one of the greatest living Welsh composers. After a due course of study with him and the celebrated pianist and accompanist, E. W. Thomas, of Bangor, Mr. Morris received instruction on the organ with W. S. Hayden, organist of Christ Church, Carnarvon, who was proud of his pupil and delighted with his unusual progress. In the year 1879, Mr. Morris entered the University College of Wales, under that king of Welsh musicians, Dr. Joseph Parry (Pencerdd America), who on several occasions predicted a bright future for him.

Mr. Morris is an ardent Eisteddfodwr, and a worthy competitor. As such, he has taken part in the National Eisteddfod of Wales, as well as scores of others of lesser importance, in all of which he has been eminently successful. His cantata, "Cantre'r Gwaelod," written for the Merthyr (South Wales) National Eisteddfod in 1881, when but a lad, drew forth from the learned judges great praise, and was classed side by side with that of the veteran composer, W. T. Rees (Alaw Ddu). Mr. Morris proved victorious at the Cleveland (O.) Eisteddfod, Christmas Day, 1898, out of sixteen competitors; at Cincinnati (O.) Eisteddfod, January 1, 1899, where the best of the Welsh composers were entered.

Coming to the United States in 1881, he was appointed organist of Calvary Chapel by Bishop Walker out of a long list of fine organists. He has taken a prominent part in musical matters in the metropolis, and has come into touch with the first musicians of that great city, among them being the renowned Dvorak, who, on examining one of his cantatas, said, "you have a profound knowledge of harmony and counterpoint —your work show it; keep on."

For the past eight years he has lived in Mount Vernon, N. Y., where he is busily occupied in teaching and playing. He has been the accompanist of the Mount Vernon Musical Society for the past four years, which society has given most all of the standard works, and many new works for the first time in America, and his organ playing at their concerts is always a prominent feature. At present he is organist of Christ Church, Riverdale, where many people come every Sunday to hear the fine boy choir under his direction. As a composer he is always original and fresh, full of the natural insight of the born musician.

Mr. Morris's services as adjudicator in Eisteddfodau are being earnestly sought. He is of sound judgment, and delivers his adjudications in good style. He is at present engaged to officiate in that capacity at Poultney, Vt., in September, and for the first time, though we hope not the last, in Utica on January 1st of 1901.

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It is only some months ago that poor Lieutenant-Colonel Thorold, of the Welsh Fusiliers, passed through Cardiff on his way to the front. A representative of the "Western Mail" went to the station to see the regiment going through, had a chat with Colonel Thorold, and was struck with his depression of spirits. That was the time when officers were falling at the front in numbers out of all proportion to the rank and file. Our man wished the colonel good luck and a safe return. The gallant soldier smiled absently. "Thank you," he said, "but there is no certainty about returning." It will not be forgotten in Wales that he fell on the way to relieve Ladysmith.

Mr. Henry Blackwell, of University Place and Tenth St., New York, sailed on the "Manitou," for Europe, May 12. He will make a stay in London and other places in England; will visit the Paris Exposition and parts of Wales. His especial reason for going, however, is to see his mother, who is in her 81st year, and whom he has not seen for 23 years. He is accompanied by Mrs. Blackwell and two children.

The Rev. David J. Jones, Miners, Pa., departed this life March 26, after a brief illness, of pneumonia, in his 57th year. He was a native of Penrhwtyn, Melincrythan, Glamorgan, S. W., and a son of John Jones, better known as "Shon o'r Cwm." His father was considerable of a botanist, and the Rev. Mr. Jones, his son, inherited a taste for botany from his father. The family moved to Glyncorwg, where Mr. Jones began his studies for the ministry. He immigrated to New Jersey, where he buried his first wife, a native of Cwmgarw, S. W. He received a call to the Coaldale Congregational Church, where he also was married to his second wife, a daughter of the late Thomas Jones. Hence he moved to Miners, where he died, mourned by a circle of friends.

Attorney Theophilus, member of the Iowa Legislature from Scott, is a kind of American Mabon. He is good-natured, popular, jovial, and a good singer, and that in Welsh. At the adjournment of the Legislature recently, he was invited to sing a Welsh song in the House and Senate, which he did to the satisfaction of all. A true Welshman never forgets his land and its language. A good Welshman makes a good American.

General French is said to be a nephew of Dr. French, who lived in Neath half a century back.

Leed's artist policeman, E. T. Jones, has had a landscape accepted at this year's Royal Academy exhibition.

The body of the late Lieutenant Jenkins, of Dowlais, who was killed at the battle of Colenso, was discovered by

Surgeon-lieutenant Briscoe. The lieutenant's little dog was lying alongside the body of its dead master.

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DAN POWELL, DUNMORE, PA.

The subject of our sketch was born in Blaenau, Monmouthshire, South Wales, in the year 1852. At twelve years of age he was apprenticed to the grocery trade with William Michael, Garn Fach, Nantyglo. In July, 1867, he came to America with his mother, brothers and sisters to join their father, who had preceded them, and located in Dunmore, where Powell has since lived. He has been engaged in the mercantile business for the past thirty years, and has been store manager for Mr. O. S. Johnson for 17 years. Mr. Johnson is one of the wealthiest and noblest coal operators in the county, and he holds our compatriot in the highest esteem. Dan is of the stuff that wears well. It is safe to say that there is no Cambro in the county more universally admired than Dan Powell.

In politics he is a Republican, and a stalwart one too. In 1897 he was signally honored by his party by being elected with a handsome majority, to the office of chief burgess of Dunmore, Pa. Dunmore is a town of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and there is not one per cent of our people making up the population of the town. Mr. Powell serves as an example to our young Cambro-Americans. That it is possible for them by leading a clean and worthy life, to be honored not only by his compatriots, but by all whom they come in contact with. Mr. Powell has been a

Dan Powell.

faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Dunmore for twenty-nine years, and superintendent of its Sunday School for seventeen years, and stands high in the circles of the Masons and Odd Fellows. He is President of "The Cambrian Silk Throwing Co." of Scranton, Pa.; the well known legal light of our bar, Everett Warren, Esq., is Vice President, and E. D. Jenkins, another Cymro, is Secretary and Treasurer of the company.

In naming the above company Dan could not forget his dear old Cambria, and furthermore through the efforts of Powell and Jenkins, the mills gave the first turn St. David's Day, 1900. Mr. Powell is proud of his nationality—a sure indication of moral stamina. He is ever ready to help every deserving compatriot, and he does it with pleasure. When our esteemed and illustrious friend and countryman, Judge H. M. Edwards, was a candidate for the exalted office which he now so ably fills, there was none that did more to secure his election than Dan Powell. Dan is a Rough Rider and a sharp shooter in politics, and his enemies have learned to respect him as a clean, powerful opponent. Physically he is a typical Welshman, rather short of stature, and of a dark complexion. He is also a patriotic Eisteddfodwr, and last Christmas was one of the presidents of the Bellevue Eisteddfod. He is a born humorist; there was never an Irishman born more so than Dan; his genial humor is like a brilliant rainbow across life's cloudy skies. He was united in marriage to Miss Sarah E. Space, of Newton, N. J. Their family consists of five daughters, Mrs. Grace E. Mackey and Misses Elsia, Annie, Bessie and Helen. "The Cambrian" is the medium that holds the bond of union between this Cambro-American family and the land of their fathers. We wish him and his family a bon voyage through life.—Cadle.

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Cardinal Vaughan stands not alone as a Welsh cardinal. Cardinal Repington, who died in 1424, was a native of Wales.

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During the siege of Kimberley, eight of the employes of the De Beers Company were killed in action. One of these was Corporal Richard Howell, Llanelly, who had attached himself to the Diamond Fields Horse.

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The oldest Wesleyan Methodist deacon in the Principality is Mr. Humphrey Humphreys, of Carnarvon, whose portrait and a sketch of his life appear in "Y Winllan."

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Colonel Goldsmid is not the only Jew among the officers who are fighting in South Africa. Among the Colonials is Colonel David Harris, who played such a notable part in the defense of Kimberley that his services were mentioned by Lord Roberts in the dispatches.

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Many a Welshman has a female surname, like Dic Mari Ann, and Twm gwr Marged, but a Middlesex voter was recently allowed on the list on the name of Anne Jansen Abrahams. Some questioned his identity until it was known that Anne had a wife and family.

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S. W. Reese, Notary Public and Court Commissioner, Dodgeville, Wis., will be delegate from the Third Congressional District of Wisconsin to the Republican National Convention in June at Philadelphia.

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Many ancient and extraordinary documents were produced at the Breconshire Assizes during the hearing of the Llanwrtyd right-of-way case, but on the last day Mr. S. G. Evans caused a Cymric sensation by producing a Welsh almanac printed in Dublin a hundred years ago.

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A boy who was born in Carmarthen in 1838 started preaching when early in his teens, and later in life he became the principal of Regent's Park College.

This was the Rev. Robert Henry Roberts, who died some time ago. Mr. Roberts is described as a man of fine scholarly gifts and of preaching ability.

The members of the Tabernacle Welsh Baptist Church, Cardiff, of which the Rev. Charles Davies, now on a tour in this country, is pastor, have fixed at £1,000 the amount they purpose collecting towards the Baptist Twentieth Century Fund. There are indications, however, that this amount, great as it is, will be exceeded, for already the promises are but £80 short of the total.

Our greatest military hero of this century, the Duke of Wellington, was thrashed in a stand-up fight by a Welsh maiden. The Earl of Mornington, elder brother of the duke, was a highly-amused witness of the scene. It happened at Brynkinallt, Oswestry, where the duke lost a game at marbles to a boy named Evans. A fight ensued and Evans was worsted, but his sister came to the rescue, and the "Iron Duke" was well clouted.

It is worthy of note that the two great Oriental scholars who displayed to the world the literary treasures of the East were not only contemporaries, but both also were Welshmen—Sir William Jones and Sir William Ouseley. The latter was a native of Monmouthshire. After retiring from the army he took up his residence at Crickhowell. His "Travels" were printed at Brecon by Henry Hughes in three volumes.

During the months of July and August, Mr. Wm. Apmadoc, of Chicago, will make a musical tour through Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado, and will also conduct at two Chautauquas in Nebraska. Col. George W. Bain of Lexington, Ky., the silver-tongued orator of the South, highly compliments Mr. Apmadoc as one of the best musical directors of the country, and one of the best platform men he has met, at Chautauqua gatherings. In parts of Iowa, Miss Lillian Hughes, the talented daughter of the Rev. R. W. Hughes, Oskaloosa, will take part in four Song Recitals which will be a musical novelty.

The children of the Welsh Girls' School, Ashford, Middlesex, made 260 badges representing a leek for their Montgomeryshire countrymen going to the front to wear in their slouch hats. The leeks were sent to Sir Watkin Wynn, the colonel of the regiment, with the following telegram:—"God speed our fellow-countrymen who are proceeding to the front. We hope they will accept and wear the leeks we are sending them to-day.—The Children of the Welsh School, Ashford, Middlesex."

At a literary meeting in one of the largest Nonconformist churches in Liverpool recently, it was observed that practically all the posts of honor were monopolied by the Joneses. A local rhymester in very desperation thereupon perpetrated the following lines:—

Jones heno yw'r cadeirydd,
Jones hefyd yw y llyw,
Jones yw y beirniad canu,
A beirniad campus yw;
Dau Jones feirniada'r adrodd,
Mae yma Jonesiaid gant;
Ai tybed, bobol anwyl,
Mai Jones oedd Dewi Sant?

Her Majesty's visit to Ireland and the prominence of her host, Earl Cadogan, reminds a Welsh antiquarian that Cadwgan—evidently of the same family—was one of the most valorous of Welsh chieftains in the time of Owen Glendower. One of his haunts was the Rhondda Valley, and his signal to arms was the sound of his battle-axe upon the rocks. As showing the transformations of time, up in the Radnorshire hills a descendant of Cadwgan was found a few years ago thriving as the keeper of a temperance hotel, and down in one of the Glamorgan towns another was pursuing the trade of house-painter.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

Teacher (to class): "What is an octopus?" Small Boy (who has just begun Latin, eagerly): "Please, sir, I know, sir: it's an eight-sided cat."—Life.

A certain politician, lately condemning the government for its policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said, "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

Among the many curious Welsh epitaphs the following, which is to be found in Forden Churchyard, deserves a place:

Beneath this tree lie singers three,
One tenor and two basses;
Now they are gone, 'tis ten to one
If three such take their places.

The yellow and red Spanish flag is the oldest of any used by the European powers, as it was first flown in 1785. The French tricolor was first used in 1795; the red English ensign, with the present union jack in the upper canton, in 1801; the present Italian flag in 1848; the present Austro-Hungarian flag in 1867, and the German flag in 1871.

We are told of a practical electrician who, having been greatly disturbed by neighbors' cats left out doors nights, has put up an electrical apparatus in his back yard, which, on his touching a button at his bedside, gives out such a discharge of electric sparks as sends all the cats home in a hurry.—"Our Dumb Animals."

At a reception to the missionaries the other night Bishop Potter told this of his experience in India. At a mission school he asked a little girl where New York was. She replied, "In Bengal." Comptroller Coler, who followed the bishop, referring to the latter's story, said the little girl was not so dull as might be suspected. She associated New York with Bengal because it was the home of tigers.

The Irishman, says Mr. MacDonagh, is the merry-andrew of the English-speaking world. The sole object for which he was created is to make the duller Anglo-Saxon laugh. We expect all Irishmen to be entertaining; and if, by chance, we meet a sober Celt, we feel a sense of personal wrong as if we had been cheated of our due.

Two sisters, while visiting in Ireland last summer got into conversation one day with a tenant of their hostess. One of the girls, who is quite stout, had talked with this same tenant before; and this time she asked the old Irish woman if she would have known them for sisters. "Well," was the answer, with a smile that would have put the blarney stone itself to blush, "ye look alike; but yer sister's slender, while you, miss—well, you favor the quane."

"Mr. Beecher," said the owner of a horse which the doctor was hiring of him, "that horse will work in any place you put him, and do all that any horse can do." Mr. Beecher eyed the horse admiringly and then remarked: "I wish to goodness that he was a member of our church."

It is the man with the military story

who now has the floor. Mr. Beynon, of Rhyding, near Neath, tells this story in the "Red Letter:"—"I am sorry, James, that I saw you drunk last night," said the rector to one of his parishioners. "I admit it, sir; but there was 'stenuatin' circumstances," replied James. "What do you mean?" asked the clergyman severely. "Well, you see, I met a lot of poor sick sojers from the war at the railway station, an' I though it 'ud 'elp 'em if I drank their 'ealth, which they wanted bad. But there was twenty of 'em, so I had to drink twenty 'ealths, and it was a bit too much for me."

Elephants in the Indian army are fed twice a day. When mealtime arrives they are drawn up in line before a row of piles of food. Each animal's breakfast includes ten pounds of raw rice, done up in five two-pound packages. The rice is wrapped in leaves, and tied with grass. At the command, "Attention!" each elephant raises its trunk, and a package is thrown into its capacious mouth. By this method of feeding not a single grain of rice is wasted.

"I suppose," she said at the breakfast table, "that you know something about the open-door policy."

He nodded.

"Am I right in believing that you consider it extremely desirable?" she asked.

Again he nodded.

"Nevertheless," she went on, "I desire to state that it will be suspended in this house unless you get away from the club earlier than has been your custom."—"Chicago Post."

Dogs, unless led by their owners, are not allowed in the cemetery at Rio Janeiro, and a notice to that effect in Spanish, French and English is posted up on the gate. The English notice is as follows: "Noble mesdames and gentleman who may desire a dog to follow in this tomb-yard will not be permission unless him drawn by a cable round him throttle."

In a Cardiganshire school a teacher asked her class: "What did the angels sing on the first Christmas Day?" A little tot put up her hand and said: "Please, miss, 'God Save the Queen.'"

An organist and choirmaster has just died in Sweden who had held the same positions for seventy-two years without missing a single service. He and his ancestors have played the organ in the same church for 200 years.

General Wauchope who lost his life at the Modder River, where so many of the Black Watch went down before the withering rifle fire of the Boers, was a Presbyterian elder, and well-known as such in the Established Church of Scotland, he having always taken an intelligent interest in church affairs.

This is a good-natured Irishman's will: I bequeath to all mankind the fresh air of heaven, all the fishes in the sea they can take, and all the birds in the air they can shoot. I lave to them all the sun and moon and stars. I lave to Peter Rafferty a pint of potheen I can't finish, and may God be merciful to him.

On the Continent, especially in Central Europe, a zealous priest will frequent public-houses, chat and crack jokes with the workmen, coax them to the church, and keep them there by means of chains the very furthest links of which can not be said to reach to heaven. The well-known Jesuit, Father Abel, of Vienna, highly approves and zealously employs these latter-day methods. In a speech which he made some months ago to a number of pilgrims in Altotting he said: "In Vienna I act on this maxim: I catch more peo-

ple with a glass of beer than with an Ave Maria. I certainly do not exclude the Ave Maria, but to cap an Ave Maria by quaffing off two half-measures, that is a thing I relish."—E. Saint Genix.

In Benares a sort of hospital for cows has been started by Rajah Sivaprasad himself.

"I suppose," I said, "that a good Jain would never think of engaging in field sports?"

"Never!" replied the rajah. "Neither a good Jain nor a bad one. He would be made an outcast if he did. In my own house not even snakes are killed, but only driven away."

"Are Jains always vegetarians?"

"Yes, always. And, more than that, we endeavor to avoid even green vegetables, under the idea that cutting the plant may hurt it. Our diet, as far as possible, is dry-vegetable food. We would not needlessly pick a leaf from a tree, lest the tree should possibly feel pain."—Ex.

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THE IRISH BROGUE.

It is the softest, the mellowest, the most musical thing, in the way of accents, outside of Paradise. * * * The brogue, as it is heard in all parts of the country, has certain broad characteristics; but it has varying and delicate shades of intonation in the different provinces. A well-known Protestant clergyman in Cork was the possessor of a pronounced example of the sing-song brogue of that city. It came to his ears that some of his parishioners were making fun of this. * * * He complained of the injustice done him, and asked a friend whether, in his opinion, any trace of the brogue was to be observed in his speech. "As to that," said his friend, "if you wish to deny that you have a brogue, I would advise you to do so in writing."—MacDonagh.

HE LIVED NEXT DOOR.

"A man was going home to his wife and family," says the Columbian. "His road from the station was a lonely one, and he was getting along as fast as he could, when he suddenly suspected that a man behind was following him purposely. The faster he went the faster the man went, until he came to a church yard.

" 'Now,' he said to himself, 'I'll find out if he's after me," and he entered the churchyard.

"The man followed him. Vague visions of revolvers and garroters grew upon him. He made a detour of a splendid mausoleum. Still the man was after him, round and round.

"At last he turned and faced the fellow and asked: "What the Dickens do you want? What are you following me for?"

" 'Well, sir, do you always go home like this? I am going up to Mr. Brown's house with a parcel, and the porter at the station told me that if I'd follow you I should find the place, as you live next door. Are you going home at all to-night?"

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A COMFORTABLE PRISON.

That portion of the new prison on the Port Royal boulevard, Paris, reserved for political offenders will be a delightful abode. Oak tables surmounted by mirrors, supplied with electric lights, ornamented with green shades, are more suggestive of the boudoir than the prison; nevertheless, they will be found there. The conversation room, exclusively reserved for the prisoners and well supplied with books, newspapers and easy chairs, will certainly tend to make the Sante prison more popular than the club, especially as, in addition to a splendid bath room, the prison boasts of a garden planted with beautiful shrubs, which will be illuminated during the summer months by electric-

ity, and perhaps the French government will provide a military band as well.

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On his return from England Senator Hoar of Massachusetts brought with him an ancient door belonging to the house in which one Charles Hoar, an ancestor of the senator, died in 1638. This old relic is to be placed between the senator's parlor and library. One of the senator's drives in England was through the Forest of Dean, in Gloucestershire, where are now living the lineal descendants of the early Britons, swarthy men resembling Spaniards, but of the purest British blood. They are the same people, Senator Hoar says, of whom Tacitus and Julius Caesar wrote, and their ancestors belonged to the stern and bloody Druidical faith.

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A DUTCH AUCTION.

A Dutch auction at Cape Town is frequently exciting. If a house is to be sold the auctioneer offers "Fifty golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £5,000." Nobody bids. A pause, and then "Fifty golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £4,000." This is kept it up until a bid is secured. But it by no means follows that the house is sold to this bidder. No, the auctioneer is then at it again. Say that £4,400 is the first bid. The auctioneer cries: "There are 25 golden sovereigns for the first man who has the courage to bid £4,600." Perhaps no one has it. Then £25 is offered for a £4,550 bid. If there is eventually no bid above the £4,400, the man who made that bid is saddled with the house. Otherwise he pockets his bonus and gets off free of it all.

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"A PUFFECT FIT."

A young fellow on the South Side has a negro valet, an old-fashioned Southern darkey. "Here, Jeff, I want those trousers cleaned and pressed to-day," he said, pointing to a rather loud striped garment that Jeff had long had his eyes on. "All right, sah," said Jeff, with a sigh. Next morning Jeff brought the trousers back with a big grease spot still prominent on one knee. "Can't you get that spot out?" said the owner of the trousers. "No, sah." "Did you try turpentine?" "Fo' de Lawd; I done sacchurated 'em wid turpentine." "Did you try coal oil?" "Yes, sah; po'ed a quart ob ile on 'em." "Did you try a hot iron?" "Puty nigh bu'nt 'em up!" "Did you try benzine?" "Done tried benzine and kerosene, and all the other zines, an' tain't tech dat grease spot." "Well, did you try 'em on?" queried the master, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Yes, sah," replied Jeff, with alacrity, "an' dey's a puffect fit, grease spot an' all, sah."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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STALE BREAD.

It has long been held that the use of fresh bread is injurious, and cautious people and dyspeptics carefully avoid the temptingly crisp new loaves with all their aromatic charms, patiently confining themselves to bread more or less stale. Now there comes an astounding statement that stale bread is infected with germs, more or less destructive to health, and present in larger numbers as the bread grows older. A health food company recently made a demonstration of this fact, showing that while fresh, well-baked bread gave 240 germs to the gram (15.4 grains), in bread that was kept in a warm cupboard three days, or until it had become slightly stale, the number of germs was nearly 6,500,000.

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In his noble history of the Downfall of the Ancient World, Professor Seeck of Griefeswald finds but one real cause of the fall of Rome. This he calls the Extermination of the Best ("Ausrottung der Besten"). He shows how Marius

and Cinna slew the aristocrat, while Sulla murdered the common man. With the demands of the imperial domain in every direction, the Roman disappeared. "Whoever was bold enough to rise politically was thrown to the ground. Only cowards remained, and from their brood arose the new generation. Cowardice showed itself in lack of originality and slavish following of masters and tradition." Had the Romans been alive, the Romans of the old Republic, there would have been no Fall of Rome.—David Starr Jordan.

HOW HE PLAYS.

This is how a Kansas newspaper man criticized Paderewski, the other day: "We heard the Polander, Paderewski, play the piano in Convention Hall, Kansas City, the other night. The fellow is deceitful. He makes you think all the time he is going to play a tune, but he never does. He flirts all around a tune, but never touches it. His hair looks like a wig, but it isn't. He deceives you in a hundred ways. He makes the sweetest sounds you ever heard that were not a tune. He has his piano so trained that the doggone thing will keep right on playing when he is not touching it. He reaches out slowly and strokes it, drawing back his elbows like a man brushing a girl's hair. You see the moonlight, and you're there with your girl, but somehow she don't love you. You know the sorrow of that, and that's why we don't like Paderewski. We wouldn't go to hear him again. If this is Paderewski's last visit to America we are glad of it, but we wouldn't take $100 for what we heard at Convention Hall."

———o:o———

British people use wars to learn geography. The Post Office people have to acquire this knowledge in times of peace as well as times of stress, and they are doing it fairly well. A letter was sent by an American firm from Brooklyn addressed "David John Morgan and Co., Glamorganshire, Scotland." Scotland needn't laugh; someone wrote "Cardiff" after "Scotland," thus dividing the laugh, and the letter was rightly delivered at the Hayes drapery emporium.

POWERFUL IN ENGLAND.

In 1854 the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, the man who at the present moment has the eyes of all England—and President Kruger—upon him, went to Birmingham. He took with him a letter to the parents of the late Sir Thomas Martineau, which read: "Please be kind and see as much as you can of 'poor Joe,' for he knows nobody in Birmingham." It was not long before he reversed the tables and everybody knew "poor Joe."

In 1871, when he was 35, he was elected to the Birmingham town council, three years later became mayor, and during his term of office the city was visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Every one watched anxiously for something out of the way to happen, for Chamberlain's radical views were well known. However, he showed such a realization of the dignity of his office and what was due his distinguished visitors that Birmingham was treated to a surprise.

During his mayoralty term Mr. Chamberlain improved Birmingham and had the city buy the gas and water works. In 1874 Mr. Chamberlain stood for Sheffield in the parliamentary election, was defeated, and two years later stood for Birmingham and was elected. In three years he had so made his mark that Gladstone was forced to recognize him and appointed him president of the board of trade with a seat in the cabinet.

Mr. Chamberlain attracted attention as the greatest debater in parliament. He has gone from success to success. He has been compared to the great Pitt, whose very life was centered in the House of Commons.

THE CAMBRIAN.

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THE OBSERVATORY.

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

Two things among the many, have occurred in this month of June, which are accountable for the following observations. The first is an annual incident in the history of all civilized nations, viz., College and University Commencements. In this connection I have noticed that the tendency of young men throughout the country to embark in the learned professions without the proper mental equipment and with no especial aptitude for anything except avoiding manual labor, is constantly on the increase. This, to say the least, is greatly to be deplored, for to such, failure is almost always the inevitable result. And that means ruined lives, or an existence so soured, disgruntled and embittered as to be without pleasure or profit to their possessors, and a tax upon the community where their lives are cast. Notwithstanding this fact, it requires but a casual observation to see that these same men whose lives are eminent failures, might have achieved splendid success in some other calling in life suited to their tastes and talents.

No one going about with his eyes open requires a demonstration of the fact (for it is self-evident) that there are in almost any community fourth rate lawyers who would have been excellent auctioneers, dentists who would have succeeded as plumbers, surgeons who would have adorned a meat stall, and even ministers of the gospel who could have produced a far better horseshoe than a sermon.

* * * * *

Had these men referred to entered a vocation congenial alike to taste and talent they might have been an honor to themselves and a blessing to the community; for a man is always that irrespective of his occupation, whenever he is master of it. But the trouble with these young men is that they do not understand the dignity of manual labor. They do not realize that honors and fortune may be more readily earned outside the so-called learned professions than in them, and that it is just as honorable to swing a hammer or to hold a plow as it is to make a speech in court or amputate a limb.

Let them understand that it is not so much what a man does for a livelihood as it is how well he does it, and that manual labor is as honorable as any other, then will the diploma factories cease to pour out on a long suffering world their annual horde of incapables only to be wrecked upon the shores of their own limitations. This, it seems to me, should be taught in the homes, at the schools and from the pulpits.

* * * * *

The other incident is the dedication of a church edifice, which occurs somewhere or another in the world every Lord's Day as it comes around. Ours took place June 17th last, the account of which has appeared in the "Drych," and lest anyone think this a re-hash, let me state that not a word of what was then written will appear in this article.

I am told that on these special occasions, the fair sex everywhere vie with each other in the matter of new hats and wearing apparel, going so far as to have on a different costume at each of the three services. Ours doubtless were not any different, and I make this statement from the fact that our town is second to none in this matter of dressing, and I for one find no fault with it providing it is done honestly without going into debt and putting other people to inconveniences.

What I have in mind however, and which I desire to mention is, the principle upon which the distinction between the clothes of men and those worn by women is mainly based; and it is as follows: In all attire of women the object is to differ as much as possible each from the other. In the attire of men the object is to be as much alike as possible.

* * * * *

You never hear of a man straining every nerve to have his clothes unlike those of all other men. In cut, color and general effect he tries to have his garments correspond to the general standard. No man's tailor lies awake at night in the effort to devise new ways and means as regards lapels and buttonholes so that his patrons may take pride in knowing that what they wear is different from what all others wear.

Insane asylums, sanitariums and nervous prostration retreats are not replete with men's tailors, and everybody knows that the bone and sinew of such places is made up of dressmakers all gone crazy in the one endeavor—to try to make every woman's clothes different from every other woman's. It is not likely that even the new woman herself will ever be able to alter the existing condition of things. True, in the tailor-made suit she has tried to adopt, or at least adapt, the masculine sartorial standard, but to no purpose. It is useless to elaborate; a word to the wise is sufficient.

* * * * *

In going around among different people soliciting subscriptions for our new church edifice, I found the wives and mothers oftentimes diffident as to what amount the donation should be. My opinion is, that the true, honest, careful wife and mother

half of the husband's salary
ever it may be, and consequent-
ould have as much to say as he
e matter of its expenditure, &c.
rd or two in this connection as
wife's duty so as to prove her-
uch may be pertinent.
ls who marry with the foolish
that it is their husband's duty
pport them in comparative idle-
are making a serious mistake.
a wife's duty to work and build
home by prudence and industry
me management, as much as it
husband's to work outside and
ovide money. It is only a person of great wealth who can afford to hire a refined person to take her place as housekeeper. Only a comparatively lazy woman can resign her place of housekeeper to an ordinary maid servant, and her family must suffer because of it. The loss of the mother as a power at the helm is one of the greatest evils that can befall a family. An energetic woman will let no other cause but physical incapacity keep her from attending to her highest duties—those upon which the comfort and health of her family depend.

DEARER WALES.

By Lewis Leyshon.

Hail other lands! But dearer thou fair Wales!
Thou Eden midst thy green-clad hills and vales!
What wonder bards have called thee Paradise—
Great in their love although but small in size.
A world condensed! a miniature land
Where God has sampled all that's great and grand,
In small, romantic, charming views and sights—
Thy brooks are music and thy vales delights.
Thy books are poems, and thy annals tales,
Like daisied stories of thy hills and vales;
Thy hills are Pisgahs, and on either hand
Each hidden valley is a Canaan land!

Thy sun is tempered with a cooling breeze,
The breath of love from the encircling seas
Which makes thy daughters rosy and inspires
Thy sons unconquered with heroic fires.
Hail land of Knightly Arthur and Glendower,
Be God thy refuge and His grace thy power!

ALLEGED DISCOVERIES OF AMERICA.

By Aneurin Jones (Aneurin Vardd.)

(Continued.)

The "Ode to the Hot Iron" gives no ground to suspect that Madoc had left for other lands, and a further extract may prove the reason of his absence. The next passage is from a poem by the same bard to Rhodri, the son of Owain Gwynedd, to which the migration writers add an additional unauthorized heading—of Hywel and Madoc, his brothers, and to show how the original poems are distorted in order to comply with their assertions, we shall give the following of theirs from the original:

Two princes were there who in wrath dealt woe,
Yet the people of the earth were loved;
One who in Arvon quench'd ambition's flame,
Leading on land his bravely toiling men,
And one of *temper mild* of the mighty sea
Sought possession he could safely keep
From all estranged for a country's sake

The words italicized have no place in the original, a literal translation of which we give below, and a close examination of the poem will prove that it has no reference whatever to Madoc. After eulogizing Rhodri for his valor and his many good qualities the bard proceeds:

Near Aberconwy two dragons adjusted their concerns;
Two leaders iu adversity;
Two having a region in view set:
Two armies of a supreme race in extreme activity.
Two princes of strong passion broke off in wrath,
The multitude of the earth did love them,
One on land in Arvon allaying ambition
And another high-minded on the sea
In trouble great and immeasureable
For a possession easily succored.
Separate from everyone for a settlement
In the lopping of tumult in the exalted preparation,
Gleamingly he protected us.
On a seabank a message has not been altered
Of so sullen, so overwhelming a conflict,
Upon this Rhodri of Mona, kind as the cheering warmth
Of the sun—generous David gave it,
He made a second unsuccessful desperate and fiery attack
The land of Lleyn alluring ravens.

As stated, the passage under consideration has no reference at all to Madoc, but alludes to Rhodri and his brother David. It will be noticed on referring to the passage that the scene of the conflict is laid near Aberconwy, in Arvon, and that the "dramatis personae" are Rhodri, to whom the poem is addressed, and David his brother.

According to the Welsh chronicles, David son of Owain Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, in 1173 imprisoned all his brothers except Maelgwn, who kept possession of Anglesey for three years, when he also was defeated and taken prisoner. In this year David received in marriage Emma, sister of King Henry, on which occasion he sent a thousand Welsh to Normandy to

assist his brother-in-law. In 1177, his brother Rhodri escaped from prison, and obtained possession of Anglesey, where he was received by the people as their sovereign, and being joined by Maelgwn, his brother from Ireland, where he had made his escape, he forced David to the English side of the Conwy, where he only kept possession of Rhuddlan Castle. His cruelty to his own countrymen and his alliance with King Henry having made him unpopular among the Welsh, he depended for assistance on the English army, but was never able to gain his lost ground.

That the passage alluded to refers to David's defeat by Rhodri, assisted by Maelgwn, is very apparent. Not one of "temper mild" can be found in the original, but of "strong passion," "breaking off in wrath," "one on land in Arvon allaying ambition, and another high-minded on the sea." That is, David's overwhelming defeat was accomplished by forcing him from Arvon on the land, and preventing him to re-gain Anglesey on the Menai, leaving no alternative but to retreat over the Conwy near the confluence of which with the Menai at Aberconwy was the fiercest struggle. The "possession easily succored separated from every one for a settlement," meaning undoubtedly the island of Mona (Anglesey), then in the possession of Rhodri. The date, circumstances, and their description are of no avail to the Madoc disappearance. The poem proceeds to describe the second conflict "on the shore of Lleyn," where Rhodri was and the people on his side "ten to one," literally conforming with the prose history of the events.

The next extract misquoted in the endeavor to establish the Madogian tradition is from a poem by the same author to Prince Llewelyn, and rendered thus:

Needless is it to ask all anxiously
Who from invaders will our waters guard;
Llewelyn, he will guard the boundary wave;
The lion i' the breach, ruler of Gwynedd,
The land is his to Powys' distant bounds,
He met the Saxons by Llauwynwy lake,
Across the wave is he victorious
Nephew of Madoc *whom we more and more*
Lament that he is gone.

Again the words in italics have no equivalents in the original, and have been added, evidently, to support the Madoc migration fallacy. The next succeeding line of the original added to these will dispose of this matter at once. A translation of the whole passage in the original is here given to show how it has been distorted in the foregoing to serve unauthoritative purposes:

The fortifications are calcareous around Maelgynig
Like the greyhound their men on every path;
It is needless to follow too far to enquire who it is,
Who shall guard the boundary water against every violence?
Llewelyn guards it, the lion in the breach,
The governor who owns Gwynedd as far as Mawddwy,
An overpowering hand whilst swaying on the water course,
Lloegria's adversary beyond the lake of Llwmynwy,
The grandson of Madoc inured to conflicts;

The grandson of Owain the comely whom we mourn.

It will be observed that the "nephew" has disappeared, and that we have instead "the grandson of Madoc," and "the grandson of Owain" in the same person. The Llewelyn to whom this poem is addressed is the son of Iorwerth Drwyndwn, or the broken nosed, the oldest legitimate son of Owain Gwynedd, and rightful successor of his father to the throne, but was objected to as a ruler on account of the blemish on his face. The mother of Llewelyn was Marred, the daughter of Madoc ap Meredydd, Prince of Powys, consequently he was grandson of Madoc through his mother, and grandson of Owain through his father. Therefore this passage is void of any allusion to Madoc his uncle, his father's brother, and the "boundary water" of Gwynedd will afford him no assistance to migrate.

A passage from an ode by Gwalchmai to Dafydd, son of Owain Gwynedd, is next brought to our notice, although in chronological order it should have been the first:

Silent I cannot be without mentioning who they were,
Who so well of me merited praise;
Owain the fierce above the muse's song;
The manly hero of the conflict
Cadwallawn ere he was lost,
It was not with smooth words he praised me;
Cadwaladyr lover of the harmony of exhilarating songs
He was wont to honor me.
Madoc distributing his goods,
More he did to please than displease.

The above extract stops short of one line to give it the key of explanation which we must add, it be first line of the next stanza:

One son of Maredudd and three Gruffudd
Hold the advantage of ministeri bards.

The poet in the foregoing l mentions four persons, viz., Cadwallawn, Cadwaladyr and oc, and adds that they are

One son of Maredudd and three Gruffudd.

Gruffydd ab Cynan, Pri North Wales, was the fat Owain, Cadwallawn and Cac yr; Maredudd ab Bleddyn, Pi Powys, was the father of Owain succeeded his father, ydd ab Cynan, to the thr Gwynedd (North Wales) as Gwynedd. After the death c edudd ab Bleddyn, Prince of his son Madoc, mentioned poem, succeeded to one mo Powys, which from him was Powys Fadawg, or the Po Madoc, while the other divisi called Powys Wenwynwyn Gwenwynwyn, the grandson brother Owain Gwynedd. married Susanna, daughter of udd ab Cynan, sister of Gwynedd. Here again, the tion of Madoc, the son of Gwynedd, as the migrator to ca, vanishes in the light of inv tion in favor of Madoc his un

We now come to the last tion from the poems of cont ary bards, supposed to be corr tive of the migration argume is taken from an elegy on the of Owain Gwynedd by Cyndd

And is it not Madoc by the overwhelming wave
Slain? How I sorrow for the helpful friend!
Even in battle was he free from hate.
Yet not in vain grasp'd he the warrior's spear.

Dr. W. Owen Pughe, the eminent Welsh lexicographer, in his Welsh dictionary explained in English, containing above 100,000 words, with 12,000 quotations, gives the following rendering of the original of the above under the word "dygyforth," which means overwhelming:

Where did the wrath of overflowing seas
Cut Madoc off? Grief for the aiding friend
Remains to me! in ruthless conflicts high
His hate; nor tame was in the porch his spear.

But under the word "anwas," which means a coward, he gives a different translation to the last sentence:

The coward was hateful in the toiling conflict,
Violent was the spear in the porch.

The various readings prove the difficulty to interpret the works of the bards of the 12th century, owing to the difference between the orthography of that time and the present, the construction of the meters, and the brevity in which the meaning is expressed. Cynddelw flourished from about 1150 to 1200. He was bard to Owain Gwynedd, Madoc ap Maredudd, and to David, son of Owain Gwynedd.

In his elegy on the family of Owain Gwynedd, from which we quote, he enumerates those of the family who had fallen in battles, with special mention of their characteristics and encounters. A lengthy extract is not required, but after a careful reading and a close examination of the construction, we venture another version, different from any former attempts, believing it to be more in unison with the original, and better suited to the circumstances alluded to. The bard after naming among others, Asser, Goronwy, Morgan, Rhys, Einiawn and Ardderch, brings Madoc in the same category of slain heroes:

Is not Ardderch slain? in defending a host.
He was slain the beloved of my soul;
A body of tumultuous host impetuous with their flamed quivers,
A circle of his equal the world needeth.

Is not Madoc slain by the overflowing sea?
I am grieved for my aiding friend;
There was a coward in the hateful conflict,
There was a violent preparation in the passage.

The unequivocal meaning of "anwas" is a "coward," an appellation not likely to be applied to Madoc in lamenting the loss of an "aiding friend." "Par," may mean a spear, but the most common use of the word is in a causative sense, synonymous with the English "pare." It would appear that Dr. W. O. Pughe, knowing of the Madoc tradition, endeavored to reconcile the meaning of the words quoted, with that supposition, thereby making his rendering of this passage obscure and conflicting.,

(To be continued).

A TOUR O F WALES.*

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, O.

Introductory.

Wales lies on the western coast of the island of Great Britain. It is bounded on the north by the Irish Sea, on the west by St. George's Channel, on the south by Bristol Channel, and on the east by the border counties of Monmouth, Hereford, Salop and Chester. Wales is about 140 miles from north to south, and an average of a little over 50 miles from east to west, having an area of 7,219 square miles, a little less than the State of Massachusetts, and a little more than one-sixth the area of the State of Ohio. It has about 300 miles of coast line, with many good harbors; from the estuary of the Dee on the north to the estuary of the Severn on the south. Milford Haven is said to be one of the best harbors in England. Wales is a mountainous country. It has three chains of mountains, the Snowdon, the Berwyn and the Black mountain. Beside these, there are mountain groups, so that every county has its mountains, except the Island of Anglesey. The highest mountain in England and Wales is Snowdon, 3,570 feet. There are a number of other peaks in the Snowdon range nearly as high. The highest in the Berwyn range is Aran Mawddwy, 2,972 feet, and the next highest is Cader Idris, 2,929 feet. The highest in the Black mountain chain is Brecknock Beacon, 2,910 feet.

The principal rivers of Wales, on the east, are the Dee and the Severn. Both these rivers have their origin and embouchure in Wales, though a considerable portion of their course is in England. The Usk and the Wye also have their sources in Wales, but pass into England. The streams having their origin in the mountains of Wales flow in different directions; the Dee, the Clwyd, the Conway, the Ogwen, and the Seiont, flow north; the Dovy, Rheidiol, Ystwyth, Teifi and many smaller streams flow west; the Cleddy and Cledden Towy, Bury, Taff and Romney flow south; the Dee, the Severn, the Usk and Wye flow eastward from Wales, then change their course. These streams generally run very rapidly, and form many beautiful waterfalls. There are many beautiful mountain lakes in Wales, but nearly all quite small, the largest being the Bala lake, 4 miles long and one wide.

The geology of Wales is interesting. The principality rests on solid foundations. In Anglesey and Harlech, in Merionethshire, we find the Cambrian rock; in all Cardigan, the greater portion of Carmarthen, in parts of Pembroke, Montgomery, Merioneth, and Carnarvon, the upper silurian. The Devonian old red

*Copyrighted.

IRISH SEA
CARNARVON BAY
CARDIGAN BAY
BRISTOL CHANNEL
MERIONETH
MONTGOMERY
CARDIGAN
RADNOR
HEREFORD
BRECKNOCK
PEMBROKE
CARMARTHEN
GLAMORGAN
SHROPSHIRE
RIVER SEVERN

MAP OF WALES.

stone is found in nearly all of Brecon, parts of Carmarthen, Pembroke and Glamorgan. Coal measures in most of Glamorgan, parts of Carmarthen, Pembroke, Flint and Anglesey; the new red sand stone in a portion of Flint; mountain lime in parts of Anglesey, Denbigh, Flint, Pembroke and Glamorgan; mill stone grit in small portions of Flint, Pembroke and Glamorgan. Wales furnishes gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, zinc and iron.

The inhabitants of Wales are the lineal descendants of the old Britons, who occupied a large part of the island two thousand years ago. This descent, however, is not of unmixed blood. There has been, undoubtedly, a large mixture of Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Dane and Norman blood. No man can analyze this mixture today. The population of Wales has never been large. It is doubtful whether it ever reached 300,000, at any one time, previous to the beginning of the seventeenth century. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it numbered about 500,000; today over 1,500,000. The increase has been principally in mining and manufacturing districts, and not all of Welsh people. English, Scotch, and Irish are numerous.

The Welsh language has been the language of Wales through the ages, and the exclusive language of most of the people until quite recently. Schools have made a change. Now, nearly all the young people in Wales can talk English; and the English language is used by nearly one half of the people. The probability is, that within the next two hundred years the Welsh language will be dead in Wales, as it is to-day in Cornwall.

Since the time of Henry VIII., the principality of Wales has been divided into twelve counties, Anglesey, Carnarvon, Denbigh, Flint, Merioneth and Montgomery in the North, and Cardigan, Radnor, Brecon, Pembroke, Carmarthen and Glamorgan in the South. We shall visit each of these counties, learn something of their history, observe their scenery, and listen to some of their tales and legends of the past. Every nation has its myths and legends, and it is well they should be preserved. There are many doors through which we may enter Wales, but the more common way chosen by American travelers is to land at Liverpool, cross the Mersey to Birkenhead, take a train for Chester, and from Chester enter Wales, whose border is four miles west.

CHESTER.

The old city of Chester is 17 miles south of Liverpool, situated on the south-east banks of the river Dee, on a rocky elevation, partly surrounded by the river. This territory was anciently occupied by the British tribe "Cornavii;" they had a fort or camp here called "Caerlleon Fawr ar ddwfr Du," or the camp of the great legion on the waters of the Dee. It became the headquarters of the twentieth legion of Rome, under Suetonius, in the year 61 of the Christian era, and was called "Castra." Julius Agricola formed a col-

ony here and called it "Colonia Devana." After the Romans retired from the island, the old Britons occupied Chester, and made it the capital of Venedotia or North Wales for about 400 years. In 828 it was wrested from the British Prince Merfyn, by Egbert. The Danes wintered here in 895, and were driven out by Alfred the Great. In 908, the city was restored, and the walls rebuilt by Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred, and wife of Ethelred, Earl of Mercia. The city was occupied by Canute in 1016. William the Conqueror made his nephew Hugh Lupus the first Norman Earl of Chester, and the city and shire a county palatine, and invested it with such a sovereign jurisdiction that the ancient earls kept their own parliament. In 1237 Henry III. took the earldom into his own hands, and conferred it upon his son Edward I., and from that time it has been vested in the reigning monarch's eldest son. The present Prince of Wales is the Earl of Chester.

We know not what fortifications the Britons had, but the Romans built a strong quadrangular wall around their camp, with four gates —north, south, east and west. These walls, as we have seen, were restored by Ethelfleda in 908, and afterward by Edward I., near the close of the thirteenth century. Since that time they have been kept in good repair, and are to-day in a state of excellent preservation. These walls are about two miles in circuit; we can ascend the summit by steps, find a safe pathway, and enjoy a pleasant walk around the old city. In the north-

Chester Cathedral.

east corner we enter a tower where in 1645 King Charles I. stood and saw his army defeated at Rowton Moor. In the north-west corner we come to a tower with a museum, containing many Roman and other relics. Within these walls are streets laid out by the Romans, buildings hoary with age. In Watergate Street is an old house with the inscription, "God's Providence is Mine Inheritance—1652." This was almost the only house in the city, where the inmates escaped the plague.

We know not when the first Christian church was established in Chester; perhaps in the second century. We are told the Cathedral was founded in 660, and St. John's Church in 689. It is said the Cathedral occupies the site of a temple dedicated to Apollo, a Roman grave stone and altar having been discovered close by. But the Chester of to-day is not confined within these old walls, there are many beautiful mansions, places of business, and factories outside. The municipal borough has a population of about 38,000. The railway station, the terminus of a number of roads, is one of the largest in England. If we take the train on the Chester and Holyhead road we shall arrive in Flintshire, North Wales, in less than ten minutes.

(To be continued.)

THE CELTO-BRITISH CHURCH.

By Rev. Thomas Frimston, Llangefni, N. W.

(Continued.)

IV. The Argument from Architecture: Gildas says of the havoc wrought by the Dioclesian persecution: "From the east to the west nothing was to be seen but churches burnt and destroyed to their very foundations." This is significant if we are to accept Stillingfleet's translation of Gildas's much disputed passage, giving it as certain that Christianity was introduced into Britain prior to the defeat of Boadicea, A. D. 61. Tacitus asserts that such was the progress of the Britons in the art of masonry, that Constantius could get none superior. Nevertheless, few remains can be found in Britain of Christian buildings as having been erected during the Roman period. Bede says, "Time was when no stone church could be found in all the land." He also asserts that Ninias, a native of North Wales, built a stone church among the northern

, A. D. 565, and that the fact so exceptional that the Britons d it "Candida Casa" (white e). The most ancient name on a of worship, in Celtic literature, eing apart from caves, groves is "Cil." Cil meant a place of hip, and cell, its cognate, a place arning. Following Cil comes . Cil is Irish, or more proper-Celtic, (that is Scot-Gaelic). n" is Brythonic, that is, a term as the Brythonic became pre-inant language of the British . Naturally enough, "Cil" is prevalent in Ireland (1400 ches there bearing the name). has, on the other hand, over-ad Wales (about a 1000 of this gnation are in the Principality), e Cil also remains here and there ndmarks of the ancient Goidelic rsions here. Moreover, both are he same signification, denoting elter in the wood, or enclosure grove.

ext to Cil in point of time comes ," another Celtic monosyllable ciated with timber or wood. In it means a "Log Hut," the word now used in Cardiganshire les) for both cow-house and r, that part of church or chapel opriated for singers. It origin-meant wooden poles driven into earth, covered and completed beams and wattles. In an early siastical sense, it denoted a cir-a place for a congregation, and y of these "Cors" were called Celto-British saints' names, for period under observation, and n-gor" meant a college, or a seminary, that is, a prominent circuit. Therefore the term "cor" meant a circular congregation.

Next to "cor" comes "Gwyn-dy" —white house, or as the Romans called it, "Candida Casa," having special regard for sawn timber, and may be was whitewashed. This third term again has reference to wood and was peculiarly adapted for the unsettled state of the nation during the Goidelic invasions, and the term Goidel itself is derived by some, as signifying an inhabitant of the wood.

It appears that the Britons though being experts in masonry, still chose to continue their places of worship as made of timber, generally. Claudius' temple at Camalodunum (Colchester) was a fine stone edifice, A. D. 61; but very few Christian buildings were ever discovered as dating among the Britons so far back. This, no doubt, accounted for two prominent points, the Celts' and Britons' ancestors had been accustomed from time immemorial to worship in the open air, and the simplicity of religion among them would naturally suggest their avoiding costly buildings. Christianized pagans under Roman rule chose remains of pagan temples wherewith to built churches; but generally speaking the first churches were but wooden structures, almost unexceptionally built over some well. The term "ecclesia" (church) was not used for a place of worship till the second century, and until the third, the usual name was "conventicula" (meeting-houses). A list of which are considered to be remains of Christian stone churches

built in the Roman period may be found in Haddon and Stubbs' "Councils." These are supposed to represent (1) Remains of a house of worship dating from the fourth or fifth century, within Dover Castle; (2) A wall in crucifix form founded upon a stagework of Roman masonry within the ancient Roman fort of Richborough; (3) An old chapel of Roman brickwork in the parish of Reculver; (4) Foundation of a Roman house of worship where now stands Lyminge parish church; (5) St. Martin's Church, Canterbury; (6) The remains of an old church Perranzuboe, Pierren-in-the-sands, were also discovered in the sands on Cornwall coast, in 1752, by Barlase. Pieran or Kiaran was styled by the Irish "First-born of Saints." This was undoubtedly founded on that successful mission into Cornwall from Ireland A. D. 405—A. D. 586. and certainly justifies us in bringing the Celtic element (Goidelic or Gaelic, or whatever we may be pleased to call it) into the British church, as being part of it. Tadiacus and Theonus, the Bishops of London in the time of the Saxon onslaughts, A. D. 586, fled into Cornwall and Wales.

Another discovery made of recent years was that of the ruins of an old church at Silchester, supposed to be of the second century. It was small. The body was 29¼ feet long by 10 feet wide, with two side aisles the whole length, each five feet wide. The apse is at the next end, pavement well preserved, and level throughout, and there is no sign of crosses or other symbols, so that it was not adapted for ritualistic service. The walls were 2 feet thick, and it stood in an open area of 100 feet by 130 feet.

St. Finian, who came from Columba's monastery in Iona, becoming Bishop of Lindisfarn, is said to have "built a church fit for his episcopal see, of split oak, and covered with reeds, after the Scottish (i. e. Irish) manner. Eadbert, sometime a succeeding bishop, stripped off the reeds, and covered the entire building, both roof and sides, with sheets of lead." The book of Armagh, a M.S. supposed to be of the seventh century, states that Patrick built at Foirrega "a quadrangular church of moist earth, because wood was not near at hand." Howel, King of Wales, had his house of white twigs Ty Gwyn—white house—in South Wales. Even castles in those days were built of the same materials. Giraldus speaks of Pembroke Castle, "Armulphus de Montgomery, in the days of Henry I., built that small castle of twigs and slight of turf." Very old Welsh churches are of the barn form, but without towers; the wall at one end is raised above the roofs and has arches, under which hang two bells exposed to the air. The earliest record we have of a stone church built, is that erected by Ninias, a Briton, a native of North Wales, A. D. 448, who was ordained Bishop of "Candida Casa," or Galloway, and therefore the first Bishop of Scotland. According to Bede, it was dedicated to St. Martin, and was "built of stone, which was not usual among the Britons." Haslam states

"Cornwall, Wales and Ireland, nd with wayside and church crosses, and it is a remarkable that all these, with very few exons, are Greek crosses, and ıwall, it should be remembered, , its conversion to the Christian to the zeal of Irish missionaries, at the beginning of the fifth ıry came over in great numbers, h accounts for almost all the ıish churches being dedicated to saints.

ɔw, we believe, it has been amply ed by all these points, by nation-, constitution, doctrine, and ar-:cture, that the Celto-British ch held itself as independent of Church of Rome, which fact has lenged up to this day, nineteen uries to obliterate.

ɔ what church did St. David ng—the church from Augustine ıe Norman period, &c.? To the ɔ-British Church. A. D. 490—). 544. As the result of our in-igations, we are clearly con-ed that he belonged to the Celto-ish Church, and that his relig-connections were formed ac-ing to, and issued from the erful Irish mission carried on ı Ireland via Menevia to Corn-in his days.

ew sources indeed can be found :ting us in regard to him, viz., a tin Life of St. David," written by :march (Rhyddmarch), Bishop t. David's, A. D. 1088—1096 author of the "Lives of the ts." There is another abridged sh life of him, probably of the century; both are preserved in the British Museum, and published in "The Lives of Cambro-British Saints," by Rees. Few other legendary biographies and fragmentary allusions in Welsh Triads, histories, &c., may be found. A review of the age and districts in which he lived will also add some practical information regarding him.

He was like many of the early Celto-British saints of high birth, and according to ancient genealogies, St. David and Avan, Doged, Tysul, Caranog, Pedrwn, Cyndeyrn, Cyngor, Dogfael, Teilo, Mabon, &c., were descendants of the once powerful regal line of Cunedd, King of Britain, A. D. 328. Thus he was descendant of Coel Godhebog, the great light of his day, from whom descended Ceneu, Mor, Cynllo, Pabo Post, Prydain, Talhaiarn, Dunawd Fawr, Deiniol, Asaph, each one of them being associated with great learning, and all patronizers of Christianity. Who knows what might have been the effect of reading the history of these his mighty ancestors, on St. David's youthful mind? Teilo was son of Enlleu, son of Dion, son of Ceredic, King of Cardiganshire, and his mother was daughter of Tegid Voel, Lord of Penllwyn, in Merionethshire. David was son of Sandde, son of Ceredic, his mother Non being daughter of Ynyr of Caergawch, in Pebidiog, now called St. David's. Non's mother was Anna, daughter of Vortiporis (Gwrthefyr Fendigaid), whom Gildas denominated "the foolish oppressor of Demetia" (Pembrokeshire).

Therefore David was a descendant

of the two prime regal lines of Wales, Cunedda and Gwrthefyr. His mother's father, Ynyr of Caergawch, was of Goidelic blood of the Munster exiles, who reigned over Demetia, until they were subdued by the family of Cunedda. Menevia (now St. David's) was his grandfather's gift to David, and he was educated under Paulinus, or Pawl Hen, the abbott of the celebrated monastery of Ty Gwyn ar Daf at Whitland, in Carmarthenshire. Under him also Teilo was trained, and probably Maelgwn Gwynedd, chieftain of North Wales, styled also "Draco Mona," was a contemporary student. Nothing remains as proof that David had to fight against Pelagianism at all. Records of Brevi Synod still exist, but also no allusion to it. It doubtless originated in Ricemarch's prolific imagination, that heresy had declined after Garmon's mission. David was canonized by Pope Calixtus, A. D. 1120, 520 years after his death! One needs not dispute the object, it was evidently "the same old story over again," anything and everything to bring the Cymry to the Romish fold! It is a fact that David has no church dedicated to his name in the whole of North Wales; and though David has now altogether 53 churches dedicated to him in South Wales, he had in the twelfth century according to "David's poem" by Gwynfardd of Brecknockshire, A. D. 1160—1220, scarcely 20. It had taken five centuries to bring them up to twenty in the twelfth century, and after Calixtus' order, the number ran up another thirty-three. Nevertheless, David was the greatest of all British saints; and it is not probable that he would have ever reached that dignity among the Cymry had he been too lenient towards Rome. At St. David's Day dinner, at Manchester, 1882, Lord Aberdare said that St. David "retired into a desert, and there lived upon water and leeks, in consequence of which the leek had been adopted as the national distinction," but quotes no authority.

THE CYMRY IN WALES—THE WELSH.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips, M. A.

(Continued.)

In our first chapter we spoke of the Cymry before they came to Britain—the Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri; and in our second, we spoke of the Cymry after they came to Britain—the Britons. In this we shall speak of the Cymry in Wales—the Welsh. Wales derived its ancient name, "Cymru," by which it is known among the natives, from the Cymry who made it their home; and the Cymry derived their ancient

name, by which they are known among themselves, from the Cimbri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Gomeri. Wales derived its modern name, by which it is known to foreigners, from ancient Gaul, Gallia, Gwalia, Walia, Wales. And the Welsh derived their modern name, by which they are known to foreigners, from Wales. The mother nation and her numerous daughters once peopled the whole of western Europe; and having crossed the channel peopled the whole of the British islands, but being pressed by ruthless foes they retreated into Scotland, Cornwall and Wales. In these portions of their inheritance they remained secure, and maintained their independence between one and two thousand years.

Long before the Roman invasion Britain was divided into three divisions—Albania, Lloegria and Cambria; these divisions into many tribes and petty kingdoms, which were at frequent wars with each other and with foreign enemies. Caesar in his first and second visit to the island landed on the coast of Lloegria as the nearest point to the continent. Aulus Plautius, nearly a century later, landed on the same coast, and proceeded at once to reduce the island into a Roman province; but he and all the generals that followed him landed on the same coast, and only succeeded in reducing Lloegria, with adjacent portions of Albania and Cambria. The rest of the island, and especially the mountain regions of Albania, Cambria and Cornwallia, remained in possession of the Britons, and furnished them places of refuge and independence. During the four hundred years of the Roman possession of Lloegria, which they named "Provincia Romana," many of the Lloegrians escaped to their brethren in Albania, Cambria, Cornwallia, and on the continent, and particularly to those in Armorica. But the Lloegrians who remained in their own country subject to the Roman rule, became partly if not wholly Romanized, while those who escaped enjoyed with their brethren freedom and independence.

Between Albania and the Roman province, and between Cambria and the Roman province there existed constant hostilities with streams of blood. The Lloegrian Britons of the Roman province, though subjects and slaves, came in contact with Roman civilization, Roman culture and Roman worship, and what was infinitely better, with Christian worship and the Christian religion, which, no doubt, they imparted to their kinsmen on the island, and on the continent, so that then, if not before, and thus if not otherwise, Christianity was introduced into Britain. Those of the Britons on the continent and on the island, in Albania, Cambria and Lloegria, who rejected Christianity, either through hatred of the Romans, or through some other reason, continued their Druidic civilization, Druidic culture, and Druidic worship. Thus there existed side by side four hundred years, two kinds of civilization, culture and worship, distinct and antag-

onistic—Druidism and Romanism with the infusion of Christianity, and the mutual influence of the two must have been considerable. Thousands of the Britons were Romanized and Christianized, and many of them became of note and influence, among whom we might mention the missionary Patrick, who accomplished so much for Ireland, and whom the Irish have made their patron saint; and the learned Pelagius whose opinions created such commotion and schism in the Christian church. In the evacuation of the island the Romans left the province partly civilized, partly Christianized, and wholly incapacitated to defend itself against the savage Britons and foreign enemies.

The Anglo-Saxons made their appearance about the middle of the fifth century, and landed like the Romans on the coast of Lloegria; and like the Romans gave their name to the province. Hence we read to-day England, England and Wales, but in the Welsh language we still read Lloegr, Lloegr a Chymru.

While the Saxons were establishing the heptarchy and monarchy in the Roman province most of the Lloegrian Britons were either destroyed in self-defence of their country, or forced to flee to other parts of the island and the continent—to Albania, Cambria, Cornwallia and Armorica. Thus British learning, civilization and Christianity were checked and nearly destroyed by the ignorant, rough, rude, and heathenish hordes of Saxony. Not content with the exact area of the Roman province, or the boundary lines of ancient Lloegria, they pushed their conquests north, west and southwest, and came in contact with the warriors of Albania, Cambria and Cornwallia. Hand to hand and foot to foot they strove, and grip with grip, and dagger with dagger they measured their prowess till the border land between them was heaped with carnage and drenched with blood. All the Cambrian countries in the province of Albania, the Saxons took and appropriated. The eastern portion of Cambria, comprising what are now called Hereford, Monmouth, and a part of Shropshire, they also took and appropriated. But all they could not take and all they could not appropriate. There was a limit to their encroachment, and a limit to their ability. Foes with steel and buckler stood in the way and forced them back. And so the fortunes varied, and the circumstances changed, but on the whole and in the long run in favor of the coming tide, for the mighty ocean of human destiny was back of it.

The Caractacus of this period was Arthur, the famous knight of the round table, the hero of song and legend, the facsimile of Caesar in comprehensive knowledge, and of Hannibal in skillful generalship, the facsimile of Wellington in caution, and of Bonaparte in dash. Divested of the fabulous, the fictitious and the marvelous, Arthur was a mighty prince, and a mighty general, who retrieved a portion of his country

from the grasp of the Saxons, and who in A. D. 520 routed Cerdic, king of Wessex, near Mount Badon in Cornwall. After Arthur there stood conspicuous and pre-eminent among his peers, the last prince and sole monarch of the united Britons, the brave and patriotic Cadwallader, who died in defence and in behalf of his country in A. D. 689.

After the death of Cadwallader Cornwall and Wales became distinct separate principalities, which too often fought each other, and too seldom united their forces to fight their common enemies. In A. D. 876 Roderic the Great succeeded to the sovereignty of Wales, and soon divided the country into three principalities—North, South, and Powysland, the eastern portion of the country between North and South, which were governed after his death by his three sons. This division of the principality already too much reduced in area and population, and too much divided in feeling and action, with the Saxons ready to pounce upon them from the east, and the Danes prowling along the coast ready to land, evinced more paternal affection than prudential wisdom. It soon created indifference, produced disintegration, awakened jealousy, fostered animosity, enkindled strife, and inaugurated war. Civil dissensions and civil wars drenched the land with Cymric blood shed by Cymric brothers. And what was worse, they invited their common enemies to settle their disputes and crush their brethren. It was a common thing among them to join the Saxons to fight the Britons—the Britons of Scotland, the Britons of Cornwall, and the Britons of Wales; their nearest akin, their brethren, their own flesh and blood.

Yet during this discordant, treacherous and bloody period, Wales was imbued with great mental activity, literary culture, and spiritual energy, laying the foundation and erecting the superstructure of what was to be strength and glory of the British islands, not rightly nor deftly, perhaps, but strongly and surely. Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, and Merddin, as early as the sixth century, courted the favor of the muse and supreme among the bards Gildas, who was called the wisest of the Britons, wrote his "De Excidio Britanae," in the same century. Schools of high grade had long been established, and the noblest youth of the island and the continent were among their students. According to Speed, the monastery or college of Bangor, on the banks of the Dee, contained, in the year A. D. 596, not fewer than 2,400 monks. Of these ecclesiastics, 1,200 were slain by Ethelfrid, King of Northumbria, who afterward spoiled and devastated the monastery. In the ninth century, Asser, the learned monk of Saint David, became an inmate of the court, instructor and advisor of Alfred the Great, whom he advised and assisted to lay the foundation of the University of Oxford. In the tenth century Howell the Good collated the civil maxims of the ancient Britons, and made the first draft of the British constitution, which has been

changed and modified with the centuries to its present form and efficiency.

When the Danes, who had piratically circumnavigated the island for nearly two centuries had finally succeeded, in A. D. 1017, to capture England, and place Canute on the English throne, they followed the example of the English, as the English had followed the example of the Romans, and divided the land among the nobles. During their possession of the Saxony monarchy from A. D. 1017 to A. D. 1041, they ruled the Saxons with a rod of iron, as the Saxons had ruled the Britons. Yet all they did, or were able to do in Wales in so short a time, was to establish a few colonies here and there along the coast. They at no time ruled the principality, nor took possession of the country.

But as soon as the Saxons had regained the supremacy of England, and had established themselves in their former possessions, they renewed their encroachments and attacks upon the Welsh, which continued with more or less vigor till William of Normandy appeared at Hastings in A. D. 1066. During this quarter of a century, from the Dane to the Norman, there was nothing of note recorded in the annals of the Principality, save the treacherous death of Griffith ap Llewelyn, Prince of North Wales, through the instigation of Harold.

As the Romans on conquering Lloegria divided it among themselves; as the Saxons on conquering the Roman province divided it among themselves; as the Danes on conquering the Saxon monarchy divided it among themselves; and as the Saxons on conquering the Danish kingdom divided it among themselves; so the Normans on conquering England divided it among themselves, so that the land owners of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, are in the main Normans, and these Normans, who now possess the land and domineer the Britons, Danes and Saxons on the island are in the main Armoricans, Britons, Aquitanians, Cimbri, Cymry, under the name of French, Normans and Norman-French, because the Franks who conquered the country and were absorbed by the inhabitants, changed the name of Gaul into France, and the Gauls into French; and because the Normans who conquered the country and were absorbed by the inhabitants changed the name of Armorica or Bretagne into Normandy of the Armoricans, and Bretons into Normans, so that the people who really, though not nominally, possess and govern the island, are in the main its originally possessors—Britons, Gaels, Gauls, Celts, Cymry, Cimbri, infused with Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman, and with doubtless other blood, making in fact, if not in name, Roman-Cymric, Saxon-Cymric, Danish-Cymric, Norman-Cymric, British-Cymric nation and government, which is stronger, nobler, and more efficient because of the infusion of blood and union of races, as if the best qualities of all were retained, and the worst excluded, so as to make the island and the people seat and force of learning and civilization in modern times.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

Two notable contributions to musical literature have just been published. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, have, heretofore, published books on musical subjects that have enriched the musical world, and their last publication, "Chopin," by James Huneker, is a poet's interpretation of the "poet of the pianoforte." The able critic, Mr. Huneker, in his "Mezzotints in Modern Music," writes of Chopin in such eloquent terms, that we felt as if the subject had been exhausted. But the author stepped only on the threshold of the vast subject. Chopin, the man and his music, the artist, the poet and psychologist are themes enough to tax the best abilities of the best equipped musico-literateur. Musical thought is becoming rapidly to the front as a great philosophic factor. The melodic phrases of a musical composition of merit should be treated and considered as a contribution to art. Mr. Huneker's works compel critics to think. As an illustration of how this writer analyzes the very soul of Chopin, his style and power, and as an example of modern musical criticism, let the following quotation be made: "Chopin is not only the poet of the piano, he is also the poet of music, the most poetic of composers. Compared with him Bach seems a maker of solid polyphonic prose, Beethoven a scooper of stars, a master of growling storms, Mozart a weaver of gay tapestries, Schumann a divine stammerer. Schubert, alone of all the composers, resembles him in his lyric prodigality. Both were masters of melody, but Chopin was the master-workman of the two, and polished, after bending and beating, his theme fresh from the fire of his forge. He knew that to complete his 'Wailing Iliads' the strong hand of the reviser was necessary, and he also realized that nothing is more difficult for the genius than to retain his gift. Of all natures the most prone to pessimism, procrastination and vanity, the artist is most apt to become ennuied. It is not easy to flame always the focus, to burn fiercely with the central fire. Chopin knew this and cultivated his ego. He saw too that the love of beauty for beauty's sake was fascinating, but led to the way called madness. So he rooted his art, gave it the earth of Poland, and its deliquescence is put off to the day when a new system of musical aestheticism will have routed the old, when the Ugly shall be king, and Melody the handmaiden of science. But until that most grievous and undesired time he will catch the music of our souls and give it cry and flesh."

There are many who will not agree with what is said of Bach, Beeth-

oven, Mozart and Schumann, but when one listens to Chopin's B flat minor Sonata, several of the Ballades, and his F minor Fantasie, we feel the force of Mr. Huneker's criticism, as also in many pages of his masterful work. His "Chopin—the Man and his Music" should find a place in every musician's library.

The other book referred to is "Music and the Comrade Arts," by Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, of Philadelphia, and published by Silver Burdett and Company. This is a small, beautiful 60 cent book, but worth much more than its weight in gold. Dr. Clarke is a scholar in many ways. His book deserves remarks in another number.

Some one in the "Etude" asked the question: "Did Berlioz admire Beethoven?" The great French composer was supposed to be antagonistic to the music of the great German. The above question is answered in the affirmative, with a delightful musical scene to boot. Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas were especially admired by Berlioz. But here is the scene: "Berlioz, in one of his articles, relates that at a private gathering Liszt played the 'adagio' of the 'Moonlight Sonata' with trills, tremolo and various effects peculiar to the virtuoso school of that period, and to the intense dissatisfaction of Berlioz. Thirty years later they both found themselves present at a similar gathering. Liszt had been playing some composition by Weber, when, suddenly, the lights went out. Some one made an attempt to strike a match, upon which Berlioz's voice was heard to say: "Never mind, if Liszt will play the 'adagio' of the 'Moonlight Sonata,' light is unnecessary." "With pleasure," Liszt replied, "let the room be wrapped in utter darkness." Berlioz continues: "From out those shadows the noble elegy, the same Liszt once before had so strongly disfigured, then rose in its sublime simplicity. Not one note, not an accent, was added to the original score of the composer. It was the shadow of Beethoven, recalled by the great pianist, whose voice we heard. Each one of us trembled with emotion, and even after the last chord had died away we remained silent—with tears in our eyes." Moments of true inspiration! Moments of true interpretation!

In a recent number, we quoted what Mme. Marchesi, the eminent vocal instructress of Paris, said of American lady students. Now, the most noted piano teacher, Leschetitsky, has uttered some of his "inward sentiments" concerning piano-students. He finds most difficulty with the German, English and American pupils. It seems that he has more American pupils than of any other nationality, and, according to an interviewer, his experience with them is similar to that of thousands of American teachers. He says: "They come for a short time, study tremendously hard, each believing that everything can be accomplished by work, talent being quite a secondary consideration; but if the success wished for does not come after a short trial, they give it

up and go away." This is sadly true, as almost all teachers can testify. Probably, matters are improving; but it is just as probable that fifty years or more of bitter experience is necessary to undo the mischief to art caused by the senseless rush of our American life. There is much room for art-education. Perhaps nothing reflects the need of this more than the nature of much of our art-criticism.

Lorenzo Perosi, the young Italian priest, continues to pour forth oratorios—very light ones to be sure, and far from being original. He must be a person of much magnetism, and of considerable ability, probably, because, just now the Italian world is preparing a Perosi oratorio festival at Milan, where a stock company has been formed to which the archbishop has leased the Church Della Pace, for twenty-five years. This ancient church has been altered so as to serve as a hall that will accommodate 2,200 hearers, and at a cost of 150,000 francs. This church-hall was opened in last May with the performance of Perosi's new oratorio, "The Massacre of the Innocents." This is the priest's sixth composition. His seventh oratorio will be "Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem." The music of his first oratorios failed to arouse much enthusiasm in London, where compositions of this class are put to the severest test. Where Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Gounod, Macfarren have been reigning with undiminished splendor for many generations, any new work performed must stand a severe test, accordingly. By reading the comments of able critics upon these so-called oratorios, one is inclined to believe that Perosi should name his productions cantatas.

Comparisons are odious, they say. We are much tempted to compare, nevertheless, the opinion of the celebrated Pole, Paderewski, of Americans, with what another celebrated master said, and quoted above. Paderewski gave out the following, just after his arrival in London from his late, and fourth American tour, his heart full of joy, and his pockets full of $200,000—the proceeds of his last trip. But, let the magician speak, and let all keep silence:

"They (Americans) are a far quicker people than the English. Their enthusiasm is so infectious, and their women are so beautiful and fascinating. I consider the Boston Orchestra the finest in the world. There is no ground for comparison between the English and Americans from a musical point of view. They are totally different. The English are deep, grandly imaginative, and so philosophical; the Americans are all enthusiastic fire, brilliance, and most exquisite musical fervor."

Paderewski's four American tours has netted him about a million dollars, and we have not heard, as yet, of his "farewell tour." Under such favorable circumstances, who would not pour out deluge after deluge of the most exquisitely rounded compliments to "dear America?" There are many of us who would be willing to spend a lifetime in turning out eloquent praise in "diction faultless and pure" for one-fourth of such a sum.

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

By Theologus.

VIII.

Lorenzo Oken seems to have been the embodiment of philosophy and science—the old and the new theories as regards creation. He oscillates between special creation and evolution—sometimes he inclines to one, and again he favors the other. He has been called half philosopher and half naturalist, as it were "on the fence," where he is now facing one way, and again countenancing the other. His theories are made up largely of sense and nonsense; bright flashes of thought, valuable suggestive ideas intermingled with notions that are absolutely void of foundation. Often with a single thought, he seems to subvert his own elaborate theories, and to give the lie to some of his best ideas. At times, he even opposes the Bible and science; and suggests creations which are truly nonsensical and chimerical. His notion of the creation of man is unbiblical as well as unscientific, when he states that God formed him out of some elementary substance—a clod or some other unknown stuff—and galvanized it with life by some vital process. But yet he seemed to hold that everything in the form of life was evolved from a fundamental which he calls "Ur-Schleim," similar to the protoplasm of Huxley. This was originated in the sea; it was composed of the elementary life-cells—infusoria—of which every form of life in animals and plants is merely a modification through evolution.

Linnaeus who wrote in the eighteenth century, represents conservatism as regards the theory of creation; yet he occasionally shows that his mind had been affected by the evolution idea, He believed species to be units of direct creation; but in 1762 he changed somewhat in his views. According to him, certain species were special creations, but some had come into existence through hybrid generation and intercrossing with others. He believed in variation within a certain range, but not to any extent to invade or encroach on the idea of direct creation. He was extremely popular in his day by reason of the "correctness" of his views according to the general belief of the time.

Buffon, a contemporary of the Swedish naturalist, was not so popular, although from an evolutionary point of view he was a more progressive thinker; but that fact may account for his lack of popularity. Popular views, apart from their correctness or truthfulness, are more acceptable to ordinary mortals. Although Linnaeus was not an aggressive thinker, yet he may be reckoned as having been a builder who build-

ed much better than he thought. He regarded the foundation which he laid, and little thought of lifting his eyes to behold the superstructure which a thinker of imagination might have seen.

Buffon is honored as the first one "who pointed out, on a broad scale, the mutability of species in relation to changes of environment, as well as the causes of mutability." He contrasted with Linnaeus in being a very imaginative and suggestive thinker, throwing out creative, and controlling thoughts—furnishing ideas for subsequent reflection. His earlier thoughts were in harmony with orthodox opinions as regards direct creation, but he gradually adopted evolution, and throughout his career was wavering between the old-fashioned philosophy and science. God used the self-same idea throughout his creation, but not exactly in the sense of evolution, but in direct formations within certain lines. He was a kind of Moses who from his mount of imagination saw the promised land of science, but he died before reaching it. He saw the great facts of struggle for existence and elimination of the least perfected species as well as the influence of environment. After many imaginative excursions, he returned to the view mediate between fixed and mutable species, and a final confession that the problem was beyond his reach.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of the great naturalist, and as it were the great teacher of evolution, was the forerunner of his celebrated grandson. He was really a prophet of evolution, and as we may say, the "sweet singer" of the coming idea. He was the Williams Pantycelyn of the Evangel of Evolution. He not only taught it, but was so imbued and inspired with it that he sang it in his "Temple of Nature" in true Miltonian style, interpreting the ways of God's creation to man. What appeared a problem beyond his reach to Buffon, was to the elder Darwin a vision beyond, so clear that it excited him to sing with the confidence of a prophet. Many of his lines have a mighty swing, and to him millions of ages are as days. He sings of "the first specks of animated earth," and how, through successive generations, they bloomed, acquiring new powers, and larger limbs assumed until they evolved into the higher animals and man. He was highly imaginative. He saw the essential unity of plan in animals which led him to conclude that they were produced from a living filament or a mass of organic matter or protoplasm. He was bold enough to imagine that evolution can account for all variations, however great, by gradual changes working through the length of millions of ages. The slowest changes accumulated through countless ages can account for all variations which are noticeable in the material, vegetable, animal and human life. To his mind, motion and time were sufficient as the elements of evolution. He suggested thoughts which were original to him and new in support of the theory, viz., "inherent activity," or

"a tendency to perfection" in the evolution of nature; the transmission of acquired characteristics or changes; and accidental variations. One of his original thoughts is that God is the cause of causes not of effects.

The most celebrated evolutionist immediately preceding Charles Darwin was Lamarck, who may be called the forerunner of Darwinism, but he owed very much to Dr. Erasmus Darwin and Buffon, although he hardly gives them due credit. There is a striking similarity of ideas and language between him and Erasmus Darwin which strongly hints that he must have studied the "Zoonomia;" and there is also the strongest internal evidence that he owed largely to Buffon. Lamarck published his theory several years after the publication of "Zoonomia," and the both works make use of almost the same views and the same expressions; also the "Four Principles" of Lamarck are found in Darwin's books.

But yet Lamarck takes a high position as the leading naturalist of the day, and is considered the most prominent advocate and expounder of evolution since Aristotle. His "Philosophie Zoologique" is certainly a monument of his wonderful genius. He prepared the way greatly for the success of the Darwinian theory as well as its expansion through the labors of Herbert Spencer. He was gifted with some of his follower's rare powers; a quick observation, a facility of comprehension and definition. He completed his works in much poverty and in blindness, for the last two volumes of his "Histoire Naturelle" were carried on by dictation to his daughter, and the burden of old age increased by the opposition he met by reason of his unpopular theories. The three following truths are taught in his "Philosophie Zoologique:" the certainty that species vary under changing external influences; that there is a fundamental unity in the animal kingdom; and that there is a progressive and perfecting development. He took the modern stand in his Teleology, viz., that animals have not been made for their present modes of life, but that their modes of life have created them. He used "degradation" in the sense of "variation" or "development," and was the first to suggest "biology" for the science of life.

FIELD OF LETTERS

THE THEOLOGY OF THE WESTMINSTER SYMBOLS, by the Rev. Edward D. Morris, Emeritus Professor of Theology in Lane Theological Seminary.

At this day, when the question of the revision of the "Creed" is under discussion in Presbyterian Assemblies and the religious press, we do not know of any literary work more valuable, timely and suitable for the times than this volume from the pen of our venerable countryman, Rev. Edward D. Morris, Emeritus Professor of Systematic Theology in Lane Theological Seminary. The book contains 840 pages proportionate in size, and is entitled, "Theology of Westminster Symbols."

It is a commentary, historical, doctrinal, and practical in the form of a series of lectures on the "Confession of Faith" and the Catechism and the related formularies of the Presbyterian church. It is broad, lucid, thorough, free from offensive dogmatism; irenic in temper, yet clear and decisive in its presentation of the essential elements of evangelical belief; and reveals abundant and patient scholarship, and a vigorous and comprehensive view of the broad subject under discussion.

In reading this volume one is impressed with the spirit of deep piety that pervades it, and the extensive and profound knowledge which the author seems to possess of the voluminous literature relating to the history of doctrine and evolution of creeds, etc. The purpose of the author seems to be not to enter into each Christian doctrine under all its different aspects, and consider the various doubts and objections each has been the subject, but to give prominence to that chief point of view under which each must be regarded, and from which it must be examined; a process involving the dismissal of subordinate questions and objections. In the beginning of the Preface the author tells us, "This volume aims to set forth in systematic form the substance of the theology embodied in the series of confessional documents drafted and promulgated by the Westminster Assembly."

In the closing paragraph the author expresses his veneration for the Symbols of Westminster, yet admits that according to the law of evolution, the Creed will be "expanded and improved by the widening thought and experience" of each successive age; and adds, "Especially does he cherish the hope that the Presbyterian church in all its branches may continue to be, as for two centuries or more it has eminently been, the church of the doctrine; holding forth through all the future in their breadth and majesty and convincing power those divine truths, that lofty and substantial system of theology by which it has been so singularly nourished and strengthened in the past." The book deserves a place in every intelligent Christian household.

Peniel, O. W. R. Evans.

THE WELSH PEOPLE, by John Rhys and David Brynmor Jones: New York, The Macmillan Co., 1900. Price $4.50.

This is the long expected volume from the hands of Professor John Rhys and David Brynmor Jones, Esq., Q. C., and M. P. It consists of chapters on the origin of the Welsh people, their history, laws, language, literature and

characteristics. It consists partly of extracts from the Report of the Royal Commission on Land in Wales and Monmouthshire. As now published, however, they have been largely added to and altered. The book gives a comprehensive view of things pertaining to the history and the literature of Wales, and deals in a more critical way than has been hitherto done by Welsh historians and writers. The first four chapters will especially interest the archaeologist and the antiquarian; and in the remaining chapters the scholar and historian will find much material for the study of Welsh history and character. The most interesting and instructive portions will be found to be those chapters on the Ancient Laws and Customs of Wales; the Legal and Constitutional History of Wales from 1282; the History of Land Tenure in Wales; the Religious and Educational Movements in Wales; Language and Literature; and the Rural Wales of the Present Day; with other Notes and Facts, Tables and Maps. It is a book for the scholar as well as the general reader, and especially for the Welsh reader who has been used to study the history of his country in extremely misleading lights. The chief fault of Welsh history has been its mythological character; there has been too much of the fairy tale about it; it has been misleading our minds as to the true status and greatness of ancient Britain; the true state of things have been ignored, and a paradisaical view of Welsh history taken. This volume disillusionizes the old-fashioned and popular view, and shows effectually that we are exactly like other people, and possessed of serious national weaknesses and foibles. This is about the first Welsh book by Welsh authors which deals with the Welsh people with impartiality and frankness. It certainly, will inaugurate a new era in Welsh literature.

The May "Cymru" opens with beautiful lines to the widow of T. E. Ellis, M. P., and her child; then follow other articles of interest, "Welsh Country Sceneries," by the Editor; Bishop Lloyd's Funeral; John Morgan, the Teacher; A Welsh Settlement; Crug-y-Bar, Love Songs; A Trip Through the Woods; Extracts from Nicander's MSS.; the Autobiography of a Quarryman; The Bogies of Llanfaelog; Families of Nant Conwy; The First Welsh Church in America; A Welsh Translation of the old hymn—"Salve Caput Cruentatum." The musical number is "Gentle is the Breeze of May." The illustrations are: John Morgan, the Teacher; Caio Village; Some Flowers; The Titmouse; G. ap yr Ynad Goch's Grave.

In "A Welsh Settlement," the late Rev. Michael D. Jones, Bala, presents his views regarding the ideal settlement for the Welsh which he had so near his soul for years. Many of these ideas are more poetical than practical, as the fate of the Welsh settlement in Patagonia has proved. Mr. Jones was a patriot of the ferventest sort, and he lived and died a Welshman of the Welsh. He believed the Welsh should have a country and a government of their own; a Canaan where they might develop into an ideal nation; but the "Kingdom" or the "Republic" which he yearned for is never likely to be materialized. He wished to have the settlement as far as possible from the old powers of Europe, and consequently he picked out the lower end of the South American continent, which turned out the most convenient to one of the worst civilizations of the Old World. Now his pet scheme is likely to be swamped in a Spanish republic.

In this paper he states that the best way would be to settle among a weak or effete people where the superior energy of the Welsh would surely dominate. He adds that the promoters of a Welsh settlement should keep an eye, especial-

ly, on this fact. He could plainly see that among the Americans the tendency of Welsh communities was to be immerged; so the idea possessed him that the best parts would be among the Turks in Asia, or the Spaniards in the extreme south of America. He had the false notion that the Turks and Spaniards are moribund, but it seems they have life enough in them to do considerable mischief among people of diminutive strength. Finally, he chose Patagonia as the ideal spot for a Welsh Canaan, but it seems that another generation will see it over-run by the surrounding Philistines. Apparently it is the destiny of the Welsh, Scotch, Irish and English to be merged into one people.

The June number of "Cymru" is entertaining. Among the illustrations are the following: Lake Tegid in Summer (frontispiece), The Bethel Orchestra, The Bethel Pulpit, Llandudoch Monastery, Llanfaelog Cromlech, The Snowdon from Nantlle, Yr Argoed, and Patagonia Children. The reading is made up of a good collection of light articles and sketches, and a variety of poems, &c. Dr. Edward Jones; Bethel, Carnarvon; Editorial Paragraphs; Traditions of Morganwg; Abergynolwyn; Events of the Black River; The Swear-words of Rhiwabon; The Story of Churches; Robin Brynmoel; Wil Sgeiflog; Llanfaelog Cromlech; The Families of Nant Conwy; Book Love; A Sketch of Patagonia; Weddings and Burials in the Last Century, &c.

—Of the three Welsh towns in Patagonia, one (Rawson) was almost entirely swept away; of another (Gaiman) there remains a mere skeleton; and Trelew alone was left undamaged, being situate on an elevation. Eight out of 19 places of worship were destroyed; five out of 12 schoolhouses, and one out of the four post offices, the one at Trelew. Of homes outside of the aforementioned towns, 98 were destroyed, and the damage done to the water courses amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Although the work of destruction caused by the flood was extremely disheartening, the last from the settlement states that the Welsh Colony is full of courage and prospects are good.

"Yr Haul" for May has the following papers and articles: St. David's; The Rev. David Griffiths, Nefern, Pembroke (continued); Cudgeling the Church; Church Doctrines and Principles; The History of the Logos; A Sermon; A Message from South Africa; Owen Tudor; Notes and Literary Pickings.

—The author of "St. David," strikes the nail on the head when he states that an ideal Englishman will not do for the Welsh Church. St. David was not only the patron, but also the Pattern Saint of Wales. He was a saint and a good preacher; the English are satisfied with scholarship, but the Welsh love eloquence. A Welsh clergyman and Bishop should be a good preacher, and that in good "Cymraeg." It is a mistake, he says, to appoint clergymen of mere English training and instincts among the Welsh.

—He makes a stand also against foreign innovations in the Welsh Church. These ritualistic practices are not Welsh, in fact they are anti-Welsh—they are anti-British. Let us hold and use our own creed, rituals and forms of worship; these Roman practices are strange to us; they are idolatries meaningless and worthless among Welsh Christians.

—Mrs. Lewis's message from South Africa, translated by request, is certainly worth reading carefully, especially in the light of the destruction of the Boer power. She believes that the war was God's response to the cry of the black man against two centuries of Boer atrocities.

June "Trysorfa y Plant" opens on a fine portrait of the Rev. D. Thorne

Evans, Swansea, a man of striking appearance. The Old Patriarch, the Rev. William Evans, Tonyrefail, himself an original character, admired Mr. Evans because of his unique manhood. He is a native of Pensarn, Cardiganshire, where he saw the light 1832. He was a great reader of the Bible when a mere child, and commenced preaching while yet in his teens. Mr. Evans comes from a family of preachers. He is a prominent member of his denomination, and has filled many of its highest positions. The other articles are "The £100,000 Fund;" "The Temperance Measures in Parliament;" the Gospel of John for children; Caught Stealing Apples (with illustration); "Crossing the Bar" (a translation of Tennyson); "Dr. Lewis Edwards and Tobacco;" "Have Thy House on the Rock" (the musical number).

"Y Dysgedydd" for June is religious exclusively. "A Sermon," by the Rev. D. Griffith, Bethel; "the Late Principal T. C. Edwards as a Theologian," by the Rev. James Charles, Denbigh; "The Support of the Ministry," by the Rev. T. Roberts, Mold; "The Congregationalists and the New Century," by the Rev. J. Davies, Talybont; "May Meetings;" Obituaries, Reports, Poems, etc., etc.

In his paper on the late Principal T. C. Edwards the writer states that the Welsh as a people are very conservative. The Welsh Presbyterians compared with their brethren in Scotland are highly so. We merely state the fact, he says. Dr. Edwards undoubtedly felt the need of progress in Welsh theology; and he labored quietly and earnestly to achieve a reformation. This led him into a position of distrust on the one hand and of hopefulness on the other. Some feared his leadership; became nervous and suspicious of evil consequences. He changed his views, and he entertained novel opinions; he loved and dared to leave the deep ravine of Welsh theological conservatism and ascend the mount of thought, and thereon breathe the fresh breeze. But those in the valley below feared he was straying, although he thought he was merely getting nearer to God. There is greater peril in stagnation than in motion. Truth is wide; and we can travel long journeys and yet be with God and within the circle of God's truth and grace.

In the "Religious Notes" the writer states jestingly that it is really hard for the readers of the "Cronicl" to realize the difficulties of the clerical mind all tangled in the mysteries of ritualism. Then he refers facetiously to the two Archbishops of Canterbury and York, who actually spent months trying to unravel the question of the reservation of the Sacrament. Such a question is a difficulty only in a church lost almost in a labyrinth of canon laws and articles of creed. The movements of the Establishment is hampered by its own weight of ceremonies and rituals, which simple Christianity is free of. She drags along with her the obstructions and accretions of ages. All she needs is freedom from everything which is not simply Christian.

"Cwrs y Byd" for June opens with Chapter II. of the article "Tom Paine and the Rights of Man;" then come a Sermon; Act IV., Scene 5 of Penrhiwgaled, a Religious Drama; "The Course of Things," by the Editor; The Boers and the Britons; The Origin of the Trouble; Correspondences, Poems, &c., &c.

In the opening article, "Cwrs" gives us a graphic picture of the state of England and Wales at the close of the last century. The Church of England was a mere dump of corruption and immorality; her chief characteristic was irreligion. Her ministers behaved like mercenaries. The majority of them was unfit to minister her sacred offices by reason of ignorance and immorality;

hem were drunkards, and de-
nor, honesty and religion, and
ess. Salvation could hardly
d to proceed from such a spir-
orrah. If it were not for the
labors of the Nonconformists,
with their Sunday Schools,
luences would have been fear-

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y number of "Young Wales"
he following articles: "The
f Primary to Secondary Edu-
Wales," by Charles Dodd, F. R.
Maid of Cymru" (Part I.), by
Wynnes; "Welsh Nationality,"
e Sir George Osborne Morgan,
Tale of the Eve of May" (A
C. M.; "Our Welsh University
by Prof. J. Young Evans, M.
sh Folk Lore," by T. Griffith
Welsh Literary Echoes and Im-
" by Ernest Rhys.

it be said," asks Sir G. Os-
rgan in "Welsh Nationality,"
ave, as compared with Irish-
Scotchmen, borne our fair part
aking of the Empire, or that
carried off a fair share of the
ich it offers? It is an unpleas-
sion to make, but I cannot call
a single Welshman who is at
me a Minister of the Crown, an
lor, a Judge of the Supreme
a Governor of a British Col-
shall be told, perhaps, that
ct is the penalty which we pay
anguage and our nationality,
if we wish to improve our
nd our prospects, we must get
h. The young Welshman who
succeed, must be prepared to
war out of his own country.

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ntents of "Y Drysorfa" for June
ows: The late Principal T. C.
s Funeral Sermon, delivered at
day, April 1, 1900, by the Rev.
James, B. A., D. D.; "Bunyan's
by Anthropos; "The late Rev.
Roberts, Bethesda (II.)," by the
Rev. J. Puleston Jones, M. A.; "A Sermon," by the late Dr. Lewis Edwards—Reminiscences by Mr. David Evans, St. David's; "Sanctification" (III.), by the Rev. D. M. Phillips, M. A., Tylorstown; "Cranmer;" Associations Meetings at Twyncarno and Rhosllanerchrugog; Reports, News and Reports.

—Principal Edwards was a diligent worker who died in the midst of his work. An appropriate text for his funeral sermon would have been, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," &c. One would not miss the mark if he said that the Principal's best quality was his strenuousness—he was more valiant than his brethren in the fight for truth, for which he labored more assiduously than all. He fought a good fight, which is the best fight; he finished his course successfully in good style; he kept the faith. It is much easier to say that than to perform it these days. It was not easy for him in his days to keep the faith. A crisis met him when he was encompassed by the difficulties of the age; when it became difficult to decide what to do, how to keep the faith honestly; and such a fight comes to every young man when he enters the field of scholarship, of science, of the dissolving views of modern philosophy, encountering the temptations which strive to lead him astray from the simplicity of his mother's religion; and there is danger lest the gospel of Christ become a stumbling block and a foolishness. Some of this happened to some of Principal Edwards's comrades. The same temptations appealed to his mind, and the wily foe spread his net before him also to have him desert his simple creed and not to preach it. He would have been an accession of power to the ranks of sceptics; a substantial assistance to rationalism, materialism and atheism. The tempter opened his fair promises before him, but in vain. He lived in the faith, and died in the faith.

SCIENTIFIC

THE EVOLUTION OF SIGNS.

Emblematic signs, consisting of tools and utensils of trade, are of a primitive origin and became a necessity in the early ages to inform the illiterate public of the particular business or occupation carried on within Thus a gilt arm wielding a hammer informs us where the goldbeater lives, and the sign of the golden fleece was the emblematic sign of the draper and tailor. One of the signs originally used exclusively by apothecaries was the well known mortar and pestle, these being implements for compounding drugs.

The ancient custom has not been entirely abandoned, and numerous emblems, such as the watch, the boot and others, are still in vogue in many of our large cities, and more especially in the small towns and villages almost everywhere.

At a later period, as art began to advance and develop, there came a gradual and growing demand for pictorial signs, which ever since have become very popular and almost indispensable. Afterward came the inscriptive or written sign of to-day, which is the adopted standard all over the entire world.—New York Times.

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GOLD.

The impression grows as new discoveries enlarge the boundaries of our experience, that the distribution of gold among the rocks of the earth is wider and more varied than has been popularly supposed, that with the exception perhaps of iron despite the value we attribute to gold, and its comparative scarcity in an available or concentrated form, gold is one of the most widely distributed of metals, far more so than the often associated metals—silver, lead, and tin.

There is probably scarce a river of any size on the face of the globe whose sands, somewhere in its course, will not show an appreciable amount of gold, and even the sea-beach sands carry it in some places in fairly workable quantities. Again, we know that sea water itself contains an appreciable amount of gold. Whence comes this universally distributed river and sea gold? Not all, we think, from orthodox gold veins, where we usually find it concentrated, because many of these gold-bearing rivers drain regions by no means remarkable for gold veins or gold mines.

The main source, we believe, to be from the general breaking up and stupendous erosion of all kinds of rocks, principally the crystalline, igneous, and metamorphic ones, and the quartzites and sandstones derived from these in which the gold is minutely distributed, it may be as an element in some of the constituent minerals composing those rocks, or less minutely scattered through the general mass in a free state.—Prof. Lakes.

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In the German army movable targets are used. The targets are drawn forward by the aid of ropes and pulleys, and the targets rest on small skids. As the trucks move forward the infantry, kneeling down, fires at them. This gives them a practice which enables them to familiarize themselves with the best methods of repelling a cavalry attack.

One of nature's soap factories is near Ashcroft in British Columbia. A number of small lakes with shores and bottoms covered with a crust containing borax and soda in such quantities and

proportions that when cut out it serves as a washing compound. The crust is cut into blocks and handled in the same manner as ice, and it is estimated that one of the lakes contains 20,000 tons of this material.

In the meantime, while the world is discussing his case, the lot of the drunkard, the all the time drunkard, grows worse. He is no greater nuisance than he was a hundred years ago, but he is not as tenderly and tolerantly regarded as he was then. Courts and the general public do not care as formerly for the plea that he is a good man when he is sober. The unfeeling answer is returned that his spells of sobriety should come nearer together, and his intervals of drunkenness further apart. His offense is not condoned by society as it was in the days when drunkenness, once a religious, became a social rite. Habitual drunkenness is a bar to employment now. The drunkard is blacklisted and boycotted without any formalities.

To simplify time periods and make it easy for ordinary mortals to grasp the comparative time of geologic periods, Heinrich Schmidtt of Peru, has constructed a table in which said periods correspond to parts of a day. By this scheme the first age of the world, the archaic or eozoic, occupied the same period toward the whole age of the world as do 12 hours 28 minutes and 48 seconds toward a day. The palaeozoic age was the equivalent of 8 hours 9 minutes and 30 seconds. The meozoic age equaled 2 hours 38 minutes and 36 seconds. The quarternary equaled 2 to 3 minutes, and finally what we are accustomed to call the history of the world (the history of the last 6,000 years) amounts to only 5 seconds. This makes comprehension of the eozoic period too easy for anything!

"It is perilous to say anything in favor of alcohol," says a recent writer, commenting on the discussion to which Atwater's experiments have given rise, "as misrepresentations and exaggerations are the certain results. All Professor Atwater may say to qualify his remarks as to the utility and advantage of this agent as a food will not prevent his being quoted as an advocate of its steady use as a diet. That he desires this is not to be supposed, hence his position as an honest investigator in this subject has its disadvantages, but they seem to be unavoidable."

Dr. Chavernac, of Aix (France), has just designed a new army stretcher. It is a rigid contrivance made in two halves, and its advantage over the existing French ambulance is that the wounded man can be lifted off the ground without experiencing any shock or pain. The halves of the stretcher are placed on each side of the sufferer, and by pressure they fold together under the body of the patient, who is not touched with hands at all in the operation. When loaded the stretcher is mounted on a light bicycle carriage. Under the existing conditions of ambulance work in France, four men are required to lift the wounded man, but by the aid of the new stretcher only two attendants are required.—"Scientific American."

WHEN NOT TO TAKE MEDICINE.

It is a mistake to fly to the medicine chest directly one feels a little out of sorts, although, of course, in serious illness drugs are invaluable. If the nerves are out of order through worry or overwork, rest and quiet are the best doctors, with light, amusing literature and recreation. A warm bath may be taken at night and a cold sponge in the morning. Light, nourishing food, and as much sleep as possible. Many are afflicted with weak circulation and suffer severely from the cold. Flannels should always be worn next the skin, good nourishing food is indispensable, and a

tepid (not cold) bath taken every morning, with a vigorous rubbing with a rough towel afterwards. Outdoor exercise in the warmest part of the day, and a course of cod-liver oil is usually very beneficial. For those who suffer from derangement of the stomach or a sluggish liver a different treatment is necessary, but it is a mistake to be constantly taking salts or pills. Very often abstinence from any but the plainest food, plenty of outdoor exercise, and an occasional Turkish bath are all that is needed.

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"TOOTHPICK" PLANTS.

"Ammi visnaga," an umbelliferous plant, called the "toothpick bishop-weed" on account of the use made in Spain of the rays or stalks of the main umbel, is described in "Merck's Report:" "The stalks after flowering, shrink and become so hard that they form convenient toothpicks After they have fulfilled this purpose they are chewed, and are supposed to be of service in strengthening the gums. The spines of 'Echinocactus visnaga' are in common use among the Mexicans for a similar purpose. The number of these spines upon a single plant is something enormous. A comparatively small plant in Kew Gardens was estimated to have 17,600 and a large specimen not less than 51,000."

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ABOUT MATTER.

"It had until recently been supposed that matter could not be divided more finely than into molecules, and that these were chemically divisible into atoms. But the atom was the end of all dissection, while an atom of iron was absolutely and completely distinct from an atom of some other substance, such as lead. Now it would seem that we can tear off minute chips from atoms, and that the chips so torn off lose identity and can not be distinguished from one another. Of course, the suggestion naturally follows, as a matter of speculation, that if we could tear off a sufficient number of chips from the atoms of any substance, it might be possible to rearrange or reconstruct the chips in a new way, and possibly produce an atom of a different substance; or, in other words, that the process of tearing chips away from atoms is analysis of matter into 'protyle,' or the mother substance from which all chemical elementary substances may have been originally constructed."—Electrical World.

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SANDGLASSES.

Strange to say the sandglass is still used to measure varying periods of time. The size depends upon the purposes to which they are to be put. The hour glass is still in use in the sickroom and in the music room, in both places affording a sure and silent indication of the progress of time. Half-hour glasses are used in schools, and fifteen minute glasses are used for medical purposes, and the sandglass also goes into the kitchen as an aid to exact cooking. There are also ten minute glasses, five minute glasses, and three minute glasses, the two later being used to time the boiling period of eggs. The three minute sandglass is called an "egg boiler." Sandglasses, says the New York "Sun," are also used for scientific purposes and on shipboard, being more convenient than holding a watch.

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Thus it has been suggested, even should the sun's heat not forsake us, our day will become month long and then year long; that all the water of the globe must ultimately filter into its depths and all the air fly off into space, leaving our earth as dry and as devoid of atmosphere as the moon, and, finally, that ether friction, if it exists, or, in default of that, meteoric friction, must ultimately bring the earth back to the sun.

Cardiff has re-gained its place as the healthiest of the 33 great towns of England and Wales. The death-rate was only 11.5, the average of all the towns being 17.8.

Several German daily papers published short biographical sketches of the late Principal Edwards, Bala, with articles on his life and works.

A lady in London has just had three valuable diamond rings returned to her which she lost in the snow on the summit of Snowdon five months ago. The Bangor police returned them. "Taffy was a Welshman," and so on.

There was a very good reason for choosing the leek as the emblem of Wales. Some people—especially the monks—seems to have inferred that the Welsh adopted the leek as an emblem because they used it in their broth. As a matter of fact, the leek was adopted because its colors formed the Welsh national colors, viz., green and white.

This (says the Carmarthen "Journal") is Cardiganshire Welsh heard at the last meeting of the Cardiganshire County Council:—"Well, ydw i yn proposo fod yr surveyor yn g'neyd plan. Mae y Main Roads Committee wedi cymeradwyo'r scheme hyn a ydw i'n myn'd i supporto fe, achos yr ydym ni'n bound i protecto interests y rate-payers!"

Mr. W. Griffith, of Coolgardie, who now holds an important position in West Australia, did so seemingly, for the story goes that whilst spending many years of his life in South Africa he saved his skin once during the Boer War of 1880 by singing "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," in that way convincing four Boers who intended to shoot him that he was not an Englishman.

Giraldus Cambrensis has left us many a good yarn. When he talks of the Welsh mountains he at once places them above comparison with any mountains on the whole earth. They are extraordinarily high, and placed so close that the shepherds frequently converse from the tops of them, "who yet, in case they should wrangle and appoint a meeting, can scarce come together from morning till night."

The Rev. John Walters, author of a very able treatise, a "Dissertation on the Welsh Language," is of opinion that Wallia is derived from the French Galles or Gauls, a people or the nation of the Celtae called by the Romans Galli, and that the Saxons gave to the Britons the name or appellation Wallish or Wallis, i.e. (by contraction Walsh or Welsh), Gauls, judging them to be of Gaulish extraction.

Christopher North once said to Cyrus Redding, "Did you ever see anything so beautiful as a Welsh valley? We have higher mountains in Scotland, finer scenery about the more beautiful English lakes, though the mountains are not quite so high as in Wales, but neither the north of England nor Scotland, no, nor all Switzerland, can ex-

hibit anything so tranquil, romantic, snug, and beautiful as a Welsh valley."

In this number appears the first of a series of sketches entitled a "Tour of Wales," by E. I. Jones, of Cincinnati, O., which cannot fail to interest and enlighten our readers. The sketches will be illustrated throughout. The "Tour" will give our young Cambro-Americans a fair conception of what Wales of to-day is, and will afford instruction to our general readers.

Wales is now represented in the war by five battalions of infantry, two companies of Yeomanry, one service company of volunteer sharpshooters, two mountain batteries, a fully-equipped field hospital, and several war correspondents, while a large proportion of Welshmen are found among the guards, the cavalry, mounted infantry, and the horse artillery.

In the burial-ground of St. Mary's, the parish church of Talyllyn, in North Wales, may be seen a simple cross with this inscription:—"Placed here by her friend to the memory of Jenny Jones, born in Scotland 17 June, 1789; died at Talyllyn 11 April, 1884. She was with her husband, of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, at the Battle of Waterloo, and was on the field three days." Jenny Jones lived in a little cottage hard by the church, and her quaint, interesting personality is well remembered by many residents in the neighborhood.

It was Shirley Brooks who wrote the revised version of "Taffy was a Welshman," which so amused Mr. Rudyard Kipling the other day. Shirley Brooks succeeded Mark Lemon as editor of "Punch" in 1870, but the "Taffy" verses just mentioned were published in "Punch" a year earlier, under the heading "'Punch' to Wales." The lines appear in full in the "First Fifty Years of Punch,'" which is now issued by the "Times" in twenty-six volumes by the easy-payment method.

Clocks were not made to keep correct time in the sixteenth century, for we are informed by Tycho Brahe, the eminent astronomer, who lived in that century, that they could not be relied upon to keep anything like correct time. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we may gather from the following englyn that the clock owned by Sion Trefawr, in Denbighshire, was the most perfect in that age:—

Cloc Sion sydd dirion, llawer darn—yn [hwn
Hynod ddur a haiarn;
A thano fyth union farn,
Gwain o goed, ac yn gadarn.

Thanks to the pulpit and the advocates of total abstinence, it would be difficult as regards temperance and sobriety, to exaggerate the change which has taken place for the better in Wales within the last fifty years. We might illustrate the improvement by reference to the bibulous propensities of Welshmen satirized in the early Tudor period. We have possibly a survival of this notion of the Welsh character in the fiction, that Welshmen never mention cwrw (beer) without calling it cwrw da (good beer).—"Welsh People."

The statistics which Messrs. Rhys and Jones give in their new book as to the linguistic condition of Wales and the literary cultivation of Welsh deserve particular notice. The number of monoglot Welshmen—concerning which, it will be remembered, the Registrar-General ventured to express some doubts—was at the last census returned as 508,-036. The number of those who spoke English only was 759,416, of those who spoke Welsh and English 402,253. The significant fact to notice is that nearly a million people in Wales and Monmouthshire speak Welsh, the majority of whom habitually speak it. Other figures follow, and the result arrived at

by the comparison of the various tables given is stated as follows:—"The whole population of Wales has trebled during the 90 years from 1801 to 1891; the Welsh-speaking population has rather more than doubled in that time, but the purely English population has increased nearly seven-fold."

The tradition of the discovery of America by Prince Madoc, which has been in vogue for generations among the Welsh, although extremely gratifying to our pride, yet as is shown by historical research is based on very imaginary foundations. Mr. Aneurin Jones, of New York, who is well qualified to discuss the question of the credibility of the time-honored story, will continue to sift the authorities and the testimonies upon which the superstition rests. Apart from the interest connected with the direct discussion of the question, Mr. Jones' papers will comprise facts which are not easily accessible to the ordinary reader. The question itself is deserving of a thorough investigation.

He who takes into account all the forces now making for the cultivation and the study of Welsh would be rash to fix a time to its life as a spoken language. Professor Rhys and Mr. Brynmor Jones are inclined to believe that ultimately the Welsh language must give place to English. "A day must come," they think, "when English will be the universal speech of the United Kingdom," but they "strike a balance of their feelings and venture to predict that the future has yet in store for the Welsh language many long years of prosperity."

Bilingual instruction (we quote from an Irish journal) seems to have proved a success in the Cardiff Board Schools. An Irish visitor reports that at one school "in one class-room there were 50 boys aged, I should think, from 9 to 11, who could read, write, speak, and understand ordinary conversational Welsh. They went through, in my presence, an interesting physical drill, the words of command being given in Welsh. I happened to ask the teacher how many of the boys heard Welsh spoken in the home. Not one out of 50. I then asked how many of them were children of Welsh parents. Only three in the room —the rest were of English, Irish, French or German parentage."

Unfortunately the supremacy of literary Welsh is now more and more contested by the shoddy Welsh which prevails in many of the newspapers published in Welsh. The task of writing good and close Welsh is, it is true, of the same nature as that of writing Latin prose. On the other hand, it is perhaps inevitable that, when a language which has been much devoted to religion and theology, to poetry and romance becomes the vehicle of journalistic tastes, it should put on a loose dress, so to say, and undergo divers changes tending to make it altogether more free and easy. It is impossible to conceal the fact that good writers of Welsh are scarce at the present moment, and hard to find.—"The Welsh People."

The Cambro-Americans of Pittsburg and Western Pennsylvania are preparing for a monster outing on Tuesday, July 17. It will be under the auspices of the combined Welsh churches of Pittsburg, and will be held at Rock Point, Pa., about mid-distance between Pittsburg and Youngstown. Invitations have been extended to the churches of Youngstown, Niles, Alliance and Girard to participate in the exercises; the New Castle churches having already signified their intentions to attend. A part of the day will be devoted to congregational singing, Mr. Jos. D. Jones of Pittsburg, having been selected as conductor.

Mr. Marchant Williams has succumbed

to the influence of the "Oxford School" of Welsh orthography. In an article on the Normal Colleges of Wales in the April number of "Y Geninen," he employs such doubtful forms as "Y 'Nghymru," "Y 'Ngogledd Cymru," and "Y 'Nghaernarfon." The printer, however, protests against this Gwenogfrynese in one place, and returns to the more usual, if not saner, "Yn Nghaernarfon." The sketch, it is fair to state, teems with information on a subject on which the majority of Welshmen have very little knowledge. The article might with advantage be extended into a small volume.

———o:o———

LEADING WELSH VOCALISTS.

Welshmen are rapidly coming to the front as the leading vocalists of the country. For several years past the press of the United States has abounded with glowing reports of the ability of Evan Williams, tenor, and Gwilym Miles, baritone. These two artists have practically had a monopoly of the musical engagements, being alone in their respective classes. However, it is pleasing to note that other Welsh singers are pushing their way to the fore, and ere long, we hope to be able to record their musical conquests as well as those of Messrs. Williams and Miles. One very noticeable feature is the lack of prominent Welsh-American lady vocalists. There must surely exist, among the host of sopranos and contraltos to be found in this country, one who possesses sufficient talent to warrant cultivation. Why then do we not hear of an occasionable singer of prominence among Welsh-American ladies? As an admirer of the gentler sex, I greatly deplore this condition of affairs, and trust something will be done to rectify the matter.

Two of the most celebrated interpreters of the title role in Mendelssohn's "Elijah" are, I am happy to say, Welshmen—Ffrangcon Davies and Gwilym Miles. However, these two gentlemen must attend to their laurels, as another vocal star has appeared in the firmament of success. He is also a Welshman. I speak of T. Armon Jones, the popular Pittsburg, Pa., baritone. He assumed the part at the May Festival held at Lima, O., under the direction of Professor Hugh W. Owen, and his work was a glowing success. His singing was received with tumultuous applause and rapturous encores. All hail to Armon, and may the fickle Goddess of success prove true to him.

In connection with the foregoing it is pleasing to note that Armon was prepared in the "Elijah" by his teacher, that popular Welsh musician, Professor T. J. Davies, Mus. Bac., Pittsburg, to whom much credit is due. In fact, T. Armon Jones believes in giving credit to whom credit is due, and recently remarked that Professor Davies had done him more good than all his previous teachers. It is so seldom that a vocal teacher receives his just deserts, and especially so when a pupil attains a certain degree of popularity—that I tender my compliments to T. J., and wish him success.

Another Welsh singer of note is Dan Beddoe, the popular tenor of Pittsburg, Pa., and pupil of Professor T. J. Davies. Mr. Beddoe came to the United States as a member of the first party of Welsh Prize Singers in 1887, and created a deep impression by his excellent work. He possesses a remarkably pure voice, which, coupled with an artistic temperament, is particularly pleasing to his hearers. It might be added that Mr. Beddoe was the successful contestant in the Aberdare (South Wales) National Eisteddfod, defeating a host of competitors on "Through the Forest" from Weber's Der Freischuetz. He at present holds a responsible church position in Pittsburg, and also sings in concert and oratorio. Before his removal to the latter city, he was tenor soloist at St. Paul's Church, in Cleveland, Ohio, where

was without exception, the finest
ır in the city.—Iorwerth Ap Rhys.

———o:o———

ıe following is an old riddle picked
he other day, and there are very few
-a-days who would be able to an-
r it:—

welsoch yn dod o Gwm Cefn Ydfa,
ysgwydd yn gam, a'i gefan yn
grwca?

ıe answer is, sneed, or scythe handle.
y years ago about this time of the
the farmers and farm laborers
ld be thinking of preparing for the
'est. The hay had to be mown and
corn reaped; now it is all done with
hines. Cwm Cefn Ydfa was noted
growing scythe handles, hence the
le, which is very similar to the fol-
ng, the answer to which is a harp:

ı cam, cwmws, yn y coed fe dyfws;
' ty fe gianws, ar yr helyg cysgws.

ıe two lines are as fine a specimen
ilurian dialect as could be produced.
le on the subject of the dialect of
ıorgan, I might as well give the
yn in the old Greal, given as similar
ımen, the subject—a woman who
beaten her husband:—

ıwr y cwnws i'r nen—ei phastwn
A ffustws ei gefen;
Cnocws, tolcws ei dalcen,
Pan waeddws, baeddws ei ben.

———

ıackeray mentions how an Irish
ge once vigorously protested against
lestruction of a tree that grew in a
y ring." They said that after the
ration the little people had quitted
ountryside for ever. Thackeray's
s, Mr. David MacRitchie suggests
e "Antiquary," may remind visit-
) North Wales that a similar mound
be seen at Bala. "The Tomen Bala
ıs at the northern end of the town.
apparently formed of clay, is steep
of difficult ascent. In height it is
30 feet, and in diameter at the
bout 50 feet. The Tomen is about
ame size as Glendower's Mount on
)ee, which it much resembles in
shape. Both belong to that brotherhood of artificial mounds of unknown antiquity found scattered here and there throughout Europe and the greater part of Asia." So says George Borrow, who further made inquiry of the inn waiter regarding its supposed origin. "What do the people here say of it?" he asked. "All kind of strange things, your honor." "Do they say who built it?" "Some say the Tylwyth Teg built it; others that it was cast up over a dead king by his people. The truth is, nobody here knows who built it or anything about it, save that it is a wonder." Now, the Tylwyth Teg (literally, "the fair family") are the Welsh fairies, so that here we have these two similar mounds, one in Wales and one in Leinster, each having a tradition that they were built by the fairies. Mr. A. G. Bradley, in his "Highways and Byways in North Wales," speaks of the Tomen of Bala as "the first of a long line of such mounds stretching down the Dee Valley, erected by a race forgotten and for purposes unknown." It would be interesting to learn whether a like tradition to those of Bala and Louth lingers around any of these other mounds.

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This is how the late Bishop Thirlwall, in one of his letters to a friend, refers to a visit of her Majesty:—"The Queen sent for me soon after the service at which I preached, and honored me with a private interview, which lasted, I think, about a quarter of an hour, leading me through a great variety of topics. One on which we dwelt longest was Wales, the people, and the language. Though her sentiments on the subject may be known to you, it would have done you good to have heard the warmth with which she expressed her feeling of recoil from the idea of an old language becoming extinct, and you would have been less able than I was to abstain from expressing your sympathy with it, though, perhaps, hardly warranted by the laws of etiquette. Her talk was throughout easy and cheerful. She even told me about her Welsh nurses."

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

Prof. T. J. Davies of Pittsburg, Pa., was recently tendered a complimentary concert by the Lyric Club, of which organization he is conductor.

Mr. T. Armon Jones, the popular Welsh baritone of Pittsburg, Pa., contemplates spending several weeks in his native land this summer. He recently participated in the performance of "Elijah" at Lima, O., and was warmly greeted, being compelled to respond to numerous encores.

Welshmen seem to make popular mayors in the Colonies. Mr. David Yorwerth, formerly of Pyle, has been elected mayor of Ross, in New Zealand, for the third time. Probably the record in this respect is held by Mr. David Rees, a Llanellyite, who is now mayor for the sixth or seventh time of East London. It was to Mr. Rees that Lord Roberts wired to say that the relief of Mafeking was engaging his most earnest attention.

It is not generally known that the baptismal name of the great John Elias, o Fon, was John Jones. But when he came before the Seiat Fisol of the Calvinists the Rev. John Jones, of Edeyrn, a well-known preacher of the time, hearing that the probationer's name was the same as his own asked for the young man's father's name, which proved to be Elias Jones. "Then," said he, "for goodness sake, call the lad John Elias, otherwise we shall all be John Joneses."

Although a Welshman was the first European to set foot in India, it does not appear that Welshmen have been very prominent among its administrators. A letter in the "Times" recently from Mr. J. D. Rees on the Indian famine and the relief funds serves to remind one that Mr. Rees has been a member of the Viceroy's Council. Mr. Rees is the son of the late Mr. Wm. Rees, of Abergavenny, and was married nine years ago to a daughter of General Sir James Dormer. He was Under-Secretary to the Government of Madras, and afterwards private secretary to the Governor down to 1891. Mr. Rees was appointed British Resident in Travancore and Cochin in 1897.

The Hon. Mr. Powell was an eminent American lawyer and judge. He was born at Bwlchgwyn, a farm near Cowbridge, on September 7th, 1797. He was taken by his parents to America in 1801, and in 1820 he settled in Delaware, where he remained until his death. He passed through a career of distinction as a legal writer, lawyer, legislator, and judge. He devoted much of his leisure time to a study of remote history, and he published a learned and elaborate work entitled "The History of the Ancient Britons and their Descendants." In his introduction to this work he says, "The author left his native land and came to America, now eighty years ago. But still he never lost his love for his native land, nor regard for the history of his ancestors—the ancient Britons." Mr. Powell sent presentation copies of his work, which was published at Delaware, to four of the learned institutions in South Wales, where they may be seen at St. David's College, Lampeter; the University College, Aberystwyth; The Royal Institution, Swansea; and the Free Library, Cardiff.

MISS M. NELLIE CHARLES, UTICA, N. Y.

Miss M. Nellie Charles, whose portrait adorns this page, is well known in the city of Utica, where she resides, as a lady of estimable qualities. She is engaged as one of the instructors in the Advanced School, and but recently was declared the most popular teacher in the city, by a majority of over 40,000 votes, in a contest waged in the columns of the "Utica Herald-Dispatch," and as a result will enjoy a trip to the Paris Exposition at the expense of the publishers of that wide-awake contemporary.

Miss M. Nellie Charles.

Miss Charles is a native of Utica, and is the daughter of Owen and Elizabeth Charles, both of whom were born in this country. Her grandparents came to the United States in 1818, with the intention of settling in Utica, but owing to the swampy condition of the land at that time, they moved to Remsen, being among the first Welsh settlers in this section. They emigrated from Bardsey Island (Ynys Enlli), a strip of land in mid-ocean, south-west of the western extremity of Carnarvonshire, North Wales. The principal industry of its inhabitants is that of fishing. Though the island is directly under the government of England, yet they have a kind of monarchial form of government of their own, the executive officer of which is termed king. The honors are entailed after the customs of the old world. This island, small as it is, has a great history for its ancient renown. Its inhabitants are exempt from taxation to this day;

also, there never has been a drop of intoxicating drinks or liquors sold within its territory, or a drunken person seen within its boundary. But to return to the subject of our sketch.

Miss Charles, as will be observed by a glance at the picture, is a performer on the harp, and an artist of strong musical temperament. She has appeared on the Eisteddfod platform in this city, where her playing brought delight to the hearts of her listeners. Her services are always at the disposal of some good cause, while her love for her chosen instrument is one of reverence. She is a self-taught harpist, having by dent of energy and perseverance conquered the intricacies of the instrument which time and custom have inseparably allied with the history of "dear little Wales." All this was done in the face of strong opposition on the part of her father, who was averse to Miss Charles' desire in the matter. However, she bided her time. With the assistance of a friend, arrangements were made with an Italian peanut vender, who owned a single action harp, whereby she was to have the use of his instrument for practice purposes. As she grew in proficiency, a desire for further instruction was created, which culminated in her paying a visit to the celebrated artists Inez Caruzzi and Maud Morgan. The latter upon hearing Miss Charles play, complimented her upon her ability, and remarked, "You'll certainly prove clever with the harp."

Miss Charles has been engaged for the coming season as professor on the harp in the Utica Conservatory of Music. She will, unquestionably, fill the position with honor and credit to herself. She sails from New York on July 14 on a trip to the Paris Exposition, returning about August 20.—"Bon Voyage."

Lieutenant General Sir James Hills-Johnes, who has gone out to join his old comrade, Field Marshal Roberts, stood godfather to the late Lieutenant Roberts, and presented him with his first sword. The young hero was a frequent visitor at Dolaucothi, and at one time read with the vicar of the parish, Mr. Chidlow.

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The many friends of the talented young musician, Mr. J. Harry Jones, of Pittsburg, Pa., will be gratified to learn of his success in passing the first examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. at the Trinity University, Toronto, Canada, on the 29th of May. This is the university where Jno. T. Rees, W. M. Griffith, Pedr Alaw, Wm. Rhys Herbert, B. Percy James, D. Hopkin Thomas, R. Pugh, Dan Protheroe and T. J. Davies passed their Mus. Bac. degrees. There are several Welsh musicians among the undergraduates also, viz., J. Haydn Morris, Harry Jones, Lewis Watkins, Gwilym Amos, Thos. W. Watkins, David W. Herbert, John Davies and David E. Jones, J. Harry Jones being the latest Welshman added to the list. "Harry," as he is familiarly known to his friends, is the accompanist of the Pittsburg Lyric Club, of which T. J. Davies, Mus. Bac., is conductor. He has accompanied Pittsburg eisteddfodic choirs in recent years, and he won golden encomiums for his excellent work when the Pittsburg choir acquired such a notable victory at the Cleveland Eisteddfod. He is also the organist of the Second Avenue Welsh Presbyterian Church, where his father, Mr. Joseph D. Jones, has been chorister for many years, his brother, Mr. Wm. J. Jones, treasurer of the Pittsburg Bank for Savings, been the assistant chorister. Mr. Jones is one of Prof. T. J. Davies' pupils in theory and harmony, who is acknowledged to be one of the best authorities in Pennsylvania on these two essential musical points.

June 17, 1900, the Rev. Dr. Thomas L. Hughes departed this life in peace, at Piqua, O. He received an attack while in Danville, Ky., where he delivered, the Sunday previous, the baccalaureate ser-

mon to the students of Centre College. He died soon after reaching home. He was born April 27, 1850, at Oak Hill, O., and was the son of Thomas Lloyd Hughes and Anna. He entered the Ohio University at Athens where he graduated in 1869; and at the Princeton University in 1871. He entered the Cincinnati Law School, graduated, and was admitted to the bar in 1874, and was elected city solicitor of Jackson, O. May 5, 1874, he was married to Miss Hortense Clare, Portsmouth, O. After practicing law for a while, he decided to enter the ministry. He graduated from Lane Seminary in 1877. His first pastorate was at Eckmansville, O. His subsequent cares were Pomeroy, O., Shelbyville, Ind., and Piqua, O. He served four years as trustee of Lane Theological Seminary, and two years as trustee of the Western Female Seminary of Oxford. Last October he was chosen Moderator of the Presbyterian Synod of Ohio. In 1886, the degree of D. D. was given him by Hanover College, Ind. His funeral was attended by a great number of neighbors and friends, about 1400 in all, and present among them about 40 ministers. He leaves a widow and six children: James, Clare, Mrs. Katheryn Wilkinson, Anna, Thomas L. Jr., Mary and Emma; and also two grandchildren, Hortense and Ruth Wilkinson. Dr. Hughes was recognized as a very strong and able minister.

This is the way Mr. T. J. Powell, of Coalburg, O., poetizes in the "Hubbard (O.) Enterprise," after reading his own death notice in the Youngstown "Vindicator:"

How strange! am reading of my death
With throbbing heart and quickening breath.
A living corpse on rumor's bier
"Stretched out" to scan my past career,
And proudly feel that my demise
Has made me noted, good and wise.
An awful tale—or odd belief.
Alive! and yet my friends in grief
Around my grave. Tears fondly fall
For poor myself beneath the pall.
O, Father Time, prolong the lie
That I may live and never die.

A touching little incident is reported in connection with the late Mr. John Robinson, high-sheriff of Carnarvenshire. Mr. Robinson, who lived among his men, one day fell into conversation with a Nonconformist minister, pastor of a small flock worshipping in one of the Nantile Vale chapels. It casually turned up in the course of conversation what the actual amount of the minister's salary was. "Good heavens!" said Mr. Robinson, using, it may be, an even stronger expression, "is that all you get? How do you manage to live on it? Look here! While you remain minister of that chapel you will get £20 a year in addition to your salary from me. But this must be a private matter between you and me." That, and unstinting charity to the poor, was the highly practical form which the unconventional Christianity of John Robinson, Talsarn, took.

Mr. J. Emrys Evans, formerly British Vice Consul at Johannesburg, has been appointed financial adviser to Lord Roberts. His lordship (says the "Sketch") is to be congratulated on his happy selection. Mr. Evans, who was for a long time connected with the Standard Bank of South Africa, is just the man for the post, and, probably, no one will be better pleased than himself at his getting into harness once again. Mr. Evans who is, of course, a Welshman—and a good one, too) was appointed to the consulate in 1897, and between that time and October of last year, when he took an official leave of Johannesburg, he did much excellent service on behalf of the down-trodden Uitlander. During his sojourn in the "Gold-reef City" Mr. Evans also took a leading part in the conduct of the affairs of the local Cambrian Society, which held its first eisteddfod in April, 1898.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

A Clydach Vale, South Wales, collier has called his horse Baden-Powell, because it doesn't know when it is beaten.

A woman lecturer said bitterly in Cardiff recently that Jewish men have a form of prayer, regularly used in their services, in which they thank God, among other things, that they are not females.

Representative Gibson of Tennessee says that a tombstone in a cemetery in his district bears this epitaph: "Some have children; others none. Here lies the mother of twenty-one."

The "Old Meeting" of Horningham, Wiltshire, is the oldest Nonconformist chapel in England. It was erected in 1566. Its first minister was Dr. Rowland Cotton.

"Ireland," says the Irishman, "has 500,000 men in arms." "Then why doesn't she lick England?" asked his friend. "Because, begobs, the police won't let her!"

"Johnny, are you going with your mamma across the ocean?" "Yes'm." "Aren't you afraid?" "No'm; ain't afraid of nothin'. I've been vaccinated an' baptized."

"Beer will rot iron, I believe," says the bartender. "I know, and every bartender knows, that it is impossible to keep a good pair of shoes behind the bar. Beer will rot leather as rapidly almost as acid will eat into iron. If I were a temperance orator I'd ask what must beer do to men's stomachs if it eats away men's fingers and their shoe leather? I'm here to sell it, but I won't drink it—not much."

Burglars ply their trade with little interference in Chicago. Their success in getting money in every house they enter has moved one man to post this sign near the front door: "Mr. Burglar—If you find any money in this house please don't go away without waking me up. I want to see it."

A Wesleyan minister has explained the secret of General Baden-Powell's influence. "Whenever he met a working-man," we are told, he would say, "I say, old fellow, have you a match on you?" and the tone of the voice "made a friend of the man for ever after." But the minister does not tell us what B. P. did with all the matches. He is a non-smoker.

"What is your opinion of the war?" was the query put to a keen-witted Irishman. The reply was ready and characteristic:—"I am in sympathy with the Boers, who are fighting for their country, but I do hope they will get a good slogging from the Dublins!"

The youngest state official in America probably is Francis Marriett of Columbus, O. Marriett is six years old and holds the commission of Gov. Nash as "superintendent of squirrels." The grounds about the state house are peopled by several hundred squirrels, in whose welfare young Marriett has shown much interest. Hence the govern-

or's action, which, of course, is merely complimentary to the boy. The latter takes his honors seriously and says he will feed the squirrels and see that their homes are looked after.

Detective—Did you see a man and woman driving past here in a buggy about an hour ago?

Mrs. Blank—Yes.

Detective—Ah we're getting on track of them! What kind of horse was it?

Mrs. Blank—They were driving so fast I didn't notice that. But the woman had on a Scotch mohair and wool jacket of turquoise blue, last year's style, with stitched lines, a white pique skirt with deep circular flounce, a satin straw hat, tilted and rather flat, trimmed with hydrangeas and loops of pale blue surah, and her hair was done up pompadour. That's all I had time to see.

Julian Ralph draws this picture of the face of Gen. "Bobs," Lord Roberts: "To me his face suggests the front of a granite mountain, seamed, lined, battered by storms, strain, and racking change. It records acquaintance with every trial to which mortals are put, all suffered in the solitude of undivided responsibility. Care, worry, sickness, danger, unceasing reflection, all had left their marks there, yet all were written across a gentle, sympathetic countenance, never gay or merry, yet seldom stern, and wholly ignorant of passion. I have known many great faces, but that of Lord Roberts is a face apart. I fancy that, in the minds of their worshipers, some of the soberer gods of the old mythologies had faces like his."

The following joke, told by Mark Twain, is retold in foreign papers, and commented upon as typical of American ethics. An honest fellow comes to the druggist of a Western Prohibition town to have his whisky flask filled. "Can't do it," says the modeler of pills, "not without a prescription, unless you have been bitten by the snake." "Where is the snake?" inquired the thirsty one. The druggist furnished the address of the owner of the valuable reptile. In a short time the stranger returned, the agony of despair pictured in his features. "Mercy!" he gasped, "the snake is so tired out that it won't bite. Besides, its services are bespoke for weeks to come!"

APPLICATION VERSUS GENIUS.

In my boyhood days, says former Postmaster General Thomas L. James in "Success," there was a textbook used in the schools called the English Reader, which, alas! has gone out of use. It contained a selection entitled "The Hill of Science." According to the story, the first one who attempted to ascend the hill was Genius, who made rapid progress, but became quite tired toward the end of the ascent, and foolishly stopped to rest, while Application, patient and plodding, pushed forward slowly up the hill and attained the summit first. I have noticed that those who succeed in life are not the geniuses. They are those who apply themselves to whatever business or profession they undertake with all their hearts and by patient, plodding work, backed up by good health and good habits, succeed.

PARAPHRASED THE BURIAL SERVICE.

Mark Twain has been living quietly in England for some time now, and were it not that he appeared to give evidence before a royal commission on the question of copyright scarcely a soul outside his private and particular friends would have known he was there at all, relates the "Saturday Evening Post." The other evening he was dining at the house of a friend, and seated next to him was an American who had only that day reached England. They were, of

course, talking war, and the newcomer, wishing to know the feeling in England in the matter of the future of the Transvaal, asked Mark Twain how he found public sentiment in England regarding the independence of the republics.

"Well," said the genial humorist, "I find the English are paraphrasing a part of the burial service. They are all quietly repeating, 'Mr. Gladstone giveth, and the Lord Salisbury hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

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The most common instrument of torture in a Chinese jail is the bamboo. No attention is paid to the law which provides how many strokes of the bamboo rod may be inflicted for certain offenses. Often the executioner of the sentence inflicts 10 or 20 times as many blows upon the naked victim as the law designates. The Shanghai newspapers awhile ago reported that between 2,000 and 3,000 strokes of the bamboo had been laid upon the backs of two old persons who had been found guilty of levying blackmail, and that in addition to this awful punishment their ankles had been broken with an iron hammer.

An educated Chinese who is practicing law in this country made a remarkable excuse for the brutality of his countrymen. He spoke of the "absence of nerves" in the Chinese, said his people were apparently not so susceptible to pain as most other human beings, and on this account, he argued, Chinese punishments are not specially cruel. This testimony has been directly contradicted by some of the missionaries in China.

THE SACRED TWELVE.

The "patriarchal and apostolical number of 12," as the proper and only admissible number for a jury trying cases according to the common law, has come down to us from remote antiquity. Yet this number was not always universal. In 1652 a Cornish custom to have juries of six was declared to be bad, but evidence was given that such juries had been widely used in the country, and by a special statute of Henry VIII. juries of six were allowed in Wales. The county court jury of five is of course a very recent, and some think a very unfortunate, innovation, and the court in which it sits is itself only 50 years old. But the jury of the grand assize consisted of 16 men, which still finds a parallel in the jury of presentments of the Liberty of the Savoy. The modern grand jury, the coroner's jury, and the jury at lunacy and ecclesiastical inquisitions number anything between 12 and 23, whereof 12 at least must agree on a verdict.—London Law Journal.

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JAIL ACCOMMODATION.

An American who has been reading about the diet in the Cardiff Workhouse writes:—"I take this opportunity of stating, for the benefit of your readers, that the dietary and general accommodation in Sing Sing Prison compares favorably with that of any hotel in this city. If you visit Sing Sing in the morning about eleven you will find both lady and gentlemen prisoners smoking and reading the newspapers. On Liberty Day (July 4) a special celebration was made in Minnesota State Prison, the menu being as follows:—Roast veal, dressing, mashed potatoes, green peas, onions, lettuce, apple pie, cheese, coffee, and cigars. Of Philadelphia jail an eminent author remarks, with pardonable pride:—'Prisoners get the best food the country produces, and it is served with such cleanliness and attention as would cause any hotel to be crowded.' Breakfast here consists of grilled pork and beans, preserves, hot cakes, and coffee and the rest of the tariff is equally inviting. Lady visitors bring the prisoners presents, cigars being generally preferred, and every weekly paper published in the United States at the prison, in order that the convicts may not be be-

hind the times!" Who wouldn't be in jail in the States?"

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The Wales of the Future—will it be religious? Is there danger that the higher development of human life, and the ever-widening of its sphere of interests, should make the spiritual appear unreal, and communion with the divine superfluous? There is danger, inasmuch as we are always prone to abuse the very best gifts of God. But it is by no means the natural tendency of mental and moral culture to shut religion out of human life. Greatly as they enhance the beauty of the visible, and the joy of our present existence, they lead straight to the portals of the invisible, where such melodious strains pour upon our ears that it makes us forget our old illusion concerning the visible as something detached from the invisible; henceforth the one is lost in the other, and they are for us as they are in reality—one and the same. In Wales that is To Be, religious bards will voice the faith and fervor of the nation in words similar to those of Williams, Pantycelyn:

"Oll yn gyfan
Ddaeth i'm meddiant gyda'm Duw."
—Ellen Hughes in "Young Wales."

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A BRAVE POET.

A parody on Longfellow's, "The Psalm of Life," by the hero of Mafeking, was written for a bazaar in Cape Town just before he left there last year (says the "Cornishman"). Some of the verses show distinct signs of his remarkable humor. The parody is as follows:—

"Tell me not in accents dreary
That you think bazaars a bore,
That of crewel work you're weary,
And the raffles you abhor.

Cash is needful! Cash is scanty!
At our efforts do not growl;
If it can't be raised by fair means,
Must it not be got by foul?

Wives of great men all remind them,
They can make their wives a present,
And departing leave behind them,
What to us is quite as pleasant.

Sovereigns, which perhaps another,
After counting up his store,
Some morose and stingy brother,
Seeing, may add something more.

Let us then be up and spending,
With a purse for such a day,
And our wishes still extending,
Learn to purchase and to pay.
—Wrongfellow."

A South Wales correspondent vouches for the truth of this story: A servant asked for a day's leave to go to the funeral of her uncle. When she returned she was asked how she had fared. She replied, "It was the happiest day of my life. We had a beautiful drive to the churchyard, buried uncle, and then went home to tea with aunt."

A Scotch minister tells of a Sunday he passed in a Highland inn. The day was rainy and close and toward night, as he sat in the little parlor of the inn, he suggested to his landlady that it would be desirable to have one of the windows raised so that they might have some fresh air. "Mon," said the old woman, with stern disapproval written plainly on her rugged face, "dinna ye ken that ye can hae no fresh air in this hoose on the Sabbath?"

A saloon license was granted in a Pennsylvania town to a building formerly used as a trunk manufactory. Over the door was a big sign, "trunk factory." The saloonkeeper asked a prohibition painter to change that sign to suit his business at the smallest possible cost. The painter took his brush and simply carried it around the cross-line of the T, making the sign read "drunk factory."

"If I were to give you an orange," said Judge Foote of Topeka, "I would simply say, 'I give you the orange,' but should the transaction be intrusted to a lawyer to put in writing he would adopt this form: 'I hereby give, grant and convey to you all my interest, right, title and advantage of and in said orange, together with its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pits; and all rights and advantage therein, with full power to bite, suck, or otherwise eat the same, or give away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp or pits; anything hereinbefore or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of any nature or kind whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.' "

Information has been received by the friends of the Welsh settlers in Patagonia that the Government of the Argentin Republic have voted $100,000 towards relieving the distress caused by the inundation of the Chupat Valley and towards the repairing of the river embankments and the irrigation canals. The proclamation of President Roca, which has been published in Welsh and Spanish, and circulated throughout the Colony, states that:—"Whereas the Governor of Chupat has called public attention to the urgent necessity of repairing the great damage caused by the floods whilst the river continues low, and that it is the duty of the Government of the Argentine Republic to support and encourage the energetic Colonists who have lost the fruits of the labor of many years, and, further, that it is essential that 106 kilometres of embankments, and 175 kilometres of canals must be repaired, and that an estimated sum of $100,000 will be required, the President, having consulted the opinions of distinguished citizens, declares that the fund created by Statute No. 3,791 cannot be used to better purpose than the relief of such distress as this, and proclaims: (1) That the following committee are entrusted with the work of repairing the canals, sluices, and embankments of the river Chupat, namely, Messrs. (Rev.) D. L. Jones (chairman), E. J. Williams, John S. Williams, J. M. Thomas, and Edw. Owen. (2) That the Minister of the Interior shall place at the disposal of the said committee a sum of $100,000 from the fund created by Statute No. 3,791, subject to the said committee reporting upon the progress of the work, for the proper completion of which they shall be held personally and jointly responsible to the State. (3) That the above-named sum be handed over by installments of $25,000 as required." The capital of the Colony has been removed from Rawson to Trelew. It will be remembred that Rawson was practically swept away by the floods. Trelew is situated in the uplands.

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THE AIR CURE.

"It's queer to me," said a healthy looking citizen, "that more people don't take the air cure. There's nothing like a breath of fresh air. It is delightful and refreshing, renovating and renewing, uplifting and invigorating, stimulating and exalting, and without any depression, and all this is absolutely free. There are far more people now than ever before in this country that go in for outdoor sports, for bicycling and all that sort of thing, and so get the fresh air; but there are many left who do not give themselves the benefit of it as they might. It isn't nccessary for a man to have a bicycle or a horse or a steam yacht to enable him to take the air cure. Such helps, of course, might make it easier to take, but they are not essential. It can be taken effectively walking, and there's nothing like it. Air might not heal a broken leg, but for many ills of mind and body it will be found a sovereign remedy."—New York Sun.

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THE WELSHMAN AND THE AMERICAN PULPIT.

By Rev. J. Alexander Jenkins, Burrton, O.

ɔ more stupendous question ronts the young man of to-day that of choosing a life work. this question is more stupend- now than ever before, because uture of the modern youth is so ɛly in his own hands. He may advised, persuaded, and even manded, to select some partic- calling, but if he have the vital k of manhood, he will recognize he must decide for himself. ɾe may be among the readers of e Cambrian" young men who looked toward the Christian stry with earnest desire. Our ɔath Schools and Christian En- ɔr societies frequently succeed ɔwing the seed of ministerial am- ɪn in the hearts of consecrated ɪg men. On the other hand, ain phantoms arise to discour- the time of preparation is ;, the ministry is overcrowded, e is such unrest among theo- ans. Added to this is the pecu- difficulty arising out of connec- with two spheres of life. Shall aim to be Welsh preachers, or l we aspire to the American ministry? Shall we enter upon a ministry of necessity, circumscribed and unsatisfactory, or shall we enlist in a world-service? These and kindred questions are apt to occur to the young aspirant as he stands hesitant upon the threshold of his life. Of the modern ministry, it may be truly said that it offers an unequaled field of usefulness and influence. There is a magnificent opportunity for men of broad vision and aggressive faith. The minister of to-day is a leader of thinkers and workers. The true conception of the relation of the church to the kingdom of God leads to the undertaking of tasks that vary widely in their nature, and in all the pioneer work of the church the ministry bears a leading part.

As Welsh people we have fallen into the habit of speaking of the "Welsh-American pulpit." But the term is a misnomer; it stands for one of our popular misconceptions. The Welsh-American pulpit is a fond figment of the imagination. Our pulpit is either Welsh or American. While the preaching is Welsh it is a Welsh pulpit; when the preaching is

English it is an American pulpit; while the preaching is in both languages it marks the transition from Welsh to American. This transition is steadily and rapidly going on, and it is so thorough that the transformed Welsh churches speedily lose their former characteristics. It is the consciousness of this transition that renders difficult the question as to the advisability of our young men preparing themselves for the ministry. Shall we advise men of talent to study with the Welsh pulpit as their goal? Undoubtedly, the reply to this query is a negative one. While our churches continue to be Welsh, they may wisely depend upon recruits from Wales to supply their pulpits. These are the men whose training most thoroughly fits them for the task of shepherding our fathers and mothers. What, then, shall we say to the young men, born of Welsh parents upon American soil, who are anxious to enter the ministry? The writer of this article would address himself directly to young men of this class.

It is, of course, taken for granted that you have analyzed the motives which prompt you to turn toward the Christian ministry. You are not looking for a "snap;" you do not imagine that because you are "good" you must of necessity be a preacher; you do not mistake mere fluency of speech for a divine call. You are really and rationally convinced that God bids you preach the gospel.

My young countrymen, if the iron grasp of this conviction is upon you, do not hesitate. There is a call for your services. You will not need to stand in the market-place all the day because no church comes forward to hire you. The American pulpit calls you; you have a place in the building up of the Christianity of the Republic. While there is no Welsh-American pulpit, here is something infinitely better, a place in the American pulpit for the Welsh preacher. That this is true the many pulpits in this country today occupied by our brothers testify. It is a fact, and one of which we are justly proud, that Welshmen stand in the pulpits of all the leading denominations in America—no nation has a better showing. And our place is not a transient one. While this land remains the great resultant, growing out of the mingling of all peoples, there will continue to be need for the contribution which we have to make to her religious welfare. We have a contribution to make; we have a message that is unique and urgent to deliver. It is the message of an ancient, persistent, liberty-loving religious enthusiasm.

A proper self-valuation will convince you that it is your duty to enter with modesty and determination the open portal of your destiny. Take thought of the influences whose cumulative force constitutes an imperative call to the work of preaching the gospel. Cast a glance, first of all, over your national traditions and history. How inseparably are bards and ministers and prophets of God connected with your

earliest national traditions? For how much of your thought and language are you indebted to the seers and sages who were thinking great thoughts of God and the universe when nations now proud and haughty had not emerged from barbarism? And as traditions have grown into history, how beautiful and harmonious the transition? You have not passed from a poetic and religious past into a narrowly commercial present, but you still live in the realm of the ideal and the spiritual. Your shepherds still court the muse; your minstrels still lovingly finger the golden harp; your prophets still seek the inspiration of mountain and vale and sea. Your land is a land of devotion, you belong to a nation of preachers. Hard political conditions have fostered national tendencies. The zeal that was denied other outlet found it in the pulpit. Had Wales too many preachers? No, save as a college may attract too many students. Wales is the theological seminary of the nations, and to-day it is the privilege of her sons to stand in the pulpits of the world, the momentum of the ages behind them.

Think, too, of the poetic and oratorical temperament with which God has endowed you. Because of this temperament the Welsh preacher stands unique among his ministerial brethren. He has a gift which universities and seminaries cannot bequeath, and this gift is needed in America to-day. It is a supreme factor in final decisions. It compels men to act. It brings things to pass. It is the "something" which renders learning effective. It is the live coal upon the altar of scholarship. You are the conscious possessors of this gift. Dependence upon it has sometimes laid your brothers open to criticism. Eloquence is not a substitute for solid, fundamental work. It is not a lone steed, but must be coupled with diligent application. Not even for the Welshman is there a royal road to the pulpit. Even he must submit to the vigorous discipline of study. But having done this, what a magnificent ally has God given him! How philosophy pulsates, how science scintillates, how history overflows with power! He is prepared to adequately interpret life. He has the faculty of showing the relation between actual and ideal. Young men, your peculiar gift is not to be strangled, but wisely cultivated. America cannot dispense with poets and religious enthusiasts. While the mammoth business enterprises of this great land depend for their success upon an element of enthusiasm in their projectors, you need not fear lest the religious forces of America cease to need the impulse of your personality.

And, finally, you are called to service by the harmony between your ideals and those of American Christianity. It is the misfortune of some people to stand for principles that are diametrically opposed to the political and religious ideals of the Republic. For them it is necessary first of all to grasp and adopt our underlying principles. But you are happily spared this change, for you no re-construction is necessary. You

already stand for what is highest and holiest in American politics and American religion. That your people to-day constitute what is virtually a nation with a language and customs of its own is sufficient testimony to their proud independence of spirit. And that this independence of spirit extends to the religious life is evident from the gallant struggle of nonconformity for recognition and education. Neither politically nor religiously have you anything to unlearn. It is your privilege to enter at once, and with no shackling bias of mind, upon the larger career for which you have been fitted by generations of aspiring for liberty, and by many martyrdoms for truth.

The Welsh nation is not to die—no nation whose basal principle is love to God and freedom to worship him "can" die. We are to live a greater life as part of the forces, political, social and religious, which are to shape the destiny of the composite Republic. And this task of perpetuation belongs in part to you, who in these coming days are to be the Welshmen of the American pulpit.

MONA.

Fair Isle of Mona, Anglesey,
I sing this simple lay to thee!
Thou County which the Ocean's tide
Murmurs around on every side;
Thou Mother-Shire who fondly ledd'st
The tribes of Wales, and also fedd'st
Beneath thy shades with ancient lore
The Druid families of yore.
Since then thy priestly pow'r has fled
And all thy giant sons are dead!

Thy sons and daughters, yea, in scores
Have left thy once enchanted shores
For other lands; yet love to praise
The glory of thy ancient days;
In their far homes, they love to rise
Enteared and call thee "paradise!"
Thy glory's gone, 'tis but thy pride remains,
Which now within thy children's bosom reigns.

A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued.)

FLINTSHIRE.

Flintshire is divided into two parts by an arm of Denbighshire; the northern which is the principal part is bounded on the north by the Dee estuary, and the Irish Sea, on the west and south by Denbighshire, on the east by Cheshire. It is the smallest county in Wales, having an area of only 253 square miles. It has a population of about 80,000, about one half of which speak the English language. The county is rich in minerals, having coal, iron, copper, lead, zinc, with some silver but a small portion of the inhabitants follow farming.

The first place of importance we come to in Flintshire is Hawarden Castle, the home of the late Mr. Gladstone. The illustrious Christian statesman has made this place known throughout the earth. The mansion occupied by Mr. Gladstone was built in 1752, remodeled into a castellated form in 1809. The park is extensive and within its enclosure on the summit of the hill are the ruins of the ancient castle. This castle was built by the Britons, but was occupied by the Saxons at the Norman conquest, and was the scene of many fierce conflicts. In the Cromwellian wars it was taken by General Mytton, sold to Sergeant Glynne, a friend of Cromwell, and has remained in the Glynne family to this day. Sir Stephen Glynne, the father of Mrs. Gladstone, lies buried near the altar in the parish church, and his tomb and effigy are of beautiful white marble. In this humble parish church where his son is rector, the great statesman worshiped, and often read the lesson of the day. In the yard outside the church are many graves, with headstones, which are nearly all of freestone.

Mold, five miles southwest of Hawarden Castle, on the Alyn, and now the county seat, with a population of about 4,000, has lead and other mines with smelting works. In or near this place in the early part of the fifth century lived a tyrannical king of Powys, named Benlli, known as "Benlli Gawr" (Benlli the Giant). St. Germain and others had come from Gaul to put down heresy; the saint was a good man, and had done wonders. He came one night to the gate of Benlli's city, and desired admission; he was refused, but the gate keeper invited him to his humble home outside the gate. Next morning the saint stood again at the gate, and baptized a man on confession of his faith in the blessed Trinity, and told him he would not be living in one

hour. When the man entered the city, the cruel tyrant had him beheaded because he was late coming to his work. That evening St. Germain told the gatekeeper to invite all his friends in the city to come out, pray earnestly, and not look back; then fire came down from heaven and consumed the wicked king and his city. In a mound near Mold there was found an ornament of gold resembling a corslet, which is now in the British Museum. A large skeleton of a human being was found with the gold ornament, which has been supposed to be the skeleton of Benlli, the Giant. Not long after the burning of Benlli's city, the good St. Gorman, or Germain, was celebrating Easter, and a great multitude of the old Britons had come to hear him preach and to be baptized. A great army of heathen Saxons and Picts came against them; the Britons implored the good men from Gaul to aid them, and St. Germain declared he would be their leader, and choosing out a fitting place in a valley surrounded by hills, he told his army to repeat what he said as loud as they could, so when the pagans drew near St. Germain and his priests exclaimed three times "Alleluia," which taken up by the Britons and echoed and re-echoed by the surrounding hills, sent such terror to the hearts of the barbarians that they fled, casting away their weapons, and even their garments, but multitudes perished in the river, the rest retired to their ships. This great deliverance was at Mold, called "Maes Gorman," or St. Germain's Plain. Not many years ago a monument was erected here commemorative of the "Victoria Alleluiatica."

Flint is six miles northwest from Mold on the estuary of the Dee, with a population of about 6,000, a municipal borough, and was once the county seat. It was a Roman camp, and traces are found of their smelting lead works near. There are now lead smelting and chemical works here. The ruins of the old castle are interesting, as they suggest important events. Here Ricnard II. took refuge from his cousin Henry of Bolingbroke, and was surrendered by the Earl of Northumberland. Here, we are told, Richard's dog, Matti, manifested human nature, when he saw it was all up with Richard, he clung to Henry. This old castle was taken by the army of Parliament in 1643, and ordered dismantled in 1646.

Bagillt is two miles northwest of Flint on the Dee estuary. The parish has about 4,000. There are extensive collieries here, alkali, iron works, and lead smelting works. Considerable silver is found in connection with the lead, over 40,000 ounces of silver being smelted annually.

Holywell is a few miles southwest of Bagillt, and nearly equal distance from the Dee. The Welsh call the place "Treffynnon"—the Town of the Well. The Urban district contains between 3,000 and 4,000 inhabitants. There are here cotton mills and other factories, and mines.

Holywell is noted for its well, the "sacred spring." The legend connected with this spring is about as follows: There lived here in the seventh century a virgin by the name of Winifred. Her father Thewith was a rich nobleman, and second man in the kingdom of North Wales, next to the king. At a very early age Winifred was placed under the care of her maternal uncle Beuno, a holy man, and a priest. She lived with other pious maidens in a small nunnery erected for her by her father. Caradoc, Prince of Wales, struck with her great beauty, finding it impossible to gain her in marriage, attempted to carry her off by force. She fled towards the church, the Prince pursued her, and in his rage cut off her head with his sword, which severed head bounded down the hill, entered the church door, rolled to the foot of the altar where St. Beuno was serving. Where the head rested a spring of uncommon size burst forth, fragrant moss adorned its sides, where her blood spotted the stones. St. Beuno took up the head, and through his prayers it was united to the body, the virgin was restored to life, and lived in the odor of sanctity for fifteen years afterward. She took the veil, became abbess of a nunnery at Gwyrtherin in Denbighshire, died and was buried. During the reign of Stephen, her bones were carried to Shrewsbury and buried near the high altar of the abbey. Whatever truth there may be in the above legend, it is certain a wonderful well is found at "Treffynnon"—one of the seven wonders of Wales. Its flow is said to be about one hundred tons per minute, and it is quite certain that it has some healing virtues. Lord Denbigh writing of it said, "It would be scarcely figurative here to say, 'the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed.'" The well has been visited by William the Conqueror, Henry II., Edward I., James II., and more recently by Daniel O'Connell, Cardinal Wiseman, and the king of the Belgians. The structure connected with the well, together with the chapel above, was built by Margaret, the mother of Henry VII., in the latter part of the fifteenth century. The interior work is beautifully executed. The water passes under an arch into a large basin.

Mostyn Hall is three miles northwest of Holywell. It is a veritable museum of Welsh relics, and it is interesting as the scene of the remarkable escape of Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterward Henry VII., from the troops of Richard III. The party was on the point of sitting down to dinner when Richard's troops disturbed the banquet, and Henry had to make his escape through a window. We are told that on every occasion when a feast of unusual importance is had at Mostyn Hall, the knife and fork that Henry used, are placed on the banqueting table. Mostyn station near Mostyn Hall is a rising port on the Dee, with a population of about 3,000. Downing, about two miles from Mostyn Hall, the residence of Pennant, is noted for its antiquities. In the lat-

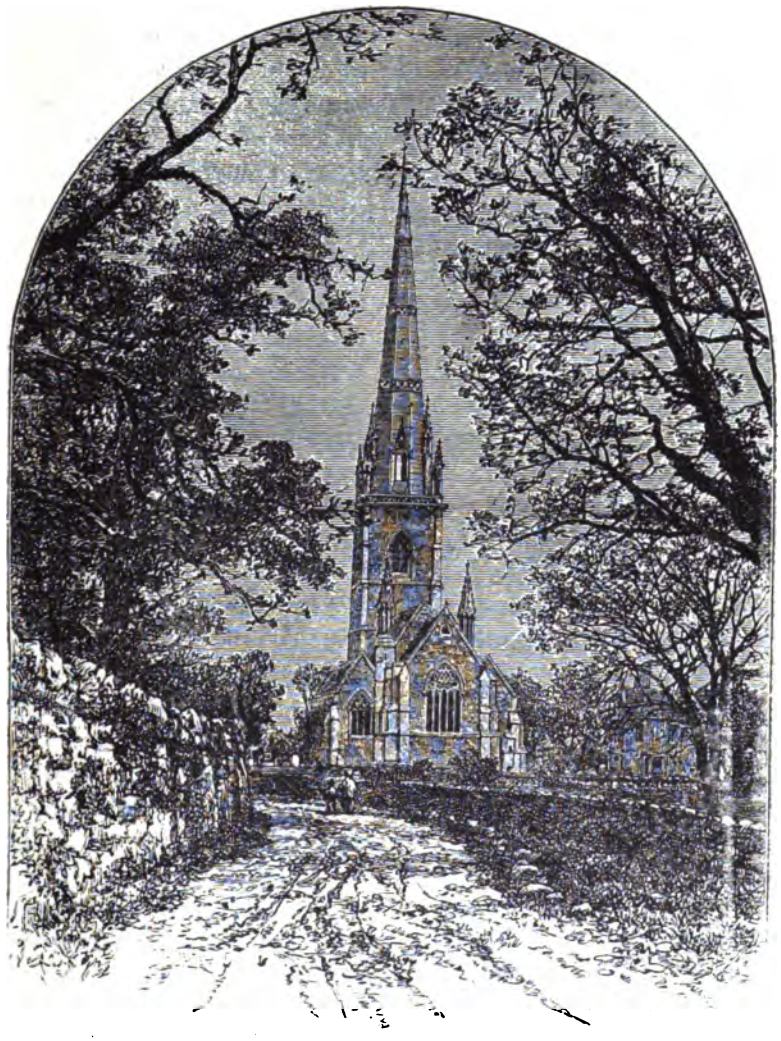
ter part of last century, Pennant made a tour through Scotland, and one through Wales, and gathered much information, and many relics. Rhyl is eight miles west of Mostyn, on the Irish Sea, and at the mouth of the river Clwyd. It is the largest town in the County of Flint, having a population of nearly 7,000. The town is comparatively new, and is one of the finest watering places in Wales, the air bracing, the temperature mild, the bathing good. It is calculated that Rhyl is visited by 100,000 annually.

Rhuddlan is three miles south of Rhyl, near the junction of the Clwyd and Elwy. From Rhuddlan to Rhyl the stream is sufficiently wide and deep to be navigable by small crafts. In the marsh, or Rhuddlan's plain, a terrible battle was fought in 795, by the Welsh under Caradoc, and the Saxons under Offa, King of Mercia. Caradoc fell and most of his chiefs, and the prisoners taken by the Saxons were massacred in the most cruel manner. An old Welsh ballad recites the terrible slaughter in part as follows:

St. Asaph.

On Morfa Rhuddlan's plain the rivals stood
Till Morfa Rhuddlan's plain was drenched
in blood,
Not all the Saxon's might could Cymru
quell
Till, foremost of his band, Caradoc fell.

The zephyr's breath hath ceased to blow
And distant waves are lulled to rest;
My heart within my heaving breast,
Oh! deeply throbs with grief and pain,
While musing on the scene unblest,
On Morfa Rhuddlan's fatal plain!



Bodelwyddan Church.

Another utters the following sad lament:

O'er Arvon's heights the sun sank low,
The veil of night doth all invest,
Break through the gloom upon my sight
The massive shields! Ha! now I hear
The clash of blades, the hissing flight
Of arrows, and the charging cheer;

But hark! 'bove all, both loud and clear,
Caradoc's voice above the slain—
"Turn we their battle's wild career,
Or sink on Morfa Rhuddlan's plain!"

Each Briton's heart with courage swells,
Each British cheek with fury red;
Each nervous arm a foeman fells,
Each blade a fiercer death hath sped;
Lo! frightful gaps—and dead on dead!
Whilst Cambria prays that Heaven would shield
Her hearths and homes—her warriors aid
In fight on Rhuddlan's bloody field!

By solemn dread my soul's assailed,
The victor's shouts now louder grow!
Boast not: 'twas numbers that prevail'd,
And not thy might, exulting foe!
But Oh! of those the grief and woe,
And wailing as they fly to gain
The mountain heights and leave below
Their dead on Rhuddlan's bloody plain.

On Snowdon's crag, each stream and dell,
Loud echoes hear to British wail!
And rocks to rocks responsive tell
Of Cambria's loss the fearful tale;
And now upon the rising gale
Is borne Caradoc's fate alone,
And weeping bards his fall bewail
In Morfa Rhuddlan's mournful song!

I seek the warrior's lowly bed
On Rhuddlan's marsh; but cannot trace
A vestige of the noble dead,
Or aught to mark their resting place;
Green rush and reeds are all that grace
The graves of those in fight who fell
For freedom—for their land and race.
Oh! fatal field! farewell, farewell!

This dreadful battle did much to confine the borders of Wales to Offa's Dike; but this was not the only battle fought at Rhuddlan, for five hundred years after this Rhuddlan was the scene of conflict.

In 1015 Llewelyn ab Seisyllt, Prince of North Wales, erected a fortress and palace at Rhuddlan, which he made his principal residence, and continued to be that of his son and successor, Gruffydd ab Llywellyn, till routed by Harold, who was sent against him by Edward the Confessor. Harold occupied the fortress for some time, then burnt the palace, and destroyed the ships of war in the harbor, when he returned to England. After this the castle was occupied by the Welsh, who rebuilt and fortified the town. In 1098 Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, took the place and held it as a military station. In 1167 the castle was taken and dismantled by Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, and later it was taken and held alternately by Welsh and English until 1277, when it was taken by Edward I., who having strongly fortified the palace, made it his residence for some years, until Wales was subdued. Here he assembled his parliament; here having conquered Wales he gave his new subjects laws, the "Statute of Rhuddlan." Here also he promised the Welsh chieftains a prince, a native of their own country, who could not speak a word of English, and whose conduct was irreproachable, and amid their acclamations of joy, and promises of obedience, he presented them his infant son, born in Carnarvon Castle, afterward known as Edward of Carnarvon. From that day to this the first born son of the sovereign of Great Britain has been called the "Prince of Wales." Edward the First's second child, Princess Eleanor, was born at Rhuddlan. The castle was held for the crown till 1646, when it was taken by General Mytton for the Parliament, and soon

·ward dismantled. In the begin- ; of this century a remarkable ıon was preached at Rhuddlan John Elias, a great leader in Welsh Calvinistic Methodist rch. It was harvest time; the ers assembled on the streets on day to be hired, buying and sell- revelry and mirth went on; the t preacher was in danger of ːnce if he preached against their but he was fearless. His text "Six days shalt thou work, but ːhe seventh thou shalt rest, in ıg time and in harvest thou : rest." He had not spoken before the people were seized awe, then became panic strick- After this such deeds of Sab- breaking were never seen in ddlan.

. Asaph is three miles south of ddlan, on the Elwy, and near Clwyd, and is a Cathedral city. ill be remembered that no place lled a city in England without a ɛdral. St. Asaph is the smallest ɛdral building in England or ɛs. It is claimed that a church established here by Cyndeyrn, igern, the exiled bishop of the ːhern Britons (who inhabited ːh Clyde) about the close of tho ı century. Kintigern was suc- ɛd by Asaph, one of his dis- s, a native of North Wales igern established a monastery similar to that of Bangor-Is- , during whose time it increased ɔ5 monks. The monastery was ted into a cathedral during the of its founder, and richly en- d by Maelgwyn, king of North Wales. Many changes have oc- curred since the first establishment of the cathedral. The building was burnt to the ground by Owen Glyndwr in 1402; the stalls of the existing building were occupied by horses in the days of Cromwell. Some noted men have been connect- ed with St. Asaph Cathedral, Bishop Galfrid ab Arthur, known as Geoffrey of Monmouth, Dafydd ab Owen, Isaac Barrow, Wililam Mor- gan, a noted linguist, Dr. William Beverige, Dr. Horseley, Dr. Lloyd, one of the seven bishops imprisoned in the tower by James II., who we are told was a learned, honest, and pious man.

The interior of the present edifice contains some interesting monu- ments. An altar tomb, with a re- cumbent figure in episcopal robe, is said to commemorate Dafydd ab Owen, interred here in 1512. Near the west door is a painted tomb, with an inscription to the memory of Bishop Isaac Barrow, who died in 1689. There is a white marble monument to the memory of Dean Shipley; an altar tomb monument to the memory of Bishop Luxmore, who died in 1830; and a mural tablet erected to the memory of Mrs. Felicia Hemans, who lived in the vicinity for some years.

The city of St. Asaph is a small place, the civil parish containing about 2,000 inhabitants; the sur- rounding scenery being beautiful, with groves of trees. Bodelwyddan mansion and church are two miles west of St. Asaph on the borders of Denbighshire. The church is the

finest in North Wales, if not the finest in the principality. The castellated mansion belongs to the Williams family. The founder of this family was Sir William Williams, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Charles II., a Welsh Judge, and a Solicitor General. When on a circuit in his younger days, with more talent than wealth, he sued for the hand of an heiress, the daughter of Walter Kyffin, Esq., a gentleman of large property. When he appealed to the father the question was sternly asked, "What have you?" The young lawyer replied, "I have, sir, a wig and gown, and a tongue." He gained his suit, and inherited the large property. The family has been prominent for over two hundred years.

We have now visited the most important places in the principal part of Flintshire. We have seen that one of the greatest men of this century made his home during the most of his life in this county. We have seen a king of England made captive in this county. We have seen in this county the plain upon which one of the most dreadful battles in the history of Wales was fought. We have seen the place where the independence of Wales was surrendered to the King of England. We have seen also where pious souls have suffered and triumphed. We shall now pass into the County of Denbigh.

WELSH ETYMOLOGY.

By Cad Walad.

The science of etymology is about the most dangerous instrument when handled by a Welshman possessing a superficial or even a practical knowledge of languages. There is something in the Welsh language, and, probably in the Welsh mind, highly qualified to play with the science of language and make it obedient to every philosophical turn he may have a mind to. The elements of the Welsh language appear conspicuously in every known language, and the similarity of syllables and compound parts of words are so striking that with a little change any foreign word may be made to become almost Welsh. Dr. Owen Pugh, the Welsh philologist and lexicographer, was remarkable for his ability on these lines, and became such an expert in the science of the formation of language that he reduced words to their letters, and gave to each of them, even each hook, its meaning. According to him, every consonant and vowel had certain distinct significations. Others have followed him, and have taught that the Welsh language is "won-

ılly and fearfully made;" and
g the ancientest language in
world, its roots are seen in every
vn tongue.

ıke for illustration, the words
dien," which in German means
:rve," a motto which is supposed
have been used by a foreign
ce who fell in war. A Prince of
es subsequently possessed this,
supposed it to be German, but
Welsh philologist assures us that
is the Welsh "Eich dyn" (your
), which was spoken by a repre-
ive when presenting the first
ce of Wales, born at Carnarvon,
party of Welsh. This explana-
of an old motto is very appro-
:e, and strikes the ordinary
shman as far more so. Many
sh scholars have noticed the
evolution of the word "Cymro"
ı "Gomer," one of the grand-
of Noah; and it is far less diffi-
to adopt the theory of the re-
tion of "Cymro" out of "Gom-
than of man out of an ape.
mero" would inevitably evolve
"Comero" and "Cymero," and
ly into "Cymro." It would do
'iolence to any Welsh thinking
ıratus to derive "Cymry" (Kum-
from "Kimmeri" or "Kum-
ɔi."

ɔmetimes these etymological
/ations or explorations are ex-
ıely far-fetched—far beyond the
of the ordinary reader. In the
:lsh People" by Prof. Rhys and
ımer Jones, we have instances
ıis wonderful farsight into the
ions of words. Investigating
ɔrigin and meaning of the word
"Forth," a muddy river in Scotland, it is conjectured that the word comes from the Welsh "gweryd," soil, mould or earth. Its ancient name being "Bodotria," this suggests the probability that it is the Latin form, somewhat corrupt, of the Welsh "budr" (dirty). Such feats of etymology are so conjectural that they are almost impractical, and carry but very little weight in archaeological dissertations. The river names of Wales almost generally signify a flowing of water and probably "Forth" is but another form of the Welsh "Ffrwd," which means simply a flowing.

One Welsh philologist tells us that the old Cymry were sometimes called "Titans," or the "T" people, not because they like and drink tea, but because they named each of their circular habitations a "T," as they do still (the Welsh for house being "Ty," pronounced "T"). This "T" also represents the old Druidic cross, which symbol stood in the center of each Cymric home, as it is now seen on every Catholic church. Almost every Scriptural name, and every religious rite has been shown to signify something Welsh, and symbolizing some old Welsh truth or creed. A clever Welsh etymologist can strike the origin of an ordinary word by simply pronouncing it in a deliberate manner, in this wise: Canwyll (a candle), can-wyll. Now, "can" is something "white," and "gwyll" is "darkness;" ergo, "canwyll" means something that shines in the dark. The word for "devil" in Welsh is "diawl," signify-

ing "di-awl" or "di-hawl" to an ordinary Welshmen; i. e., a being who has no light or right. He is a being who acts foolishly or regardless of right or propriety. The Welsh name for "devil" defines the enemy of man to perfection; but yet, although his standing in the spiritual world is so well known he has a considerable following among us. Take for an illustration the Scriptural name, "Nebuchadnezzar," an absolute monarch of the east; this appears so like the Welsh "Neb uwch o dan y ser," which means "the greatest under the heaven," that we are apt to believe in fact that he had a Welsh title, and was in truth an ancient Cymro.

The word "Cymro" may have nothing to do with "Gomer," a descendant of the shipbuilder and captain, Noah, and is merely a word signifying a "native" or an "aborigine," from "cyd" a "bro," "bro" being the proper Welsh for "gwlad" (country). "Gwlad" is undoubtedly a corruption of "latus" (Latin). The Romans used the word "Cambrox" for a "native" in contradistinction to "Allobrox," a foreigner. It seems that "bro" was anciently written or pronounced "brox" or "brog." It may be the same as the modern "broad" and "brogue," which both mean the same. "Bro" in modern Welsh also signifies a width or a stretch of land contrasted with the mountainous part. "Bryn a bro" is a complete description of a country, the hilly part and the lowland. Therefore, "Cymro" may mean "cyd a bro" equivalent to the Greek "au tochthon," a son of the soil. The country is called "Cymru," and the people "Cymry," a very slight difference, which may suggest a very close attachment, it being well known that a Welshman can with difficulty leave his "bro."

The word "Brython" again has been interpreted in many different ways. The "Brythoniaid" (Britons) are also called "Prydeiniaid" in Welsh, which word favors a better and a more complimentary derivation than "Brythoniaid." According to Dr. Pugh, "Brythoniaid" mean "those in tumults; warriors; heroes from the Welsh "brythu" to be in commotion, to be excited, to fight, to quarrel, etc. There are other Welsh words which suggest that the "Brythons" were so called on account of their painting their faces by reason of which they were called "Picti," the Welsh "brith" signifying "speckled" "variegated," which signifies also a man of low nature. Some have even ventured the interpretation that they were called or rather called themselves "Brythoniaid" because they wore garments of cloth (brethyn). The word "Prydeiniaid" suggests another meaning which is very complimentary to the Cymro, viz., that they were called "Prydeiniaid" on account of their extreme personal beauty. It is hard for a Welshman or a Briton to think of controverting such a handsome testimony. Nevertheless, handsome is what handsome does; a true Briton is he

who has the principles of justice and liberty inscribed on his nature, whose circumcision, as Paul saith, is inwardly, and whose praise is not of philological or archaeological origin, but of a record of virtue and honor. The true Briton is the man that handsome does, and the outwardly Briton alone hardly counts.

THE CYMRY IN WALES—THE WELSH.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips, M. A.

(Continued.)

But for more than two hundred years after the conquest of England by the Normans, Wales, like Scotland, maintained its ancient independence, which she had maintained against the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and all other enemies home and foreign, and was most of the time divided into petty kingdoms, and governed by petty kings, who generally failed to combine their forces against their common foes, but usually turned their swords against each other, till they were weakened and unable to defend themselves, and till Edward I. invaded the country, and in December A. D., 1282, defeated, through treachery, Prince Llewelyn, the last king of Wales. He had for many years defended himself and his country against the united forces of England, when betrayed and deserted, yet bravely maintaining his independence and defending himself, he was overpowered and killed by a band of the king's troops led by Mortimer not far from Builth, in Brecknockshire, South Wales, where his body was buried, and whence his head was sent to Edward at Chester, and thence sent by him to be exhibited in London, and then to rot on the wall of the tower like the head of a common criminal. though it was the head of a prince who had perished bravely defending his people, his country, and his throne against the hand of robbery and the encroachment of tyranny. As at Philippi was buried with Brutus and Crassus, the Republic of Rome, so at Builth was buried with Llewelyn the independence of Wales, which she had bravely defended fourteen centuries against the powers of Rome, the mistress of the world; against the powers of Saxony, the queen of the ocean; against the powers of Denmark, the pirate of the age; and against the power of Normandy, the cavalier of the continent. There it lies with the headless body of the great prince, and thence it will rise and reign with glory when the "United Kingdom" shall become the united republic of Great Britain. Edward, in order to

secure his conquest and reconcile the Welsh to his authority, sent his Queen, Eleanor, to Carnarvon, where, in A. D. 1284, she gave birth to a son, who being thus a native of their country would more readily be acknowledged as their king. From that time the eldest sons of the kings of England have been styled the Prince of Wales, and have as such certain revenue from that country; and from that time Wales has began to be incorporated with England as one country and one people with common interest.

But about the beginning of the fifteenth century Owen Glendower, Prince of North Wales, whom Shakespeare describes in Henry IV., endeavored to shake off the English yoke and styled himself King of Wales. In A. D. 1404 he assembled his parliament at Dolgelly and signed a treaty of alliance with Charles, King of France, which begins in a true regal style, "Owenus dei gratia princeps Walliae;" and concludes "Datum apud Dolgelly." His character and achievements are to patriotic Welshmen objects of veneration and affectionate attachment; his genealogy, exploits and virtues are celebrated by native bards and minstrels; his death is lamented as terminating the last struggle for Welsh independence; and by the inhabitants of this district particularly, everything by the chivalric Owen is revered and cherished. In the ancient church at Corwen, they love to point out the door by which he entered his pew; at Rug, near this town, are exhibited the knife and fork and dagger, enclosed in one case, which he usually bore about his person; and at Sychnant, three miles below Corwen, a clump of firs is shown as marking the sight of the palace, his hospitality and kindness endeared him to his neighbors and retainers."

While Owen Glendower was making brave and desperate effort to regain the independence of his country, and place himself on the throne of his fathers, Providence was preparing to govern Wales and England too in another way and by another blood. Owen Tudor, another Prince of North Wales, was born at Mount Summit Palace, Anglesey, in A. D. 1385. He became one of the body guard of Henry V., and saved his life from sure death in a hotly contested battle on the continent. After the death of the king, a few years later, he married his widow, and by her had three sons and one daughter. One of his sons was Edmund Tudor, father of Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, afterward Henry VII. Thus a British prince and a French princess, a Cymric prince and a Cymric princess, the British and the Gaul, having descended originally from the Cimbri, became the progenitors of a long and illustrious line of kings and queens, which has done more for the United Kingdom than any other.

"Some amusing circumstances are narrated in connection with Owen Tudor's marriage. He appears to have been introduced at court," as the story goes, "as an accomplished

handsome Welsh gentleman, there he seems to have gained favor of Cathrine by a comtion of agility and awkward-; for while dancing before her, tumbled, and unable to recover elf, he fell into her lap as she urrounded by her ladies. Cathquickly resolved to make him usband. The union being con-ed beneath her dignity, a depon of English lords were sent nglesey to learn the condition is mother, and the style of her g. At their unexpected arrival matron was discovered sitting . bank in the field, surrounded er goats, and eating a dried herupon her knees. The lords knowing that Cathrine was deined, did not deem it good y to relate the case exactly as ruth required, but made the folng report: "The lady, they said, found seated in state, surroundy her javelin men, in a spacious and eating her repast from a of such great value that she ld not take hundred of pounds t."

otwithstanding the glaring sins Henry VIII., and Queen Eliza-, their reigns surpassed all that eeded them in the impulse they to learning, civilization and stianity throughout the United gdom and the world. In A. D. Wales was divided by Henry twelve counties, fully united to land, and statute granted the rights and privileges, so that laws of England and Wales toare nominally and substantially the same. In Oliver Cromwell, the great protector, the English government received another infusion of British blood, for according to Carlyle, whose authority few will dare to question, Oliver's grandfather was Williams, born in Wales, and Oliver's grandmother was Cromwell, a kindred of Henry VIII.'s Prime Minister Cromwell, for whose sake the family name was changed from Williams to Cromwell; and Oliver's father married a Steward, a descendant of a Scottish Princess of that name, so that by his father and his mother he connected Wales and Scotland, and by his will and divine Providence revolutionized, protected and promoted England from the third or fourth rank to the first power in Europe.

Impartial and comprehensive study of the ethnology of western Europe and the British Islands forces upon us the belief that the understrata were the Cymric nations, which appeared under different names, in different countries and different ages; and that the upper strata were in the main the same Cymric nations infused with other ethnic blood. The Belgians, French, Bretons, Irish, Scotch, Welsh and many others are these Cymric or Celtic nations under different names and different modifications; and these Cymric or Celtic nations furnish the bulk of the population and substance of the energy of Great Britain. The Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans are simply infusions already infused by Cymric blood. This ethnic union of the an-

cient Britons with these foreign nations who forced their way to the island produced a superior people to lay the foundation and erect the superstructure of the British government, to lay the foundation and erect the superstructure of modern civilization, far superior to either of the parent stock both in strength of character and efficiency of action, as if the good of both were retained, and the bad of both were excluded. In them are remarkably blended poetry and prose, intensity and comprehensiveness, quickness and moderation, impulse and caution, changeableness and stability. The Cymric nations are more sanguine, the Germanic nations more phlegmatic; the Cymric nations are more intense, the Germanic nations more comprehensive; the Cymric nations are more changeable, the Germanic nations more steadfast. Of the Cymric nations the French are the most polite, the Irish the most witty, the Scotch the most learned, and the Welsh the most religious. France and Ireland bear the marks of catholicism; Scotland and Wales the marks of protestantism. The comparatively mild climate of France, Ireland and Wales modifies the characteristics of the inhabitants, and the comparatively cold climate of Scotland modifies the characteristics of the inhabitants. And yet these Cymric nations have their peculiar ethnic traits which distinguish them from and unites them with the Germanic nations to lay the foundation and erect the superstructure of modern civilization.

It is worthy of note that the two great families of nations, the Cymric and the Germanic, the first and second of the Aryan race to leave their eastern home and move westward to possess Europe, and should band together and unite their forces to inaugurate and promote Christian learning and education, to advance the interest of humanity and the kingdom of Christ, till all the nations of the earth shall be educated, civilized and Christianized, so that after so many centuries of ignorance, barbarity and superstition the people begin to see the dawn of intelligence, humanity and religion. It is worthy of note also that these two great families of nations, the Cymric and Germanic, should meet and unite their forces at their farthest distance from home, the extreme west of Europe, on the British Islands, and within the Roman province. On the one side and representative of the Cymric nations there appeared on the arena the Lloegrians, Welsh and Scotch; and on the other side and representative of the Germanic there appeared the Saxons, the Danes and the Normans, who measured their swords on the battlefield; who united their blood in marriage, and who unconsciously united their energies to lay the foundation and erect the superstructure of intelligence, government and civilization, which shall spread among the nations and fill the earth. It is worthy of note, too, that these two great families of nations, the Cymric and the Germanic, should through their representa-

form a language composed of Cymric and Germanic, and yet ict from both, intermixed with k and Latin from their con- ion in Lloegria, Provincia ana, or England, and from their position to Wales, Scotland Ireland, so that that the English uage was born on the south east : of the British Island, of Brit- nd Saxon parents, and Cymric Germanic grandparents, and ld have been named Cymric- nanic or British-Saxon, and not lo-Saxon language. The Eng- derives its name from the place birth, and the place of its birth the Angles, one of the Saxon s who came to the island and posed with others the Hep- y. Hence it is worthy of note er, that neither the Cymric, nor Germanic nations alone, but together constituted the peo- and that neither the Cymric nor Germanic language alone but together constituted the lan- e to lead the van in the enlight- nt, civilization and Christian- n of the race under the name ritish and English; and especial- ly under the name British as more comprehensive and significant.

Among the Cymric nations the Welsh play an important part, and withal bear the ethnic name. They furnish men and means, brains and conscience, will and force to promote the welfare of the race and the development of humanity. Along with the Scotch, and Irish, the Welsh exert a decided influence on the growth and prosperity of the British Empire. There are more Scotch, Irish and Welsh in England than English. Scotch, Irish and Welsh blood underlie and interpenetrate the whole British nation; and Scotch, Irish and Welsh blood, brain and will as often govern as serve the British nation. The Lloegrian and Cornwallian Britons have been for centuries absorbed by, and the Albanian and Cambrian Britons have been for centuries incorporated with the British Saxons, Celts with Goths, Cymry with Germans now live in unison and work together governmentally, ethnically, nominally and virtually to solve the problem of nations and advance the interest of humanity.

(To be continued.)

FLINT.

The smallest of our country's shires thou art,
Thou little Flint, yet with a giant heart
Did'st fight th' invaders at thy threatened gate
The Roman's power and the Saxon's hate.
For hearths and homes thy children fought and bled,
For land and freedom—loved their life to shed.
No Saxon ever dared to say thy band
Of loyal sons denied their native land.

ALLEGED DISCOVERIES OF AMERICA.

By Aneurin Jones (Aneurin Vardd.)

(Continued.)

Reviewing the several passages brought under notice in support of Madoc's voyage westward, we find out of them all only two referring to him, namely the poem of the "Ordeal of the Hot Iron," by Llywarch ab Llewelyn, otherwise called Y Prydydd Moch, the Quick Poet, and the one from Cynddelw's elegy on the family of Owain Gwynedd. The result of the investigation, so far as the contemporary bards are concerned rests entirely on the two last named passages, and those we propose to analyze. The poem on the "Ordeal of the Hot Iron," clearly shows that the bard was suspected of having slain Madoc, and that the purpose of the ordeal was to force a confession from him of his guilt. He very emphatically pleads not guilty without throwing any further light on the matter than a flat denial, and the fate of Madoc is left as mysterious as ever. Madoc could not have left with ten ships and three hundred men as if by stealth for parts unknown. Even the supposition that he had done so would make it unreasonable to accuse anyone of having slain him. Should the charge be made, the rumor of his departure would be brought by the accused in self-defense, but here we have nothing of the kind. The only natural inference that can be drawn from the poem is that Madoc had mysteriously disappeared, and that the bard for some reason was suspected of slaying him and secreting his body to conceal his guilt. He may have been the last seen in his company, but we can procure nothing from him even before the "steel magistrate," and the "hot wounding creature," save a solemn denial calling forth the departed spirits of Thomas and Phylip, and Paul and Andrew to intercede in his behalf and prove his innocence.

Proceeding to Cynddelw's elegy we are strengthened in the belief that Madoc was assassinated. A previous allusion to Madoc in this poem signalizes him as a powerful leader, coupled with Madoc ap Maredudd, his uncle, thus:

Powerful offspring, mightily will the chief be
Celebrated; the valiant leader will be mourned;
Two renowned Madocs we name;
Two contemporary of like aspects, long will be our grief.

Were it known at that time that Madoc, the son of Owain Gwynedd, had voluntarily left the country, owing to his peaceful disposition, as has been set forth, to avoid witnessing the contentions among his brothers, it is evident that he would not be classified with the other lead-

ers renowned for their valor and mourned for their death. The term "coward" in the face of the high esteem in which he was held as a valiant leader, could not be attributed to him, therefore it must necessarily mean some other person, and we can come to no other conclusion but that the "coward" must mean his assassin. The lines,

There was a coward in the hateful conflict,
There was a violent preparation in the passage,"

undoubtedly infers that he was treacherously murdered, and his body secretly disposed of in a manner that no subsequent event has given any light upon it. Having thus failed to obtain any evidence confirmatory of the Madoc navigation story in the works of contemporary bards, we shall now turn to the prose literature of Wales in the furtherance of our investigation.

PROSE LITERATURE WITH REFERENCE TO THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Before bringing the Welsh chronicles to bear on the subject, it will be interesting to publish the different naratives in rotation to show the growth of the story by each narrator over his predecessor. The first will be the allusion to Madoc attributed to Llwyd upon the authority of Gutyn Owain:

"Madoc, another of Owen Gwyneth, his sonnes, left land in contention betwixt his brethren, and prepared certain ships with men and munition, and sought adventures by seas, sailing west, and leaving the coast of Ireland so far north that he came to a land unknown, where he saw manie strange things. This land must needs be some parts of that countrie of which the Spaniards affirm themselves to be the first finders sith Hanno's time; for by reason and order of cosmographie, this land to the which Madoc cam, must needs be some part of North Hispania or Florida. Whereupon it is manifest that that countrie was long before by Britaines discovered afore either Columbus or Americus Vespusius lead anie Spaniards thither. Of the viage and return of this Madoc there be manie fables fained, as the common people doo use in distance of plase and length of time rather to augment than to diminish; but sure it is, that there was. And after he returned home and declared the pleasant and fruitful countries that he had seene without inhabitants, and upon the contrarie part, for what barren and wild ground his brethren and nephews did murther one another; he prepared a number of ships, and got with him such men and women as were desirous to live in quietness, and taking leave of his friends tooke his journie thitherward againe. Therefore it is to be presupposed that he and his people inhabited part of those countries; for it appeareth by Francis Loues that in Acusanas and other places the people honoured the crosse; it may be gathered that Christians had been there before the comming of the Spaniards; but because this people were not manie, they folowed the maners of the land they came unto, and used the language they found there."

The following is Powell's own with the rubrics as they are inserted:

This Madoc arriving in that western countrie, unto the which he came in the year 1170, left most of his people there, and returning back for more of his owne nation, acquaintance and friends to inhabite that faire and large countrie, went thither againe with ten ships, as I find noted by Gytyn Owen, I am of opinion that the land whereunto he came was some part of Mexico. The causes which make me to think so be these: (1) The common report of the inhabitants of that countrie, which affirme that rulers descended from a strange nation, that came thither from a farre countrie; which thing is confessed by Mutezuma, king of that countrie, in his oration made for quieting of his people at his submission to the King of Castile, Herneudo Curteis being then present, which is laid down in the Spanish Chronicles of the conquest of the West Indies. (2) The Brytish words and names of places used in that countrie even to this daie, doo argue the same; as when they talke togither they use this word 'gwrando,' which is hearken or listen. Also they have a certaine bird with a white head (Sir Hugbilb Discoverie), which they call Pengwin, that is, white head. But the Iland of Corroeso, the cape of Bryton, the river Gwyndor, and the white rocke of Pengwyn, which be all Brytish or Welsh words, doo manifestlie shew that it was that countrie which Madoc and his people inhabited."

Hakluyt's "Voyages:" Inasmuch as Hakluyt is quoted as an authority for the Madoc Discovery, in order to show its value it is inserted here:

"The most ancient discovery of the West Indies by Madoc, the sonne of Owen Gwyneth, Prince of North Wales, in the year 1170, taken out of the history of Wales, lately published by M. David Powell, Doctor of Divinity. After the death of Owen Gwyneth, his sonnes fell at debate who should inherit after him; for the eldest sonse born in matri mony, Edward, or Iorwerth Drwyn dwn was counted unmeet to governe, because of the maime upon his face; and Howell, that tooke upon him all the rule was a base sonne, begotten upon an Irish woman. Therefore David gathered all the power he could, and came against Howell, and fighting with him slew him, and afterwards enjoyed quietly the whole land of North Wales, until his brother Iorwerth's sonne came to age.

Madoc, another of Owen Gwyneth his sonnes, left the land in contention betwixt his brethren, and prepared certaine ships, with men and munition, and sought adventures by seas, sailing west, and leaving the coast of Ireland so farre north that he came unto a land unknowen, where he saw many strange things. This land must needs be some part of that country of which the Spanyards affirme themselves to be the first finders since Hanno's time Whereupon it is manifest that that countrey was by Britaines discovered long before Columbus led any

Spaniards thither. Of the voyage and return of this Madoc there may be many fables fained, as the common people due use in distance of place and length of time rather to augment than diminish; but sure it is there he was. And after he had returned home, and declared the pleasant and fruitfull countreys that he had seene without inhabitants, and upon the contrary part, for what barren and wild ground his brethren and nephews did murther one another, he prepared a number of ships, and got with him such men and women as were desirous to live in quietnesse; and taking leave of his friends tooke his journey thitherward againe. Therefore it is to be supposed that he and his people inhabited part of these countreys, for it appeareth by Francis Lopez de Gomara, that in Acuzamil and other places the people honored the cross. Whereby it may be gathered that Christians had bene there before the comming of the Spanyards. But because this people were not many, they followed the maners of the land which they came unto, and used the language they found there."

Here Hakluyt has the marginal note, "M. Powell's addition," referring to the following paragraph:— "This Madoc arriving in that westerne countrey, unto the which he came in the year 1170, left most of his people there, and returning backe for more of his owne nation. Gutun Owain, acquaintance and friends to inhabit that faire and large country, went thither againe with ten sails, as I find noted by Gutyn Owen. I am of opinion that the land whereunto he came was some part of the West Indies." Hakluyt concludes with a Welsh stanza, which will be referred to further on, of which the following is a translation:

"Madoc I am, the sonne of Owen Gwynedd
With stature large, and comely grace adorned;
No lands at home, nor store of wealth me please,
My minde was whole to reach the Ocean seas."

THE COST OF LIVING AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

By Prof. W. W. Davies, Ph. D. (Halle).

Germany attracts a very large number of American students, and will from all appearances continue to do so for years to come. For that reason an article relating to the necessary expense of a year's study in the Fatherland would be interesting to more than one of your readers. College professors in the United States, who have attended the learned institutions of Germany are frequently asked: "What does it cost to live at a German University?" The question has been put to the writer a hundred times. The reply has been invariably, "You can live in Germany as cheaply as you can in the United States." Indefinite as

the answer may seem, it is essentially correct. For as the expenses will depend largely upon the habits and tastes of the individual student as well as upon the location of the college in our own land, so also there will be similar differences in Germany. The cost of board and rooms is much less in colleges like Oberlin, Ohio Wesleyan, University of Wisconsin, and institutions located in towns of from five to twenty thousand, than at Harvard, Chicago or Columbia. The same is true of Germany to some extent, for it is well known that everything is cheaper in little towns like Erlangen, Tubingen, Jena or Marburg, than in Munich, Leipsic or Berlin. I am speaking simply of board and room, for there is a remarkable uniformity in tuition fees all over Germany.

Let us first consider the price of rooms. This will vary in almost every city, depending upon the locality and the elegance of the apartments. Perhaps we could do no better than to take the famous University of Halle as a standard upon which to base our calculations. This city has a population of 120,000, thus the cost of living may be regarded as a fair average, higher than at small towns like Jena or Tubingen, and lower than at Vienna or Berlin. A good sized furnished room may be had at Halle for a dollar or a dollar and a quarter per week. A better apartment with a small bedroom attached will cost fifty per cent. more. A very comfortable room with cabinet including morning coffee, service, that is, care of room, polishing shoes, brushing clothes and numerous other little offices unknown to American students may be had for $6 per calendar month.

German students are generally satisfied with two small cups of coffee and two rolls in the morning, eating, however, another roll or a sandwich about ten. This will trouble Americans at first, for that reason they often keep butter and bread in their rooms, and may, if they desire, get oatmeal or eggs. When coffee is charged extra, it costs from three to five cents a day. Milk may be had for five cents a quart. Breakfast without meat need not cost over ten to twelve cents. Dinner must be taken at a restaurant, and will average twenty-five cents. The price of supper at a restaurant will be nearly the same as that of a dinner. Most students for that reason eat their suppers in their own rooms. The Frau Werthin (landlady) will buy everything, such as bread, butter, eggs, fruit, etc., for the "Herr Student," and thus of course the cost of living is naturally reduced.

It is easy to find places where one may have full "pension," i. e., board and room, at from sixty to one hundred marks per month. The average at Halle this summer is seventy-five or eighty, or about $19 a calendar month. This, including everything except washing, multiplied by twelve amounts to nearly $230 per year. The advantage of boarding in a cultured family is very great, though not without its drawbacks.

especially to those who have not a speaking knowledge of the German language. It is not difficult to find desirable places in the homes of teachers or widows of pastors and government officers. Though this mode of living may not be as pleasant as the restaurant plan, nor as economical as when the student provides for himself, yet it is well worth forty or fifty dollars more for the first year at least.

The above figures are for Halle, the cost would be a fourth less at a smaller town, a trifle more at Leipsic, and at least twenty-five per cent. higher at Berlin. And yet the one item of difference here would be the price of a room, which would be nearly fifty per cent. more than at Halle. According to Prof. Ascherson ("Deutches Universitat Kalender"), a room fifteen to thirty minutes from the University of Berlin, including morning coffee and service, ranges from $9 to $10.25 per calendar month during the summer semester, and about $2 more for heating during the cold season. From the same source we learn that the average student at Berlin gets his room, coffee, service and fire for 360 marks, or $90 for the two semesters, or eight months.

One word about tuition. Lectures cost nearly the same all over the empire. The prices at Berlin, which are about as high as any place, are as follows: Matriculation, $4.50; exmatriculation, $3.50; auditoriengeld, corresponding to the incidental fee of the American colleges, $1.25 a semester; lectures in theology and philosophy average $1.25 per hour, per semester; thus if a student hears twelve lectures per week, the cost for a session of four months will be about $15.00. Law students pay more, and lectures in medicine are still higher—perhaps fifty per cent. In cases of special work in the classics, where students receive individual attention, as in the throat and ear clinics at Halle, a course of one hour daily for five or six weeks costs no less than $75.00, or about $2.00 an hour. It is needless to add that the above figures refer simply to the ordinary living expenses, and do not include the very many little extras, such as books, stationery, clothes, washing, etc., etc. Young ladies who may not desire to visit restaurants, even for dinner, may be compelled to get boarding places, and may have to pay a trifle more.

In conclusion, one word of advice. The great mistake made by most Americans who come to Germany, is not to consult at once with some fellow countryman who has had a year or two of experience in the Fatherland. If this is not possible, then one should have taken the precaution of obtaining a letter of introduction to some reliable family. A letter from an American who has once lived with a German family, no matter how long ago, has wonderful influence, and immediately assures a hearty reception. No greater mistake can be made than to take the advice of hotel clerks and head porters, who know "a leedle English." Whoever speaks a little English to an American who knows no German

will generally charge high, in one way or another, for his services. It is also generally safe to trust the janitor of the University, who always has a list of rooms with prices attached. Some of your readers who have lived in Germany will say that they could get along with less money than the sums mentioned above. Of this there can be no doubt, for the majority of German students do not spend $250 per year. Others will say, that I have underestimated the cost. My answer to both classes is the same. All men are not financiers. This letter is not written for the benefit of those who have $700 or $800 a year to spend, but rather for those who have to count every dollar and cent, for those who have lived in American colleges for $4 a week.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

Comparative criticism and comparative art-thought reach a delightful high-water mark in Dr. Hugh A. Clarke's little book, "Music and the Comrade Arts." The term "little" refers only to the size of this volume of 120 pages. In matter it is weighty and very precious. Dr. Clarke is Professor of Music in the University of Pennsylvania, and is a familiar name in musical and literary circles. He is also a considerable Eisteddfod man, he having adjudicated at a number of the Pennsylvania festivals, giving to those gatherings the benefit of his scholarship, and the inspiration of his presence. The leading magazines are giving much space in reviewing what he writes about "The relations between art and science; the relation between music and the other arts; the relation between art and religion, &c." We do not remember reading anything more interesting and helpful than the chapter on "Vocal and Instrumental Music."

Dr. Edward Grieg, the eminent pianist and composer, gave a concert lately in Copenhagen, to which only small shopkeepers were invited, his idea being that art should appeal to all classes.

It is always pleasant to note the rise and progress of Welsh-Americans. One of the brightest minds and most affable of young ladies in the Chicago musical circle, is Miss Kathryn Williams, pianist and organist of All Souls Church. She ranks among the best pianists of the Kelso School of Musical and Dramatic Art. It is the privilege of the best students in this school to give individual recitals—a most commendable idea—assisted by any talent desirable to the pianist. On the afternoon of June 8, Handel Hall was full of musical listeners to Miss Williams' artistic showing. In such

selections as Chopin's "Etude Op. 225, No. 1," the Schubert-Tausig "Marsch Militar," Raff's "La Filense," Liszt's "La Campanella," and the Beethoven "Menuette," Miss Williams's delightful technique, clear phrasing, and above all, her poetic interpretation of each composition secured the closest attention, and true appreciative applause. Miss Williams has not neglected literary studies, hence the artistic feeling infused into the tone-poems she played so masterfully. Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin and Liszt are "poets of music," and it demands abundance of poetic temperament to interpret their melodic creations. We heartily congratulate Miss Williams upon her decided success.

At Logansport, Indiana, May 13 last, there died a remarkable man—a genius in many ways—Judge Horace P. Biddle. He was eighty-nine years of age, and died on "his island home," honored by his State, and by all American scholars. He was a scientist, poet, musician, lawyer and a literateur of national reputation. He was a conspicuous figure in the scientific musical world. In his music room, one could see violins, violas, and an endless array of stringed instruments, the history of which was at his fingers' ends, besides being able to play upon most of them. About six months ago he kindly sent the writer a copy of "Horace P. Biddle, A Study," a sixty page pamphlet written by his niece, Mrs. Eva Peters Reynolds, containing the history of how he came to write his famous "The Musical Scale," with an addenda of dissertations upon "A Standard Pitch," "Temperament of the Musical Scale," "Analysis of Harmony," &c., &c. In his book "Prose Miscellany," he handles Helmholtz and Tyndall without gloves in regard to the first's theory of sound. There are other essays in the book showing Judge Biddle to be a ripe scholar in natural philosophy, and a master in mathematics. Judge Biddle's essays deserve a review article from a worthy pen. Such a multi-talented man is not seen but seldom among his kind. For sixty years this musician was a member of the bar of Indiana, and a prominent figure in the history of that State. The day after his death, the Logansport "Daily News" said, "Judge Biddle was one of the class of American jurists which the people regarded as the Gibraltar of justice."

In London, May 14th last, another great light in the musical firmament went out, Sir George Grove, whose crowning accomplishment "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," will stand as a monument to his musical scholarship. He contributed much to general literature as well as to music. He edited "Macmillan's Magazine" for several years, and was one of the chief contributors to the "Dictionary of the Bible," edited by Dr. William Smith. He also took a leading part in the formation of the Palestine exploration fund. Recognizing his valuable services

the University of Durham conferred upon him the honorary degree of D. C. L.

The readers of "The Cambrian" we trust, are ready and willing to take a hand in the "Testimonial Fund," tendered to Professor John P. Jones, of Chicago, the veteran musician, and inventor of "The Jones Musical Charts." A Chicago general committee has the matter in charge. The following has been adopted and printed by the committee, as a circular, touching upon the life-labor of Mr. Jones, and the place of the charts in musical science:

"The history of Professor John P. Jones is the history of musical development in Chicago, Racine, Milwaukee, Waukesha, Oshkosh, Cambria, in fact, in all Wisconsin and Illinois. He is now in his seventy-sixth year of his age, has devoted fifty years to theory-teaching, vocal instruction, and research in musical science to the extent of winning the recognition and respect of the leading scientist of the United States and Canada. His most unique and invaluable contribution to the science of acoustics is his 'Visual Charts of the Tonal System.'

"Following in the footsteps of Helmholtz, Professor of Acoustics in the Berlin University, and of John Tyndall, the highest English authority, Professor Jones entered the realm of sound, listened to nature's vibrative articulations, studied and understood their laws, recorded their mathematical precision, and, for the first time in the history of these scientific researches, invented the 'Visual Charts,' giving a detailed view of the diatonic musical scale, with its tonal relations indicated by the rules of measurements. These charts have already been printed on a small scale, but at considerable expense, in order to secure a copyright.

"Professor Jones through his charts has greatly simplified a difficult problem. He has made it possible to have the "deep things" of vibration taught intelligibly through the eye, as well as through the ear, and mathematics in all universities, colleges, high schools, and in private instruction.

"The executive committee, in addition to substantially recognizing the fifty years of the musical labors of Professor Jones, earnestly desires to enable him to bear the great expense of publishing these musical charts in a manner worthy of their scientific worth."

We trust the committee will be untiring in its efforts, that the testimonial will be made national in its scope, and that all will be crowned with satisfactory success.

FIELD OF LETTERS

Beriah Evans's book "The Reformers of Wales," which is having a phenomenal sale among the Welsh, is causing great commotion in religious (and secular) circles in Wales. The book is professedly non-sectarian; but such a feat being almost, if not altogether, impossible, in a country so intensely sectarian as Wales, it has already raised considerable bad feeling, and the Welsh welkin looks dark and threatening for some time to come. The storm centres around the character of the celebrated Howell Harris, who has until now been considered a matchless saint. He appears to have been a powerful preacher, but intolerant, arrogant and strong-headed, which the story of his life bears out. Evans's revelation of his private life, his apocryphal relationship with Madam Griffith, has excited opposition and bitterness among the admirers of Harris's career, but yet the story as unfolded in the book is merely a repetition of what has been before published. One result of the discussion will be the lowering of Harris in the estimation of the Welsh. He may have done considerable service in his time in arousing Wales from a state of moral and spiritual stupor, but the supremacy of the Harris's regime in religion in Wales would have resulted in sectarian popery. There is evident danger in too much churchliness. Wickliff showed his good sense in appealing for the subjection of the religious arrogance of his time to the secular power. Absolute religious power degenerates into the worst kind of corruption and despotism.

"Young Wales" for June has the following article: "Characteristics of Childhood," by R. E. Hughes, B. A., B. Sc.; "A Maid of Cymru," by the Two Wynnes; "Welsh Folk-Lore" (II.) by T. Griffiths-Jones; "Welsh Literary Echoes and Impressions," by Ernest Rhys; "The Musical Instruments of Cymru Fu," by Richard Williams, F. R. H. S.

"Eynon" in the July number of the "Cronicl" discusses War, Jingo and the People, Lloyd George, M. P., Dr. Ryle, the Monmouth Association, the United Free Church, etc. The variety department has several interesting papers; then follow "Events of the Month" by the Editor.

—"Eynon" laments the warlike aspect of things in Great Britain, also the war spirit which seems to have possessed young and old; men, women and children in all parts of the kingdom. Although he pretends to withhold his own personal view, his position is quite unmistakable. The two dangers between which Britain is sailing are Jingo and the Saloon. Although Jingo now holds sway, "Eynon" expresses his belief that the Lord over-rules Jingo in some mysterious way to bring things into order in the near future.

—Upon the unusual service performed at Brecon when two of the Professors were ordained for the ministry, the Editor expresses an opinion which is not altogether clear. It seems that they were ordained to meet the exceptionable needs of poor and remote churches who have no regular ministrations. It is suggested that the ordination was unnecessary since the poor churches could minister to themselves without an ordained minister. There is nothing un-

reasonable in ordaining people otherwise employed to preach and minister during their leasure time.

"Tom Paine and the 'Rights of Man'" is continued in July "Cwrs y Byd;" then follows an installment of the religious drama, entitled "Penrhiwgaled" (Act IV., Scene 5); "A Sermon," by the Rev. D. Jones, Gwernllwyn; General Notes by the Editor; "Bees in a Bell," by D.; "A Trip to Paris;" Correspondence, Notes, Poems, etc.

—"Cwrs" animadverts upon a sectarian luxury common in Wales, viz., schism, splitting, dissension and division. This, the "Cwrs" states, happens most frequently in weak churches. In strong churches these quarrels are settled summarily. They can afford to expel the disturbing elements forthwith. The trouble is generally caused by unsuccessful candidates for church positions, deaconship, etc., who deteriorate into soreheads, mugwumps and nuisances, who leave to start a new "cause," with themselves as leaders. Often one of these are found acting as deacon, secretary, treasurer and factotum in the new church.

—"Cwrs" gives a plausible reason also for the inefficiency of the Liberal party in the British Parliament. Its members are half-hearted in the cause of temperance and disestablishment, because they are in some way or other connected with the liquor traffic and the Church establishment. They or their friends or their friends' relatives have money invested in saloons and breweries; others have sons or cousins, or what not, snugly situated in the Church; so when a struggle is imminent, they feel like "dealing gently" in the words of David about Absalom, with the establishment.

In the "Traethodydd" for July, appears a poem by Iolo Caernarfon, entitled "After This;" "A Review of James Ward's Naturalism and Agnosticism," by D. Adams, B. A., Liverpool; "The Founders of Wesleyism in Wales," by R. Lloyd Jones; "Is the Old Faith in the principles of Right Weakening?" by D. Powell; "Poets and Poetry of the 19th Century," by D. G., Bethel; "The New Methodist Hymnal," by J. Puleston Jones, M. A., and Dyfed; "The Part taken by the Welsh in the Formation of the American Republic," by Rev. J. Roberts, D. D., New York; Literary Notes, etc.

—The opening lines of the poem "After This are weak. It is not propriety to say that summer and winter do anything like "ymwibio" through in "cerbydau cudd." "Rhith" is evidently out of place. There is reason to believe that "coeth" and "poeth" serve the rhyme more than the reason of the lines. There is a crudeness in the description.

—D. Adams's paper brings us face to face with the question of the Welsh language. We must say that some of our newly created words are unworthy of adoption. There is a tendency amongst us to allow every writer to make his own words, which of late has introduced some very strange ones into Welsh. "Bywydeg" is good for "Biology," and the formation of such words are correct and natural; but "naturioleg" and "anwybyddeg" are miserable. If "bywydeg" is correct, then "naturioleg" is wrong and vice versa. "Naturalism" becomes in Welsh "naturiolaeth," which signifies the "ism" that everything is "natural." We are certainly in need of a school of language devoted to the creation of appropriate Welsh words to meet present and future demands.

—In the paper by Dr. J. Roberts, we find a recapitulation of the facts believed in by the Welsh and the claims made as regards the part played by men of Welsh extraction in the formation of the Republic; but there is one fact which is generally ignored, viz., that the number of those Welsh leaders have decreased during the century. Of late, we can point to no names such as Roger Williams, Jefferson, Harrison, Garfield,

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ly "Drysorfa" opens with a
sermon by the late Rev. T.
ls, "The Place of the Resur-
the Gospel," based on 1 Cor.
"De Quincy, Wales and the
Methodists," by the Rev. H.
Bryncir; "The Rev. Dr. Owen
(III.), by John Morgan, Mold;
in the Heart," by the Rev.
n, B. A., Bethesda; "Gustavus
" by the Rev. R. Jones;
Saw and Heard in Llangyn-
Cadrawd; "Crumbs from the
ard Morgan's Sermons;" "Our
vith the Church," by Mr. John
onthly Notes," by the Editor;
Swansea; Reports, Reviews,
, etc., etc. The frontispiece is
trait of the Rev. D. Lloyd
A., Llandinam.

first part of De Quincy's cele-
ok, "Confessions of an Opium
ere are certain references or
of the author's experiences
s retirement in Wales when
ng man. He writes of a cer-
y where he resided a few days,
idness and courtesy he com-
ighly, and especially compli-
beauty and loveliness of the
for whom he penned several
rs. The Rev. Henry Hughes
s in the above article to dis-
identify the family, and it
t he has succeeded in accom-
the task. The paper is ex-
teresting and satisfactory.

awd" tells the story of Llan-
n an entertaining way. He
with a sketch of the old
ouse built by Rhys Howell,
for the use of the C. M. a
go, called "Graig Fach." It
y four walls, with a stone roof,
ws, and a door in the centre;
a small cupboard in the wall under lock and key, where the communion vessels were kept, as well as the itinerant preacher's meal. He preached at Pontrhydyfen in the morning, at Graig Fach in the afternoon, and in Glynogwr in the evening. The usual food prepared for him was bread, meat, cheese, butter and a bottle of beer. During those days of religious fervor beer was a help rather than an abomination.

The frontispiece in the "Dysgedydd" for July is a fine portrait of the Rev. T. John, Llanelly, Chairman of the Union; then follow articles, papers, obituaries, reports, reviews, poems, etc., "Why we Ordain," by Principal D. Rowlands, Brecon; "Can Nonconformity Survive Without Public Prayers?" by the Rev. R. Hughes, Bangor; "The Sound of a Going," by D. Lloyd, Llanegryn; "The Singing Leader," by the Rev. T. S. Lewis, Llanigan; "Missions," by Bryniog; "Reminiscences of the Revival of 1859" (XIII.), by W. J. Parry, Bethesda; Sunday School Lesson; "A Sermon," by the Rev. Lewis Williams, Bontnewydd.

—It is becoming the fashion now to regard ordinations with contempt, since people kind of believe that the minister differs little from the ordinary layman. They seem to hold that to regard the ministry as a separate and privileged order is a relic of superstition. It seems also that naught is too sacred or dignified to escape such attacks. Yet a true minister should be chosen and ordained of God; else it matters little how he is ordained of men, for he will not be divinely commissioned to do his work. No church has a right to call a man to do its work unless convinced that he has been divinely appointed. But that does not alone suffice; a man called of God should also be appointed visibly and authorized officially by the church, to go about the work of God.—"Why we Ordain."

—In the article "The Sound of a Going," the writer discusses the tenden-

cies of the age. There is the sound of a going towards scepticism; a sound of going towards education and enlightenment; a sound of going towards political life and excitement; a sound of going backwards towards popery and superstition; a sound of going and sinking into drunkenness and increase of liquor power; a sound of going towards a love of power and war; the sound of going on with extensive mission work; and a sound of going and carrying the remains of those who had been good and useful to their last resting places. The moral is to turn the going toward benefiting and blessing the age.

Among other interesting short articles, sketches and skits in the "Trysorfa y Plant" for July, are two portraits and the lives of the Rev. W. Morris Lewis, Tyllwyd, Pembrokeshire, and the late Rev. T. Phillips, D. D., the faithful agent of the Bible Society for 34 years. Dr. Phillips was a native of Landovery, and began to preach in 1821, when in his 16th year. He moved to Hay, Radnor, in 1826, and to Hereford in 1839. In 1866 he represented the Society at the Jubilee of the American Bible Society in New York. He died in 1870, in his 64th year. The Rev. William Morris Lewis was born in 1839, and studied some time at the Bala and Trevecca Colleges, but his education was interrupted by sickness and by the death of his father. Mr. Lewis is a scholarly man, and has contributed largely to such religious publications as the "Expositor," the "Thinker," and the Biblical World." He has been appointed to prepare and deliver the "Davies Lecture" at the General Assembly of the Calvinistic Methodists at Llanberis, this year. When addressing the Bala students six years ago, he stated facetiously that years ago, his was the only name which stood between Principal T. C. Edwards and the worst in a certain way.

—This number also contains extracts from two Welsh letters from Welsh settlers in Alexandra Colony, South America, one from a M. Morgans, and the other from Elizabeth Uribe. They number only 30 in the settlement, and they have not heard a Welsh sermon since they left Wales. They make great use of the Bible and other Welsh books which they prize highly. They get the "Trysorfa," which circulates amongst them, and is fondly welcome by all. Mrs. Uribe confesses that she could write Spanish better, but she preferred to express herself in her beloved Cymraeg.

The question naturally arises why did such men as Daniel Rowlands, Howell Harris, Jones, Llangan, Griffiths, Nefern, in Wales, and Wesley and Whitefield in England, break into nonconformity to work outside the discipline of the church they so loved and honored! There is only one reply. The state of religious affairs called for independent action. In the beginning of the 18th century, religion in England and Wales was in a very degraded state. Ignorance, infidelity, immorality and indifference to spiritual interests were general. As a natural result the church had fallen into a moribund state. Not the church alone, but also the nonconforming denominations. They were also inactive and shiftless; in fact, irreligion like a shadow had spread its gloom over the whole of Europe. So, it was not within the Church of England, this pitiable state of irreligion existed, but it was a general misfortune come over Christendom. Although this solemn fact is often used by Nonconformists and sectarians to reproach the Church, yet, in fairness, all religious partizans should be included in the condemnation. It was the winter of religion with very little sign of life, but yet underneath the seeming lifelessness the seeds of a future awakening were there waiting for the coming springtime.—"Yr Haul."

SCIENTIFIC

Although looked upon as an evil, pain is kind. It tells that the laws of nature have been violated, and warns us to correct the cause. If it were not for pain we should go on doing things that would destroy us. Pain is a warning that something is wrong, and, instead of trying to hush the pain with some drug we should seek to remove the cause.

Chinese books are printed on boards on which the characters have been cut. There is no alphabet in the Chinese language, but 214 radicals or root characters, which enter into the formation of all the other characters, each of which represents a word. The characters are written one beneath another in columns and are read from top down, and the columns are read from the right to the left. The number of words in the language are about 40,000, but only a small part of these are known to any but the literati.

Dr. Edward Thorndike of the Western Reserve University, has made some interesting experiments on mental fatigue. We are used to think of the mind as a machine, and our inability to work as a sign of its loss of energy. Sleep is supposed to restore the energy, as an accumulator is recharged with electricity. The incorrectness of this view might be questioned by the fact that mental action is too complex for such simplicity, and that some minds do not tire with large amounts of work. Dr. Thorndike's experiments show that certain persons are as fit for hard mental work after a day of it as in the morning, and seem to have no analogy with a charged accumulator.

More books are published in France each year than in Great Britain and the United States combined; more books of a serious nature especially, since France publishes only a quarter as many novels as England, and only half as many as the United States. In pure learning and in science (in which latter, despite the deaths of the leaders of research, Pasteur and Charcot, she was never more earnest than now), she is second only to Germany, and her competition with Germany is growing keener every day.

Why is it that woman has always been more beautiful than man? In human beings the attractive qualities have always been on the side of the female. Why is it? Without wishing to cast any aspersion on the members of the superior sex, we may fairly answer that it is because they have hitherto been the less educated. But woman's ideas are changing; she has listened to the voice of the tempter, whispering in her ear all sorts of sweet fallacies about equality of the sexes, intellectual development and its necessity and the like, and she has yielded to the temptation. And the result of this will be that she will lose her beauty; she will suffer in appearance as man has done and is doing, and in the course of time the extremely civilized races of mankind will be ugly —irretrievably and lamentably ugly.— Pearson's Magazine.

The pay of the Chinese soldier indicates that he must be an even more economical person than the New Zealand bushman, who was able to live on £4 10s. a year (on which he kept a horse and entertained)! The Chinese private at £2 8s. per annum is extremely inexpensive compared with the Englishman at £77, the Russian at £48, and the Italian—the cheapest of European soldiers—at £41. On this three-half-pence a day there is little fear of

bursts of dissipation, though the cavalryman has an extra 8s. a month for his horse, out of which he replaces the animal if it be killed. The Japanese gentleman who keeps up a house and two servants on £100 a year, and the Swiss who expends as much as 2f. a day seem criminally extravagant, for in India only one man in 700 pays income tax (which is levied on everything over £33 a year)! Why not cable over a few pounds to buy off the entire Chinese army?

The so-called horse-sickness which is endemic in the Orange River Colony, Transvaal, Natal, Rhodesia, and Bechuanaland, and occasionally in Cape Colony, is getting to be very serious, and efforts are being made to render the horses immune. Fortified serum derived from immune horses almost invariably produces fatal results when injected into horses suffering from horse-sickness. The fortified serum is a useful agent if properly used, and is capable of preventing the onset of horse-sickness. Judicious treatment with the serum will assist in bringing about a cure, for if the animal is gradually accustomed to the toxin until it can receive an injection of 100 to 200 cc. of serum, virulent blood can be injected without danger.

In the large sawmills of Joseph Fialla, in Austria, the sawdust is utilized by being made up into briquettes; these form a good combustible for boiler furnaces or household use. The sawdust is impregnated with a mixture of tarry substances and heated to the proper temperature; it is then passed over a plate of iron heated by steam, from which a screw conveyor takes it to the screw-press, where it is compressed into briquettes of the required size. The press turns out 19 per minute, weighing 2-5 of a pound each, and measuring 6x2½x1½ inches. The calorific power is about the same as that of lignite, with but 4 per cent. of ash. The factory turns out more than 6,000,000 briquettes a year; the cost is about 16 cents per thousand, and the selling price reaches one dollar, leaving a considerable margin of profit.

Every step mankind has made in the direction of truth, enlightenment, and progress is to be credited to agitators. The prophets of old were agitators; Christ was one; every pioneer of liberty and civilization was an agitator. Without agitators the world would still be plunged in darkness, and we but little better than the aboriginal savage. Agitation differentiates the true from the false prophet. If we are blundering in the Orient, agitation will reveal our error. If we be right, agitation will justify us. No righteous cause has ever been hindered by agitation. Every wickedness and tyranny and vice has trembled and fallen before it.—Washington Post.

Marriage by capture has left its traces on our wedding custom of the present day. The "best man" of to-day is the successor of the strong armed warrior who formerly assisted the would be bridegroom to carry off the lady of his choice from her family. The wedding ring symbolizes the fetter by which she was bound, and the throwing of slippers after the departing couple is a survival of the time when angry missiles were hurled by the baffled pursuers of the captor and his prize. Even the modern honeymoon recalls the time when the bridegroom had to hide away his bride until the consent of her relatives had been gained to the marriage.

At the present day in remote districts in Ireland marriage is considered a tame affair unless the bridegroom runs away with his bride, and in some parts of Wales a mock resistance to the entrance of the bridegroom at the house of the bride's parents forms a part of the recognized ceremonies.

rious case was tried before the ourts in Vienna the other day ıg a claim arising out of a rail- ident. The plaintiff stated that received internal injuries as the f the accident. The medical ex- aintained that the shock of the ıad caused the heart of the plain- hange from its normal position, lower down in his body. This was received with incredulity jury, but their scepticism was l when they applied their hands nan's ribs and could feel the or- ting in the usual manner. The men stated that the sufferer ive for several years notwith- g the extraordinary displace- his heart, but that he was more o heart failure and would expe- reat difficulty in doing his work. these circumstances the jury l the plaintiff heavy compensa-

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CHINA'S EGOTISM.

Chinese claim superiority over ther nation, power, and race. ıildhood they are told that they greatest and most powerful on earth, and every fact likely uce a different impression is y explained away. Thus when press was forced to receive the f the foreign embassies in audi- thing unheard of formerly in the administration gave out the g. The foreign devils lately come very bothersome, and it cessary to give them a severe Their women have therefore dered to the palace to ko-tow— row themselves in the dust—be- Empress. Another glaring in- of the manner in which Chinese s satisfied to keep the people in ımor with the "best of govern- is the explanation given to the ence of Russia, France, and y at the end of the war against These barbarous vassal states were simply ordered by the "Son of Heaven" to drive the hated little wo- jen, the Japanese, into the sea!

Every soldier in the British Army carries in his haversack what is known as the "Emergency Ration." This consists of a small tin cylinder, similar to a pocket spirit flask, divided into two compartments. One of these is filled with 4 ounces of cocoa paste; and the other contains a similar quantity of concentrated beef (pemmican.) As its title implies the ration is not to be used except in the cases of direct necessity, and if consumed in small quantities it will maintain strength for 36 hours. The tin has to be produced at parades and daily inspections, and the soldier who does not display his ration is severely dealt with. The tin must not be opened on any account, except by order of an officer. The ingredients may be either spread upon a biscuit like butter, or boiled up as cocoa or soup. Each tin contains sufficient quantities of the foodstuffs to make four pints of each.

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LOCUSTS AS FOOD.

In Morocco wagon loads of locusts are brought to the market in Fez, because they form a regular article of ıood for the Moors who inhabit this part of north Africa. Here, also, the locusts are eaten in every style, pickled, salted, simply dried, smoked or in any other possible way, except raw. The negroes on the northern coast of Africa prefer locusts to pigeons, and they eat from 200 to 300 at a sitting. They remove head, wings and legs, boil them for half an hour in water, then add salt and pepper and fry them in vinegar. In a similar way locusts are prepared at other points in Africa and Asia. Preserved in salt pickle they form a staple article of commerce. Locusts in Africa are also compressed, when fresh, in barrels, and are then dished out like butter at meal times.—Chicago Tribune.

A SIMPLE WATER TEST.

All drinking water should be tested in town or country frequently, as there are other impurities besides sewage which are quite as deadly, and every cistern of water is liable to be a source of blood poisoning. Mice, rats and other pests must have water, and many a case of typhoid is set up by such as these falling into the cistern and remaining there for months in a decomposed state.

To detect this impure condition is very simple and unfailing. Draw a tumbler of water at night, put a piece of white lump sugar into it, and place it on the kitchen mantleshelf or anywhere that the temperature will not be under 60 degrees F. In the morning the water, if pure, will be perfectly clear; if contaminated by sewage or other impurities, the water will be milky. This is a simple and safe test, well known in chemistry.

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CHINESE CONCEPTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

The religion of T'ien-chu [lit., "Sect of the Lord of Heaven"] originated with Jesus. Its adherents falsely assert that Jesus was endowed with divine gifts. * * * Priests are for the most part educated to their profession from their childhood. They are emasculated. * * * Those who enter this religion practise wickedness with the priests without restraint. Every seventh day all assemble in church. * * * When the ceremonies are over all give themselves up to debauchery. This they call "the Great Communion," or "Love Gathering!" * * *

They make use of occult and devilish arts and bewitch the ignorant by magical arts and incantations, so they joyfully enter the sect. * * * When a person enters this religion the teacher gives him four ounces of silver and a pill. When he has taken this pill his whole mind is confused and darkened, so that he destroys his ancestral tablets and only worships an image of a naked child which points one finger toward heaven and another toward the earth. They say this is the Prince Jesus. Families having daughters, on entering their religion, restrain one of them from marriage. These are the guardians of the locks and keys of the chest containing magical spells and incantations. They are called "the old women who open the chest." * * * In case of funerals, the religious teachers eject all the relatives and friends from the house, and the corpse is put into the coffin with closed doors. Both eyes are secretly taken out, and the orifice sealed up with a plaster. The reason for extracting the eyes is this: From one hundred pounds of Chinese lead can be extracted eight pounds of silver, and the remaining ninety-two pounds of lead can be sold at the original cost. But the only way to obtain this silver is by compounding the lead with the eyes of Chinamen. The eyes of foreigners are of no use for this purpose.

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SCHOOLS IN CHINA.

There is no "public school system" in China. Only the well-to-do or wealthy have the advantages of an education, unless the missionaries or generous Chinese open schools in behalf of the masses. There are a few native charity schools, but only a few. The Chinese boy starts to school when about six years of age. A fortune-teller is called, and after ascertaining the boy's age, date of birth, etc., he fixes the day upon which the boy is to start on his educational career. On the lucky day appointed by the wise man, the boy, dressed in his best, with hair neatly combed and head smoothly shaven, presents himself to the teacher, gives him a small present, bows his head to the floor three times, thereby signifying that he is willing to obey his commands.

Milton on the Welsh: "An old and haughty nation, proud in arms."

A native of Pembrokeshire, Robert Recorde, was one of the first, if not the first, in England to adopt the Copernican system.

The Welsh Regiment are the only corps in the British Army authorized to take a pet on parade. This pet is, of course, the Welsh goat.

Three Welsh regiments—the Fusiliers, the 1st Welsh, and the Borderers—are now in the fighting line of Lord Roberts's army of invasion.

Prof. Rhys asserts that the word "Brython" merely means the "cloth-clad" people, as distinct from the aborigines, who wore skins.

One of the best tourists guides in Palestine is a Welshman named Hughes. He is a native of Bettws-y-Coed, in North Wales, and keeps an inn in Jerusalem.

Out in South Africa one of the features of camp life is the singing of Welsh hymns by the Welsh Regiment. There was once a stirring scene in Buller's camp at Chieveley, when the Welsh Fusiliers rolled out the impressive words and music of "O Fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled."

Though large in acreage, Radnorshire is sparse in population, but the Church people are loyal with thoroughness. Many interesting old piles in the county are sadly in need of restoration, and the Church people are setting to work to see that these are attended to. Shortly the sounds of the hammer and the trowel may be expected in the parish churches at Cregrina, Howey, Llanbedr and Llandrindod Wells.

These lines are inscribed on a sun dial in the churchyard at Trefnant:—

"Sun rise and set
Till men forget
The day is at the door,
When they shall rise no more.
O everlasting sun,
Whose race is never run,
Be thou my endless light,
Then shall I fear no night."

A box of stonecutter's tools is one of the prizes offered in the second edition of the list of subjects of the Liverpool National Eisteddfod. These tools were the property of the late Mr. Edward Jones, Hirael, Bangor, who left them by will to be offered as a prize at the first National Eisteddfod to be held after his death. The committee of the Eisteddfod have added a money prize of two guineas to be given with the box of tools for the best carving in slate.

Dark hair and grayish or hazel eyes is a combination prevailing among the western Irish and southern Welsh. So striking is the brunetness in the latter case that we find an early writer in this century, the Rev. T. Price, ascribing the prevalence of black hair in Glamorganshire to the common use of coal as fuel!

As to their personal habits the Cymry

seem to have been cleanly. In the laws we have allusions to the bath; the custom of offering water to guests was also practiced. Both sexes cut their hair short—close round to their ears and eyes. The men shaved all their beard except the moustache. All paid great attention to their teeth, which they rendered like ivory by constantly rubbing them with green hazel and wiping with a woolen cloth.—"The Welsh People."

Giraldus says that all seasons the Welsh defended themselves from the cold only by a thin cloak and tunic; but the laws give the worth of other articles of wearing apparel, a mantle, a cap, a coat (pais), shirt and trousers, a head cloth, &c. Down to the early years of this century it was not unusual in Wales for people to go to bed naked.

G. T. Matthews of New York, writing from Blaenafon, Mon., S. W., says: "We came here from Crickhowell a few days ago, and yesterday we visited Llanover the residence of the late Lady Llanover. The scenery from the top of the mountain is the most extensive, varied and beautiful ever seen; less rugged but more picturesque than North Wales. It is generally conceded that the Vale of Usk, from Newport to Brecon compares very favorably with any in Switzerland, the climate being soft and balmy like that of the Adirondacks and Sullivan Co., N. Y. The roads also are marvels of perfection." Mr. Matthews is a native of Crickhowell, but before he emmigrated into the States spent five years at Newport, where he was one of the founders of the Y. M. C. A.

The Welsh disposition or temperament is less familiar to us in America than the Irish. Buoyant and lively; the feelings rise quickly to expression. This mental type is keen in perception, not eminent for reasoning qualities; "a quick genius" as Matthew Arnold puts it, "checkmated for want of strenuousness or else patience." Apt to fall into difficulty by reason of impetuousness, it is readily extricated through quick resourcefulness. In decision, leaning to the side of sentiment rather than reason; always ready in the words of Henri Martin, to react against the despotism of fact.—"Races of Europe."

"In the June number of 'Cymru,'" writes a Dyfed man, "Mr. John Thomas, Cambrian Gallery, attributes the authorship of a certain well-known englyn to 'Wil 'Sgeifiog.' The englyn is:

'Y Calfiniaid cul fynant—eu rhodres
Yn Llanrhaiadr Mochnant;
Yn Rhosllanerchrugog crogant
Bob Armin, Sosin, a sant.'

Mr. Thomas states that 'Wil' composed the englyn in reply to a challenge from 'Talhaiarn,' who made a bet of ten shillings that he ('Wil') could not include two place-names within the compass of one stanza. In Cardiganshire the englyn is attributed to the late Mr. William Jenkins ('Gwilym Gwenog'). 'Gwilym' was a Sosin, and cared little for Calvinists. Perhaps Mr. John Thomas will state on what authority he fathers the englyn upon 'Gwilym Ysgeifiog.' The matter is worth clearing up."

More than fifty years ago the famous Welsh preacher Caleb Morris and a number of friends toured on the Continent. By degrees they reached the banks of the Rhine. One day while looking out of the window of the hotel, the preacher said, "Beth pe byddem yn troi i'r Gymraeg, fechgyn" ("Suppose we talk Welsh, friends"). And they talked in the language of North Pembrokeshire. The landlady was moving about, and one of the company observed that she seemed interested in the conversation. Gradually she drew closer, and addressed the company in Welsh. Asked what part of Wales she came from and did she know anybody, she replied, "I know one man, and I should like to see him very much. His name is

Caleb Morris. It was he who gave me the right hand of fellowship at the Congregational chapel at Narberth many years ago." "I am Caleb Morris," said the divine, grasping the landlady's hand. The woman was in service at Narberth during Morris's ministry there, was married to a German, and eventually the pair settled down in their beautiful hotel on the Rhine.

The following is an extract from the report of an episcopal visitation made by Dr. Lewis Bailey, Bishop of Bangor, in 1623: "Llanfairpwllgwyngyll and Llandysilio.—There had been only two sermons in these places for the last twelve months, which were delivered by the Rector, Sir (or Rev.) John Cadwaladr. Pennion.—No sermon preached there five or six years last past. Llangwyllog.—No sermons at all. Llanddeusant and Llanfairynghornwy.—They had but three sermons since last Whitsuntide twelvemonth. The curate spent his time in taverns, was a public drunkard and brawler, quarreling with his parishioners and others." Of the clergyman at Aberdaron, in Carnarvonshire, it is complained that he neglected to bury a dead child, which lay uninterred from Saturday until Sunday, and that on one occasion when he came to the church he seemed drunk, and went straight from the service to the tavern. —"The Welsh People."

When Shelley sought solitude from the madding crowd he found it in the picturesque Elan Valley in Radnorshire. "The scenery is divine," he said, and on another occasion he wrote what he could see from the window of his Welsh home:—"Rocks piled on each other to an immense height, and clouds intersecting them; waterfalls 'midst the umbrage of a thousand shadowy trees." Close to the poet's home is a church and a chapel and a little God's-acre, a score or two of homesteads, and peace and picturesqueness everywhere. That is how Shelley saw it. Now five thousand men are working busily day after day to change and obliterate the scene, for this is the site of Birmingham's new reservoir, and the hive of workers will not depart before Shelley's home and its surroundings are submerged in a great lake, which will have the mountain-tops for its embankment.

Twelve years ago "Cymru Fu," in the March number, gives the whole story of the rise into existence of "God Bless the Prince of Wales," together with the correspondence which passed between Brinley Richards and Ceiriog Hughes. These two gentlemen accidentally met at the Carnarvon Eisteddfod of 1862, and made each other's acquaintance at the office of a local newspaper. The meeting resulted in the Welsh bard suggesting that a poem he had in his mind in celebration of the coming of age of the Prince of Wales and of his approaching marriage might be set to music. Brinley Richards jumped at the idea, and, having not very long after received from Ceiriog Hughes the original Welsh poem composed a melody to it. It is understood that for the purchase of "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and in fees Brinley Richards received in all a sum of about 110 guineas. As for Ceiriog Hughes, his share amounted to a gold signet ring, with an inscription, "From Brinley Richards to Ceiriog Hughes, 1863, presented to him by the composer."

Beginning with the known and proceeding to the conjectural statistics, we find that according to the census returns of 1891 the population of England and Wales was 29,002,525, and that of Wales (including Monmouthshire) was 1,776,405; so that the population of the latter area was about one-sixteenth of that of the former. In the census for 1801, we find that the figures for England and Wales are 8,892,536, and for Wales and Monmouthshire 586,634.

Before 1801 no direct and trustworthy enumeration of the inhabitants of England and Wales had taken place. Perhaps the best known is that made by Gregory King. He based his calculation on the number of houses returned in 1690 by the officers who made the last collection of the hearth money, and the conclusion at which he arrived at was that the population of England was 5,500,000. The number of houses in Wales (excluding Monmouthshire) was in 1690 was 77,921. Assuming that each house contained five persons, the population of Wales amounted to 389,605. The population of Wales and Monmouthshire at the end of the 15th century was not greater than 150,000.—"The Welsh People."

Apparently the Welsh section (in the educational branch) in the Paris Exhibition is highly satisfactory. This is how the "Morning Post" correspondent sums it up:—"The Welsh section is naturally the smallest of the three. In striking contrast to the Scottish section the university system is here well represented. This, together with the screen and table devoted to intermediate schools, should not only prove of interest to foreigners, but should open the eyes of those English visitors who are still blind to the need or possibility of a system of university and secondary education embracing the most intelligent and deserving among all classes of the people. Judging merely from the exhibits here shown, it appears that Wales has solved the difficult problem which is at present occupying the attention of the English people. Those who still believe that the Anglicizing of the people is one of the first objects of education in Wales will read with dismay the statistics showing the large proportion of the population which still speaks Welsh only.

The Welsh chronicles contain some very interesting records commemorating many violent earthquakes or convulsions of the earth within the Principality of Wales. We read in one of the triads of the three subordinate islands of the Isle of Britain, viz., Orkney, Man and Wight, when the land was so rent by the sea that Anglesey became an island in the same manner as the above islands were cut away from the mainland.

Another triad says that in the time of Alavon, who was a very good king, a tremendous earthquake occurred, until the mountains and rocks were rent, and the rivers being diverted from their beds ran through the chasms of the ground. It is supposed by some that the extraordinary bed of the Avon from Bristol to the Severn is evidently an immense cleft formed by some tremendous convulsion; and Caer-odor-nant (the city of the rift river), the Welsh name of the ancient City of Bristol, seems to support that hypothesis. Commenting on this triad, Mr. Taliesin Williams writes:—"Whether this rupture was produced by an earthquake similar to that recorded in the text, or by volcanic eruption, cannot now be determined, further than that the agency of the latter may be rationally inferred from the proximity of Brandon Hill to it." I am informed by persons who have examined the district that the original course of the river Avon through Somersetshire from Nailsea, near Bristol, to its confluence with the Severn at Clevedop may still be traced.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

PROF. DANIEL PROTHEROE, MUS. BAC.

Among the numerous Welsh-American musicians who are slowly but surely reaching the pinnacle of fame, none is more respected (and deservingly so) than the versatile and accomplished musician and teacher, Daniel Protheroe, Mus. Bac., of Milwaukee, Wis. By dint of energy and perseverance, coupled with conscientious study, he has, through his compositions and ability as a director, made his name famous among musicians and singers in this country and England. Such a condition of affairs must prove a source of much gratification to himself as well as his numerous friends, who have watched his career with hopes for his success which have been fully realized.

Prof. Daniel Protheroe.

The subject of our sketch was born in Ystradgynlais, South Wales, November 24, 1866. He attended the board school at that place, afterwards going to the Normal College, Swansea. His first schoolmaster was the Rev. David Adams (Hawen), now of Liverpool, England.

While very young he started competing in Eisteddfodau, winning prizes when only five years of age. At the age of six he was one of the leading altos in the Cwmgiedd Choir, conducted by the late Silas Evans, one of the most noted directors South Wales ever produced. Shortly after he became a member of a class organized by John T. Rees, Mus. Bac., for the study of the Tonic Solfa notation. He made rapid progress, and ultimately studied with George Emery, Mus. Bac.; Dyfed Lewys, the celebrated Welsh tenor; Rev. Wm. Fairhurst, Dr. Joseph Parry, principal of the University College of Wales and Monmouthshire; Parson Price, Dudley Buck and Hugo Kaun, graduating as Bachelor of Music from the University of Toronto in 1890.

As an alto singer, Mr. Protheroe enjoyed an enviable reputation, winning prizes in the Swansea and Merthyr National Eisteddfods, held respectively in 1880 and 1881, as well as scores of less important competitions. When still young, he displayed strong talent as a conductor, and at Llandilo Eisteddfod, in 1885, with the Ystradgynlais Choir, he laid the foundation for a reputation as director by defeating the best conductors of South Wales, viz., Dan Davies, Merthyr; the late David Francis, Morriston; Rees Jones, Landore, and others. Since that time he has progressed with such rapid strides, that today he ranks as one of the best wielders of the baton in the United States.

Coming to this country in the fall of 1886, Mr. Protheroe located in Scranton, Pa., where he was appointed conductor of a choral society which gave a successful performance of Handel's "Alexander's Feast," it being the first rendering of an oratorio ever given in that musical city. In the fall of 1887, the celebrated Scranton Cymrodorion Choral Society was organized, and genial "Dan bach" was unanimously elected director, which position he filled with honor to himself and the organization for a period of seven years, being the time of the existence of the society. Mr. Protheroe piloted the Cymrodorions to victory as follows: Pittsburg, 1887, "Teyrnasoedd y Ddaear," J. A. Lloyd; Wilkesbarre, 1888, "Come, Let Us Go Forth Into the Fields," Mackenzie, and two choruses by Dr. D. J. J. Mason; Wilkesbarre, 1891, "Ye Nations," Mendelssohn; and Pittston, 1893, "Now the Impetuous Torrents Rise," D. Jenkins.

In 1894, in response to the requests of numerous friends, Mr. Protheroe decided to go West, and ultimately located in Milwaukee, Wis. His reputation, however, had preceded him, and ere long he became to be recognized as one of the leading musicians in that section of the country. At present he is engaged as conductor of the Arion Club, which organization is to Milwaukee what the Handel and Haydn Society is to Boston; director of the Lyric Glee Club, conceded to be one of the finest male organizations west of the Alleghanies; director of the First Baptist Church Choir, Milwaukee, also the Lyric Society, of Sheboygan, Wis. He is also engaged as teacher of voice culture and the art of singing at the Wisconsin College of Music. In addition to his numerous engagements, Mr. Protheroe, who possesses a rich and resonant baritone voice, finds time to appear in concerts, and his popularity is attested by the demand for his services.

As a composer Mr. Protheroe's reputation is an international one. His works include four cantatas, a mass, fifteen anthems, seven part-songs for mixed voices, nineteen male choruses, one female chorus (which is one of the test pieces at this year's National Eisteddfod to be held in Liverpool, England, in September), thirty-five songs, a reverie for piano, and two quartets for strings. His concerted works have been sung by the leading organizations of this country and England. It is possibly through his choruses for male voices that Mr. Protheroe is best known. His latest

effort, "The Britons," for chorus and orchestra, will undoubtedly win everlasting fame for its author.

Mr. Protheroe ranks as one of the leading musical adjudicators in this country. His services are constantly in demand. On Wednesday, July 18, he officiated at the Eisteddfod held in Atlantic City, giving complete satisfaction, and on the following Saturday sailed from New York for Liverpool, where he will act as one of the adjudicators in the National Eisteddfod to be held in that city in September, an unprecedented honor to a Welsh-American musician. He is eminently qualified for the position, and we are sure he will do himself credit, and that his concise form of delivering adjudications will be in the nature of a pleasant relief from the stereotyped and abbreviated form of making awards which has proved so detrimental to the success of the national festival in the past.

Mr. Protheroe has received the degrees in Masonry up to the 32nd, including the Lodge, Chapter, Commandery and Consistory degrees. He is also a member of the Mystic Shrine, and has charge of the music in the Wisconsin Consistory.—Iorwerth ap Rhys.

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THE LATE FLORENCE CATHERINE JONES.

Florence Catherine Jones, the accomplished and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Jones (Dewi Cynon), was born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 10, 1885, and was called to the better home, the mansions above, July 1, 1900. Her demise was wholly unexpected and sudden from nervous prostration. The beautiful home of the bereaved parents and their only son, was thronged with sympathetic friends, and what was mortal of dear Florence conveyed to Lakewood Cemetery July 3, her pastor, Rev. J. E. Smith, of the 5th Avenue Congregational Church, officiating at the home and at her resting place. How this bright young lady was esteemed in the church, Sabbath School and the Christian Endeavor Society, was shown by these different organizations, where she labored so zealously and faithfully. Her beautiful casket was apparently like a bed of flowers, some of the wreaths had arrived in time from sympathetic friends in Columbus and Cincinnati, Ohio. The beautiful character of this young lady had scarcely bloomed in this life, but ripened in rich fruits in the land where there are no tears, no sorrow. Her attainments were indeed promising, more especially her musical talent, reared in a home and possessing by heredity the heavenly art, being tutored by her talented and affectionate father. Little we thought when lately her tiny hands were playing the accompaniments at a patriotic meeting in one of the largest halls in the North-West, that so soon her charming voice and hands would be stilled in death. Death after all, surely, was a friend in disguise to her. She was borne safely to the arms of her Saviour, to whom she chanted so many praises while on earth.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast;
There by his love o'ershaded,
Sweetly her soul doth rest.

There is a vacancy at the Park Avenue home, and tears because "she is not."

She is not dead, the child of your affection,
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

O! land of eternal peace, where gales breathe balm, true joy is found, the place prepared, a paradise. Your dear Florence is there.—W. E. W.

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The late Alderman David Morgan of Aberdare, S. W., was the stormy petrel of the Welsh coalfield.

Mr. Frederic Griffith has been appointed professor of the flute and direc-

tor of the wind instrument ensemble class at the Guildhall School of Music by the corporation of London.

Mr. David Jenkins' requiem, "Cyfraith Gwirionedd," composed in memory of the late Mr. T. E. Ellis, M. P., was performed the other day by a Manchester choir. The requiem promises to become one of the most popular compositions ever published by Mr. Jenkins.

Amongst Mr. Goscombe John's recent works are a rather large figure of the late Duke of Devonshire (sitting in an arm chair), and one of Daniel Owen, the Welsh novelist. The latter is a very homely figure, and the novelist is represented apparently walking, with a book in one hand and a billycock hat on his head.

Lord Roberts and Sir James Hills-Johnes are described as inseparable in South Africa. They have always been the closest of friends since the days they fought, shoulder to shoulder, and won their Victoria Crosses in India. Sir James—who is a lieutenant general—left Dolaucothi for the front when Lord Roberts was in Bloemfontein.

The Rev. John Williams, vicar of Llangeler, whose death, at the age of 61 years, occurred some time ago, was a native of Merthyr Tydfil, and received his primary education at the Cefn Grammar School, conducted by the late Rev. Owen Evans. He afterwards proceeded to Brecon College, with the intention of entering the Independent ministry; but, forsaking this idea, he studied for the Church, and was ordained in 1862 by Bishop Campbell of Bangor, his first curacy being Glanogwen, Bethesda. He was a brother to the Rev. David Williams, vicar of Llanynys, Denbigh.

It is to be noted that Monmouthshire has given Wales one of her most talented musicians, and the Welsh glee composer par excellence, in the person of the late Gwilym Gwent, born at Tredegar, author of the "Haf," "Clychau," "Gwanwyn," and other glees, part-songs, &c., almost innumerable. A man of but little education, general or musical; a child of nature, full of geniality, and utterly free from all guile, who had no enemy "but himself" as the phrase goes, melody seemed to flow from his soul in a stream as unceasing as it was unforced. And it will hardly be rash to prophesy that a number of his delightful musical lyrics will live, at all events, as long as the language to which they are wedded shall be spoken and sung.

Liverpool is to have a memento of the late Mr. W. Edwards Tirebuck, a Welsh novelist of considerable promise, whose premature death a few months ago was the cause of much grief to a large circle of friends and admirers in his native city. The memento takes the form of a portrait, which has been painted by Miss Eleanor Wood, of Manchester, and is destined for exhibition in the Walker Gallery.

Radnorshire boasts of having two bishops—a record few counties hold. The Bishop of Hereford is the Bishop of Knighton and Presteign, and a few other places in that neighborhood; and the Bishop of St. David's is the bishop of the remaining parts of the county. Mr. Frank Edwards, the Liberal candidate for Radnorshire, recently referring to this dual state of affairs, said Lord Rosebery had spoken of the predominant partner, and with them it was a pleasure to think that the Welsh bishop was the predominant partner in Radnorshire, and they wished him success in the noble work his lordship was so energetically pursuing in the diocese.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

"How much did you pay for that horse?" asked the ice man.

"Seventy-five dollars a front foot," answered the real estate man.

A Welsh soldier has written home to say that his clothes were in such a condition when the regiment reached Bloemfontein that he would have given a month's pay for the loan of two sandwich-boards.

A Rhondda schoolmaster sent a note to a parent asking the reason of a child's absence from school. The answer vouchsafed was, "We have had good news to-day that Roberts had entered Pretoria!"

"'If you want to find the hospital from any part o' Dublin," said an Irishman with a broad grin, "just ye stand out on the curb and shout, 'Three cheers for Kruger,' an ye'll be there in a couple o' minutes."

"Our Dumb Animals" says: No criticism could be more just or more condemnatory than the following words, spoken by one arrested for maltreating his horse:—"I have been a church member for over thirty years, but I have never heard that cruelty to animals was a sin."

An aphorism from one of Mr. Dooley's recent articles: "Aristocracy is like rale estate, a matter iv location. I'm aristocracy to the poor O'Briens back in th' alley, the brewery agent's aristocracy to me, his boss is aristocracy to him an' so it goes up to the Czar of Rooshia. He's the pick in the bunch, the high man of all, the Pope not going in society."

"What's yer religious persuasion?" said a sergeant to a recruit. "My what?" "Yer what?" "Why, what I said. What's yer after o' Sundays?" "Rabbits, mostly." "'Ere, stow that lip. Come now, Church, Chapel, or 'Oly Roman?" After explanation from his questioner, the recruit replied: "I ain't nowise pertikler. Put me down Church of England, sergeant. I'll go with the band."

The egg and sherry mixture that Mr. Gladstone used to sip to support him during his House of Commons speeches, by the way, was always concocted by Mrs. Gladstone's own hands. She knew just how he liked it, and would not entrust the task to anybody else. It was lovingness and womanliness that were Mrs. Gladstone's strongest characteristics that made her combine the graciousness and artlessness of manner which were hers with such an aristocratic bearing.

Asked to write an essay on a boy at a recent school examination, a girl complied as follows:—"The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their toung till they are spoken to, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where the water is deep. When the boy grows up he is called a

husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grown-up girl is a widow and keeps house."

In the complex Irish nature there are startling contrasts and contradictions. While they are the most jovial of the peoples, they are also at times the saddest. They are wild and reckless, sober and shrewd. An emotional race, they get more fun out of their pleasures, and more pain out of their troubles, than the more justly balanced Anglo-Saxons. The brogue is an accent, an intonation, leisurely, mellifluous, saucy; to convey it in print is beyond the power of man.

I remember some five years ago I was up the Nile, away from big towns, and had a long talk with various sheiks and omdehs of villages. I was the only Westerner present, and we all knew and trusted each other in a way. I asked if taxes were lighter. "Yes," was the answer. "Is water fairly distributed?" "Yes." "Are the soldiers paid properly?" "Yes." "Can you get justice against a pasha?" "Yes." "And who did all this?" I finally asked, expecting to be told it was the English. There was silence; they are never in a hurry. Then an old sheik answered: "Allah." —"London Standard."

A pleasant incident, illustrating the honesty and integrity of a Welsh cottager living on the Great Orme's Head, has just come to light. As long ago as June, 1898, a Bedford lady visiting Llandudno lost a gold watch on the Great Orme's Head, and mentioned it to an old man in the neighborhood, at whose cottage she had tea. Last winter he found the watch, little the worse for its long exposure, near a beech tree, and kept it locked up, telling no one of it till he had an opportunity of returning it to the owner through one of her friends at Llandudno.

Welsh saints are of modern manufacture. It is certain that many of those who are now called saints were everything but saintly, like Saint Gundlius, Saint Woollos. Judging from their pedigrees Welsh saints seem to have been the gentry of their time. When a church was dedicated to one of them the prefix saint was usually omitted. It was Llandewi and not Llansantdewi. No doubt, many of them were worthy to be called saints. So are the builders of our local churches and chapels to-day. "Bonedd y Saint" should be brought up to date. Dewi Sant, perhaps the only canonical saint we have, was so called after his father, Sant, who was a monster of a man.

A Georgia boy's composition on "The Lull in Politics" is interesting reading:

"Pa says politics is quiet 'cos he quit runnin. But ma says he quit 'cos he got tired an the office didn't offer him any chair to rest in. Pa has been runnin for office ever since he was born. He was once in congress for a whole night—the janitor forgot him and locked him up. When he gits beat fer one thing he runs fer another, an when he gits beat fer that he comes home an finds fault with the family. Ma says pa talks through his hat, an I reckon it's so—'cos it's got a good many holes in it."—Atlanta Constitution.

A side show of the Paris Exhibition is a Boer camp. It is something in the nature of the Buffalo Bill entertainment. Visitors see a fight, between Boers and British. The latter are driven out of the field—a cause of deep satisfaction to French spectators. After the fight one can talk to the combatants, among whom is a Boer who for six years was coachman to President Kruger. These Boers are not all of pure European descent. Those of unmixed Dutch race have light, sky-blue eyes without much expression, but honest. Their features are roughly formed. I was surprised to notice great weakness

eir mouths, which look unfinished, nade only for eating coarse food.

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re is a point that English folks ; learn from the Japanese. The n we are inclined in this country to cold after taking a hot bath in the me is that we do not take it hot ;h. If only you have the water as boiling as possible, there is no of your getting cold afterward. The iese revel in these hot tubs. They them three or four times a day. me districts of Japan, I believe, the e are amphibious. For months at ie they live practically in the wa- A Japanese once called upon me, ie apologized at the outset of our rsation for being so unmannerly lirty, for he had only had time to two hot baths that day.—Cham- Journal.

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e discrimination between adjec- of one degree and another, and een adjectives and adverbs is a sore to many people. Two or three days here were two ladies walking down street, gossiping away to their s' content. A man came limping :. He had hardly passed them one of the ladies turned to the and said:

iat's Mr. Smith. You know he has oden leg."

ou don't tell me that was the Mr. a that has the wooden leg?"

is."

ell, he walks just lovely."—Detroit Press.

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poor workingman told his wife, on ening one morning, a curious n which he had during the night. reamed that he saw coming toward in order, four rats. The first one very fat, and was followed by two rats, the rear rat being blind.

e dreamer was greatly perplexed as iat evil might follow, as it has been rstood that to dream of rats denotes nity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him.

His son, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the saloon you go to so often, the two lean ones are my mother and me, and the blind rat, father, is yourself."

The imperial court of Pekin comprises some 8,000 persons, whose movements, speech, and gestures are continually controlled according to strict ceremonial rules. The Emperor rarely leaves his rooms, which all have very queer names. In the room of "The Relations of Heaven and Earth" he gives audience; in his apartment of 'Celestial Purity" he receives his officials; in the hall of "Brotherly Love and Peace" he passes his leisure hours. Etiquette forbids him to visit the harem, with its two hundred wives. If he wishes to meet one of them, he turns down the stone bearing her name in a casket containing two hundred such stones. The wife thus honored is then carried in on the back of a eunuch.

Sam Jones, the picturesque exhorter, occasionally stops his talks on religion long enough to speak a little on worldly affairs. A few days ago he was preaching in a town in Georgia, and, dipping into politics, got off the following:

The biggest fool in the world is the one who stands up and argues against facts. I was talking to one of those old free silver loons a few days ago and called his attention to the great prosperity which has come upon our country, mills and shops and mines running on full time, and I said truly prosperity has come to our land again. He said, "It ain't struck me yet." I said, "It's mighty hard to hit nothing."

ANIMALS LIKE TOBACCO.

"I have been an inveterate user of tobacco in some form for the past 40 years, and during that time have had

much to do with all sorts of wild beasts, which, I have found, are nearly all more or less partial to the smell or taste of the weed," observed an old and experienced animal trainer to a reporter. "For instance, the common brown bear is so fond of the fumes of tobacco that if you blow smoke through the bars of its cage it will, with evident delight, push forward and rub its back and head against the iron bars over which the smoke passes. This is invariable.

"Not long ago I blew through a hollow stick a pinch of snuff into the nose of a sleeping lion. The brute shortly after awoke, sat up straight, sneezed violently, and then lay down to sleep very contentedly again. All goats, deer, llamas and so on will chew and eat tobacco and snuff with great eagerness. Monkeys and big baboons also breathe with great satisfaction the smoke from cigars."—Washington Star.

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The way the Filipino mother carries her baby is the queerest and probably the easiest for the mother, that is practiced in any country. The child rides astride on the mother's hip—one chocolate foot in front and the other behind. The mother places her hand against the back of the little one, and the "nino" (infant) holds on by grasping its mother's arm. And that is all there is to it. In Japan the women carry the babies in a blanket on their backs, much as an Indian squaw carries a pappoose. In Egypt the little ones are carried on the shoulders of their parents, while in this country the small child is carried in the arms.

This is a translation of the Arabic poem presented by the Khedive to the Queen when he visited Windsor recently. The poem was written by a well-known Egyptian man of letters: "O Lady of the Kingdom, O Thou Offspring of those Mighty Suns, who soared along with their Realms to Spheres under which roll as humble maidens the Heavenly Planets bright. Around Thy Sacred Head do the Angels wreathe their Love-garlands interwoven with the Love-jewels of human Souls. But art Thou a Goddess, too, that before Thee have Times flinched and knelt with an affrighted look. To Thy Sway have humbled themselves the Countries of the Earth, and the mighty Oceans with their rolling, foaming Plains and the fearful deserts, with their rolling sandy waves thunderstruck stood before Thee."

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The old-time New England clergyman was noted for his scholarly attainments. Thomas Parker of Newbury was both a dialectician and a linguist. His brethren once suspected the integrity of his theological opinions, and visited him that they might convince him of his errors.

The argument began. The orthodox visitors addressed Mr. Parker in English. He replied in Latin. They took up the argument in Latin. He answered it in Greek. They continued it in Greek. He fled to Hebrew. They followed him into Hebrew. He resorted to Arabic. This was truly a clincher, for Arabic being beyond their acquirements, they were compelled to desist and acknowledge themselves beaten.

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THEMISTOCLES.

(An Illustration from Greek History.)

By George James Jones, D. D.

In the year B. C. 514, in the home of Neocles and Abrostonon his wife a child was born. He was beautiful in appearance, with blue eyes and a broad and high forehead, and in time with rosy cheeks and a strong physical constitution. His parents were delighted, and believed the boy the brightest in all Athens. Some of the neighbors did not see in him anything superior to any other Greek lad. In fifty years he was the most talked of character in his age among his own people, and the most famous general Greece has ever possessed. Themistocles fitted exactly the need of his age. In those days there were two ways by which men might become famous; by bravery in battle, and by wisdom in council. Themistocles rose to the highest point of military fame, and his wisdom as a safe councillor was proverbial. There are three distinct periods in the history of ancient Greece; during the first the general was more honored than the statesman; during the second the statesman was more honored than the general, while during the third period the statesman had almost supreme influence. The most prominent character in the first was Themistocles, in the second Pericles, in the third Demosthenes. Each one fitted to perfection the demands of his age. Of Themistocles one historian says: "Destined by nature to become a demagogue rather than a general he was forced by the character and spirit of his age to build his political influence on his military fame." As a general he was a model of a popular leader. He won respect not so much by stern command as by knowledge of men and eloquent persuasion. He was recognized as the embodiment of valor and prudence. Thucydides says of him: "He was distinguished for the strength of his natural powers, and for this he was the most admirable of men." He was a keen observer of things, and he brought his purposes to pass with such vim and dexterity as to make his name synonymous with success. The name Themistocles meant victory. It was through him that Athens, weak and powerless, was elevated to a position of power and of influence. His victories

brought to him the appellation of the second founder of the city, and the author of her independence. From the stone-quarries of the peninsula materials were procured with which a great wall inclosing the lower and upper city and the harbor bays, was built. The high towers not only told the enemy at sea of the security and strength of the city, but also for many years they stood up in testmony of the wisdom and valor of Themistocles. It was with reason expected that the great man should live in honor in his beloved city till his days ended on earth, but jealousy and malice always seek the downfall of the true and the noble, and Themistocles did not fare better than others. He was unjustly and untruthfully charged with serious offenses, and the death penalty was decreed against him. Fleeing from his beloved Athens he entered Corcyra, to the inhabitants of which he had rendered considerable service, but believing himself unsafe he passed to Epirus, his enemies persuing him still. At this time he concocted a plan which brought his fine talents to splendid light. He had fought against Admetus, King of Pherae, but now he determined to trust him with his life. Finding him away from his throne Themistocles went to the queen, told her who he was, what he was there for, and implored her aid in securing the favor of the king. She very graciously lent her assistance by informing him of the surest method of securing his desire. At his return, the king found the great general on the hearth amidst the household gods with the heir to the throne in his arms. In that position he told the king his story, begged for clemency on the ground that no act could be more worthy of a great monarch than that of mercy. Seeing at his feet so distinguished a character Admetus was surprised and moved with compassion, and promised him protection against all enemies. But the enemies were persistent, and the king not sufficiently powerful to resist their invasion. Themistocles again departed to other regions.

The King of Persia had offered a reward for Themistocles, alive or dead. The general now in person appeared before the monarch, fell on his face and said: "Great king, I am come to your courts in the hope of finding an asylum. Indeed I have brought calamities upon the Persians, but on the other hand, I have done them more service by the salutary advice I have often given them; I am now able to render them better service than ever before. My life is in your hand, you may now exert your clemency or display your vengeance; by the former you will save your suppliant, by the latter you will destroy the greatest enemy of all Greece." No answer was given him on that day, but on the morrow he was conducted before the king, and was kindly treated, the king giving him the 200 talents he had offered for his person, and promising him protection. He lived there in safety for many years, became a favorite at

court, and the recipient of many tokens of respect and love from the king.

As time passed the Persians and Greeks again resumed hostilities. The king thinking that the great Greek general at his court would be of valuable service to him ordered him to lead a great army against his own people and city. Themistocles dared not disobey the king, and he could not take up arms against his native land, and so it is thought that he ended his life by taking poison. And that last act gave color to his entire life. He loved Athens more than he loved his own existence. His death proved all the accusations of his enemies untrue. Possibly he had considerable pride, self-confidence, self-assertion. These qualities when properly regulated are factors of greatness. He was the greatest general of his age, and he knew it. Could he be blamed for expecting his fellow citizens to know it? He was a man of keen insight into the righteousness of things. When a young man of indifferent character, but very wealthy, sought his daughter for his wife, the general said: "No, in the choice of a son-in-law I would much rather the man without the money than the money without the man." Themistocles is considered to-day by all impartial interpretators of history to be the greatest general Greece has ever produced. In his history we see the price a true man has to pay for his greatness, and the unfaithfulness and ingratitude of those who profit by his character.

SUMMER.

By Dafydd ap Gwilym.

Thou summer! father of delight,
With thy dense spray and thickest deep;
Gemmed monarch, with thy rupturous light
Rousing thy subject glens from sleep!
Proud has thy march of triumph been,
Thou prophet, prince of forest green!
Artificer of wood and tree.
Thou painter of unrivaled skill,
Who ever scattered gems like thee
And gorgeous webs on park and hill?
Till vale and hall with radiant dyes
Became another paradise!
And thou hast sprinkled leaves and flowers
And goodly chains of leafy bowers,
And bid thy youthful warblers sing
On oak and knoll the song of spring,
And blackbird's note of ecstacy
Burst loudly from the woodbine tree,
Till all the world is thronged with gladness
Her multitudes have done with sadness!

ALLEGED DISCOVERIES OF AMERICA.

By Aneurin Jones (Aneurin Vardd).

(Continued.)

Sir Thomas Herbert: After Hakluyt comes Sir Thomas Herbert, traveller and author, whom it is necessary to quote to show the augmentation and variations of the story, although closely following the text of his predecessors. He first quotes Seneca's predictions as given in the Medea of that philosopher, which he translates:

The time shall some day be
Guided by providence when man shall see
The liquid ocean to enlarge her bounds
And pay the earth a tribute of more grounds
In ample measure, for the sea Gods then,
Will show new worlds and rarities of men;
Yea by his leave who everything commands,
See Thu'e far less North than other lands.

He then proceeds to say that these words are: "Dim lights to show the way to the western world. So that upon the whole it may be granted, the discovery of the vast continent was reserved for a succeeding generation. The first we meet with us is Madoc, son of Owen Gwynedd, who for thirty years ruled Wales after his father Griffith ab Cynan had at St. David's done homage to William the Conqueror for lands he held on the other side of the Severn. The annals of those times acquaint us, that Owen was no sooner dead than the custom of gavel kind induced the numerous sons of that prince to claim a division of his dominions among them. Iorwerth Drwyndwn Edward the broken-nosed, the eldest son of Owen, was set aside, and denied the right of succeeding to his father's throne on account of that blemish and other imperfections, when Howel claimed the throne, but was objected to on account of his illegitimacy, being the son of Owen by an Irish concubine. David opposed the pretensions of Howel, and in the war that followed between them, the latter was killed. David having married Emma Plantagenet, the sister of Henry II., was supported in his usurpation by the arms of England, in addition to those of his own adherents. However, as soon as Llewelyn, the son of the unfortunate Iorwerth, arrived at the age of manhood, he dethroned his uncle David, and became with the general consent of the country, sovereign prince of Wales. These intestine broils were no way pleasing to Madoc, another of the sons of Owain, who seems to have foreseen that the ruin of their country would be the consequence of their discord and fraternal rage. Therefore to avoid the storm and provide for himself, he resolves upon a sea adventure, hoping to find some place abroad where he might fix himself securely and not be liable to invasion. Thus, says tradition. It is not unlikely but that Madoc was acquainted with the prophecy or 'dim

lights' which led him to the discovery of the western world. Madoc having provided ships, men and provision, put to sea from Abergwiley, in the year 1170. Wind and sea favoring his design, after some weeks sailing due west, he descried land, probably, Newfoundland; but whatever it was it overjoyed him. Madoc then ranging the coast, so soon as he found a convenient place set down to plant, meaning fix on a spot to form his intended settlement. After he had stayed there awhile to recruit the health of his men, he fortified his settlement and left 120 men to protect it, and by providence (the best compass) he returned in safety to his own country. Having recounted his voyage, the fruitfulness of the soil, the simplicity of the savages, the wealth abounding there, and facility of enlargement, after some months' refreshment in ten barques loaden with necessary provisions, they put to sea again, and happily recovered their settlement. They found but few of those whom they had left remaining, their death it is conjectured being by an incautious indulgence in the produce of a novel climate and country, or the treachery of the natives. Madoc, with the assistance of his brothers Einion and Idwal, put things once more in comparative good order, and remained there some time, expecting the arrival of more of their countrymen from Wales, for which they had made arrangements before their departure, but they never came, and caused grievous disappointment. The cause of this failure is said to have been the wars which ensued, and which called for the service of every man for the defence of his country, but which ended in the subjugation of Wales by the English.

"But though Madoc and his Cambrian crew be dead, and their memory moth-eaten, yet are their footsteps plainly traceable, which the language they left, the religion they taught, and the reliques they found do clearly evidence. Otherwise how are we to account for the British words, not much altered from the dialect used at this day among the Mexicans? Whence had they the use of beads, crucifixes, &c., which the Spaniards, as we read in Lopez de Gomeza, and others, found amongst those Acusano and Calhuscan at their first landing in America? Yea, whence comes that tradition among the Mexicans, that a strange people came thither in corrangles, who taught them the knowledge of God, and by whose instruction they became civilized, as is related by Columbus, Postellus, Lopez, Cortes, and other Castelians.

"That of Herniando Cortes, who A. D. 1519 was Ambassador and General for Ferdinand and Isabella, is most remarkable. In some discourse between him and Montezuma, the second son of Antzol, and father of Quabutimoc, the last king of Mexico, Cortes, observing the Indians to have many ceremonies which the Spaniards used, demanded who instructed them. The answer was, that many years before, a strange nation landed there, who were such a people as induced his

ancestors to afford them a civil reception. But how they were called or whence they came, he could not satisfy. Another time, in a panegyrick which Montezuma returned them, he had this expreession, "One chief cause of my affection to your nation is, I have heard my father say, how that he had heard his grandfather affirm, that some generations before, his progenitors came thither as strangers in company of a nobleman who abode there awhile, and then departed, but left many of his people behind. That upon his return, most of those he had left there died, and that from him or some of them they supposed themselves to be descended." By which narrative it may be presumed, the people he meant were Welsh, rather than Spaniards. And the records of that voyager writ by many bards and genealogists confirm as much, as may appear by the learned poems of Cynwric ab Grono, Guttyn Owain, who lived in Edward IV.'s time, and Sir Meredith ab Rees, who lived in 1477, and of Madog had this eulogy:

Madoc ab Owain called was I,
Strong, comely, brave of statute high;
No home-bred pleasures proved my aim
By land and sea I won my fame.

By their language also, Welsh names being given to birds, and beasts, rivers, and nooks, &c., &c., as "Pengwyn," a bird that has a white head; "Craigwen," a white rock; "Gwynddwr," white water; "nef," heaven; "llwynog," a fox; "wy," an egg; "calaf," a quill; "bara," bread; "trwyn," a nose; "mam," a mother; "tad," father; "dwr," water; "pryd," time; and many others. There are islands called "Corhoeso," and a cape Britain; "buwch," a cow; and "clagar," a heathcock, &c. Nor is it a phansie of yesterday, since learned men both of late and former times have taken notice, such as Cynwric ab Grono, Meredydd ab Rees, Guttyn Owain, Lloyd, Howell, Prys, Hakluit, Broughton, Davy and others, whose learning and integrity have credit, and abundantly convince the ingenious, so as no doubt had it been known and inherited, then had not Columbus, Americus, Vespasius, Magellan, nor others carried away the honor of so great a discovery; nor had Madoc been defrauded of his memory, nor our kings of their just title to a portion of the West Indies." The following triad is also quoted as an authority for Madoc's migration: Three missing ones of the Isle of Britain, third, Madoc ab Owain Gwynedd who went to sea with three hundred men in ten vessels, and it is not known whither they went.

A review of the foregoing extracts from Lloyd, Powell, Hakluyt, Herbert and the Triads, upon the authority of the Welsh chronicles, &c.: It will be noticed that each writer endeavors to bring out prominently the "intestine broils" between the sons of Owain Gwynedd for the supremacy after their father's death, as the text for Madoc's reason for leaving his native country. According to the "Chronicle of the Princes" from the "Red Book of Hergest," it was in November, 1169, that Prince Owen Gwynedd died, so that if

Madoc left in 1170, he must have made all the necessary provisions for his expedition within one year after his father's death. And although different claims as was natural, were made for the supremacy, we cannot find that Iorwerth, the legitimate heir to the throne, made any resistance, but allowed himself to be set aside owing to the blemish on his face received in a battle, and that Hywel, an illegitimate son, took upon himself the government and reigned for two years "in peace," when his brother David, another illegitimate son, taking advantage of Hywel's absence in Ireland, settling his personal affairs after the death of his mother-in-law, contested his authority, when Hywel returned, and in his attempt to regain his possession was wounded in battle, taken back to Ireland by his brother Rhiryd, and died there. David now, in 1173, governed with no more rights at the same time than Hywel, both being usurpers. But what is plainly to be seen here is, granting that Madoc had left in 1170, he did so in time of peace, for whatever disputes may have been, there was no war between Iorwerth, the legitimate heir, and Hywel the usurper at that time, and no arms taken up until the contention between Hywel and David in 1173, three years after the time of the alleged first expedition, and one year after the second and last. Again after investigating the different statements quoted, we find the whole responsibility for their assertion resting solely on Gutyn Owain, and we are left with no means whatever to ascertain whence he derived his authority.

A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued.)

DENBIGHSHIRE.

Denbighshire is bounded on the north by the Irish Sea, on the west by Carnarvon, on the south by Merioneth, Montgomery and Salop, and on the east by Flint and Chester. This county contains an area of 664 square miles, and has a population of about 115,000. The surface of the county is diversified. The Vale of Clwyd lies principally in this county—one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in Wales. On the east of this valley is the Clwydian range of mountains, on the west Mynydd Hiraethog. The level tracts are remarkably fertile, producing grain and vegetables in abundance. The uplands yield some crops of barley, oats and potatoes; but are mostly occupied by pastures. Black cattle, sheep and goats are reared in

great numbers. Among the minerals are coal, iron, lead, slate, freestone, limestone and millstone. The principal rivers are the Dee, the Clwyd and Conway, neither of which is navigable within the county. It has no seaport, and its transportations are by rail. This territory was occupied before the Roman conquest by the Ordovices, and was annexed to the empire after a long struggle. The county contains interesting proofs of the Roman occupation. The county was the scene of many fierce conflicts between the English and the Welsh. The English language is spoken by a large majority of the people. The principal towns are Denbigh, Ruthin, Llangollen, Ruabon, Wrexham, Llanrwst and Abergele. We shall now visit some of these places.

Denbigh is six miles south of St. Asaph, and twelve miles south of Rhyl. Its ancient Welsh name was Caledfryn or Caledfryn-yn-Rhos—Rocky Hill in Rhos. The town stands on a rocky hill, about 400 feet high, above a small affluent of the river Clwyd. It is the county seat and has a population of about 7,000.

Llangollen.

On the summit of the hill are the picturesque ruins of the old castle, occupying an area of one acre and a quarter. The remains attest the former strength of the old fortress. Several subterranean passages and dungeons exist, where prisoners suffered, died and were buried, and where their bones are found to-day. It is claimed that Henry de Lacy built the castle whose ruins we find to-day; but there was, doubtless, a fortress here long before the days of

Lacy. It is said that Henry II. in his expedition against the Welsh in 1157 left Adam de Salsburg captain of the garrison at Denbigh; and the king made a treaty with Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, that the castles which had been taken from the king's predecessors should be restored. In 1194 Denbigh was garrisoned by the English in favor of David ap Owen Gwynedd, but was taken by Llywelyn the Great, and 1,000 men were slain in the assault. In 1210 King John took Denbigh. In 1267 it was granted by Henry III. to Llywellyn. In 1277 it was given by Edward I. to David, the brother of Llywelyn, last prince of Wales. Here David revolted against the king, and set up the standard of independence. A great number of vassals, dependants and volunteers enrolled under his banner; and that brave and daring army surprised the castle of Hawarden, laid siege to Flint and Rhuddlan. But David was overpowered, and taken with chieftains, two sons and seven daughters, in a morass near Aber June 21, 1283. When taken, there were found in his possession the crown jewels of the ancient British princes, King Arthur's crown, and a relic called "Croesenydd," said to be made of the cross on which the Savior died, which had been brought to Wales by the empress St. Helen. David was executed and quartered. Wales was now subdued, the king appointed sheriffs, coroners and other officers in the counties. He rewarded his

The Vale of Llanrwst.

nobles who had assisted him in the conquest of Wales with grants of castles, and confiscated estates. Thus Denbigh fell into the hands of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, and constable of Chester. Henry de Lacy was succeeded in the lordship of Denbigh by his son-in-law, Thomas Plantagenet. Thomas rebelled against Edward II., was taken and beheaded, and canonized as a saint 67 years afterward. After the execution of Thomas Plantagenet, Edward II. gave Denbigh to Hugh Despencer, his favorite. Despenser was taken with the king at Neath and hanged at Hereford. His estates reverted to the crown, and Edward III. gave Denbigh to Roger Mortimer. Mortimer who lived in a state of adultery with the queen of Edward II., was taken at Nottingham castle, tried by Parliament, and hung at Tyburn in 1330. After this execution, Denbigh was given to William de Montacute. On the reversal of the attainder against Mortimer in 1356, Denbigh was restored to that family. Henry IV. gave the lordship of Denbigh to Henry Percy, Hotspur. Percy joined Owen Glyndwr against Henry, and fell in the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403. In 1466 Jasper Dudor burnt Denbigh. In 1563 Queen Elizabeth made Robert, Earl of Leicester, Baron of Denbigh. In 1645 King Charles I. found refuge in the castle of Denbigh. It was held for the king by William Salesbury, the governor, till September 14, 1646, when it was surrendered to General Mytton for Parliament. It was one of the last castles to surrender in England. The castle was dismantled by order of Charles II. Near the principal entrance into the castle ruins, there stands a humble cottage, the birth place of Henry M. Stanley. His name when a child was John Henry Rowlands. When a little child he was taken to St. Asaph; from there he went to sea when quite a young boy; landed in New Orleans, was befriended by Mr. Mortlake Stanley. The grateful boy took his benefactor's name. The name of Henry M. Stanley is known throughout the world to-day. At the Bull Hotel is seen an oil painting representing "Mam Cymry"—mother of Wales. Why this appellation we know not. Catherine de Berain lived in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was married four times. By Salesbury her first husband she had two sons; after the funeral of the first husband she was accompanied from church by Maurice Wynne, who asked for her hand. She told him he was too late, as she had promised her hand to Richard Clough on the way to the funeral; but she promised if there would be an opening, he should come next. The opening came, and Maurice Wynne became the third husband. Wynne died, and she was married the fourth time to Edward Thelwall, who survived her, but all this gives no key to the appellation "Mam Cymry." Close to Denbigh castle stands the ancient church of St. Hilary, where once masses were said for the soul of Henry de Lacy. On the same hill we have the walls of

what was possibly intended for a cathedral, instead of St. Asaph. It is said to have been the first place of protestant worship in the kingdom.

Whitchurch is in the valley, one mile from Denbigh. It is the old parish church. It is supposed to have been the collegiate church of the White Friars. In the church and churchyard have been buried the rich and poor, the high and low of Denbigh's inhabitants for over six hundred years. Within the church are many monumental tablets and memorials; the most remarkable being the alabaster altar tomb of Sir John Salesbury, or "Sir Ioan y Bodiau." There is a traditional myth that Sir John slew the "bych," a terrible monster, whose effigy in miniature lies at the feet of the heroic knight, who is represented in full armor, with his lady recumbent at his side, and their numerous offspring, in relief, on each side of the tomb; the sons on the right, and the daughters on the left. There are also mural monuments for other members of the Salesbury family. One for Humphrey Lloyd, the celebrated antiquary, who was a native resident, and a member of Parliament for the borough. In the church there is a marble tablet to Thomas Edwards (Twm o'r Nant), who has been styled the Shakespeare of Wales. Thomas Edwards was born at Nant, near Denbigh, in 1739. He received but poor education, was brought up to labor, his genius however asserted itself; at an early age he gave proof of great poetic powers. His "Interludes" which dealt often with the worldly and immoral practices of the clergy at the time are sometimes coarse, often sarcastic; but we are told had a great influence for good, and assisted in ushering a brighter day in Wales. Edwards died in 1810, and was buried in the churchyard, and a tomb built over his grave. In the church porch there is a fine monumental brass, commemorating Richard Myddleton, governor of Denbigh castle during the reign of Edward VI. The figures represent Governor Myddleton and his wife, with their 16 children. This was a remarkable family, one of the most remarkable in the history of Wales. William, the third son, distinguished himself as a brave captain in Queen Elizabeth's navy, but became more distinguished in the estimation of his countrymen as a great poet, known as "Gwilym Canoldref"—author of the matchless version of the Psalms. Thomas, the fourth son, became known as Sir Thomas Myddleton, Lord Mayor of London. Charles, the fifth son, succeeded his father as governor of Denbigh castle. Hugh, the sixth son, was the renowned Sir Hugh Myddleton, Alderman of London, Denbigh and Ruthin, who by his plans and sacrifices brought the New River into London, and gave the metropolis a supply of pure water. Robert, the eighth son, was the author of a learned work on Welsh prosody. Here are five sons from the same family who became greatly distinguished.

In Whitchurch yard is found also

the tomb of Thomas Jones of Denbigh, author of "Drych y Merthyron" (Mirror of the Martyrs), and also of the English and Welsh dictionary that bear his name. Mr. Jones was an eminent minister in the Calvinistic Methodist church. Gwaenynog is about two miles from Denbigh, a quiet, pleasant place, where Dr. Samuel Johnson used to visit and write. Nantglyn, a small village is near by, in whose churchyard lie the remains of Dr. William Owen Pugh, whose dictionary is to the Welsh what Dr. Johnson's great work was to the English. The poet, Robert Davis (Bardd Nantglyn) lived and died in this place.

Ruthin is eight miles south east of Denbigh, a town of between 3,000 and 4,000 inhabitants, is built on the side and summit of a hill, at whose base flows the river Clwyd. Ruthin is noted for its castle, the residence of the lord lieutenant of the county. The castle is said to have been built during the reign of Edward I. That sovereign granted the castle with the Cantred of Dyffryn Clwyd to Reginald de Grey, whence the title Lord Grey de Ruthin. The insatiable ambition of the then Lord Grey de Ruthin caused the rebellion of Owen Glyndwr. Lord de Grey tried to deprive Glyndwr of some of his possessions. Glyndwr appealed to King Henry IV., and not finding justice from the English court, he raised the standard of revolt in Wales. His countrymen flocked to his standard from all parts of the Principality. On the 20th of September, 1400, Owen delivered his first blow, by making a sudden attack upon Ruthin, while a fair was held there. He plundered the town; then set fire to it; took Lord de Grey prisoner, and retreated to his strongholds in the mountains. Ruthin came into the possession of Richard, Earl of Kent, who sold it to Henry VII. Queen Elizabeth granted it to Dudley, Earl of Warwick. It afterward came into the possession of Sir Richard Myddleton. Foel Famau, the highest peak in the Clwydian range, is but a short distance from Ruthin. A number of prominent men were raised in this community. Dr. Goodman, Dean of Westminster; Dr. Parry, Bishop of St. Asaph; Dr. Goodman, Bishop of Gloucester; Sir Ebule Thelwall, principal of Jesus College, Oxford; and Sir Thomas Exmerve, Lord Mayor of London in 1577, were all natives of Ruthin and neighborhood.

Llangollen, fifteen miles southeast of Ruthin, is beautifully situated in a valley of the same name, on the river Dee. The urban district contains between 3,000 and 4,000 inhabitants. It has some manufacturers of flannel and woolen goods. Castell Dinas Bran, a fortress on a steep hill, is near by; so are the remains of Valle Crucis Abbey, founded in the fifth century, and Eliseg's Pillar, a cross commemorating one who fell in battle in 603. An old bridge is also near, built in 1357.

Ruabon, eight miles east of Llangollen, is a town of between 2,000 and 3,000 inhabitants, has extensive collieries, quarries and iron works. Wynnstay, the seat of Sir Watkin

Williams Wynn, is near. This noted man has been called the prince "in" Wales. His portrait is found among the great of the realm, in the dining hall of Christ's Church, Oxford. The mansion is situated in a beautiful park, wherein are some magnificent oaks, one called the "King" measuring 36 feet in circumference. This is said to be the oldest oak tree in Wales. The approach from Ruabon, by an avenue of oak and elm, is nearly a mile in length, and is said to be one of the finest of its kind in the kingdom.

Wrexham is five miles north of Ruabon, on the river Dee. It has a population of about 12,000. It has extensive collieries, iron and lead mines, quarries for lime and building stone. The church is said to be the glory of Wrexham, and one of the seven wonders of Wales. It dates back from the latter part of the fifteenth century. We are told that it was formerly a collegiate church, with a dean and secular priests. The monuments and epitaphs in the church and churchyard are numerous. On the south side of the chancel is the monument of Hugh Bellot, at one time Bishop of Bangor, then of Chester, who was employed by Queen Elizabeth in the translation of the Bible. There are also a number of monuments of the Myddeltons, one of Sir Richard Lloyd, a Welsh judge, a royalist and friend of Charles I. Outside the church, on the western side, is a tomb enclosed in an iron railing, to the memory of Elihu Yale, whose name was given to Yale College. Thomas Yale, the father, removed from this neighborhood to America in 1638, and was one of the founders of New Haven, Connecticut. There Elihu Yale was born in 1648. In 1658, Thomas Yale with his family returned to England. Elihu was for a time Governor of Madras. When prosperous, he remembered the place of his birth, and gave in books and money to the college about $25,000, and the trustees in gratitude for his aid gave the college his name. Elihu Yale died, and was buried July 22, 1721. Many Yale students have made pilgrimages to Wrexham to view his tomb. The tomb was restored at the expense of the college in 1874. The following is a part of the epitaph on the tomb:

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa traveled, in Asia wed;
Where long he lived and thrived; in London died;
Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even,
And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven.
You that survive, and read this tale, take care,
For this most certain exit to prepare,
Where blest in peace the actions of the Just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust."

Acton Park is near Wrexham. It is the birthplace of the notorious Lord Jeffreys, Chief Justice under James II. His father, John Jeffreys, was of a respectable Welsh family. His brother, Sir Thomas Jeffreys, was for years consul at Madrid. Another brother was dean of Rochester, and died on his way to visit his notorious brother in the tower. It is said that when Lord Jeffreys was on his tour through the west of

England administering justice, or injustice as the case may be, he pointed his staff at an accused person, and said, "There's a knave at the end of this staff." The accused answered at once, "At which end, my lord?" It is quite evident that there was no saint at the Jeffrey's end of the staff, but a depraved man, of great talent.

Bangor-Is-Coed is five miles south-east of Wrexham, in the south part of Flintshire, on the river Dee. The village occupies the site of what was once the largest and most ancient monastery in Britain. It is said to have been founded by Lucius, son of Coel, the first Christian king of Britain. We are told the school was founded for the cultivation of learning in general. It became a Christian monastery under the preaching of Morgan (Pelagius). Morgan was a student, became a Christian, traveled extensively. On his return he was made a bishop, and labored for the upbuilding of the monastery of Bangor. In 596, we are told, it numbered 2,400 monks, divided into seven parts, and no part contained less than 300 monks. They alternated their religious duties with manual labor. At the assault on Chester by Ethelfred in 607, 1,200 monks, who had met to pray for their countrymen were massacred. Soon after that the great monastery of Bangor-Is-Coed went to decay, and soon after the Norman conquest it was a sad ruin.

Chirk is eight miles south of Wrexham, in Denbigh, on the borders of Salop. It is noted for its castle, founded in the eleventh century; was occupied in turn by the Mortimers, Arundels, Mowbrays, Beauchamps, Sir William Stanley, Dudley, Bletso, and the Myddletons. It has been known as "Castle Crogen." Llanrhaiadr yn Mochnant is a small town in the extreme south part of Denbighshire, on the Mochnant. It is noted for its waterfalls of over 200 feet, and for the defeat of the royalists in 1645. We shall now journey northward and westward past Cerrig y Druidion (the Druid stones) to Llanrwst.

Llanrwst is twenty miles west of Ruthin, on the Conway river, the western boundary of the county. The civil parish has a population of between four and five thousand, has some river trade, produces leather, cloth and stockings. Its bridge and Gwydir chapel were built by Inigo Jones, one of the great architects, during the reign of James I. The coffin of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth is preserved in the chapel. Llansantffraid is a small village eight miles north of Llanrwst, on the Conway. This village deserves our attention because of the name. It should be remembered that "Llan" in Welsh means "Church" and churchyard, or enclosure. Santffraid means Saint Bride or Bridget; so the name "Llansantffraid" means the church of St. Bridget. There are twelve churches in Wales that bear this name, two in Denbigh, one in Merioneth, one in Montgomery, two in Radnor, one in Cardigan, one in Pembroke, one in Brecon, and three in Glamorgan, making twelve in Wales, and three in Monmouthshire.

But St. Bridget was an Irish saint, born, we are told, in the County of Armagh, about the close of the fifth century; became a nun, built herself a cell under a large oak, calling it Killdara or Kildare (the cell of the oak). The old legend claims that she swam across the Irish Sea to Wales:

"O'r Werddon ar y donnen
I'r mor yn wir, morwyn wen
Da nofiaist hyd yn Nyfi"

Near the village of Llansantffraid may be seen the remains of a large druidic altar. The top stone is 12 feet long, 8 feet broad, and 4 feet thick, computed to weigh about 22 tons.

Abergele is a small market town near Colwyn Bay. The urban district contains about 2,000 inhabitants. The village of Pensarn is near by. The two are becoming an important watering place. Castell Cawr, Gorddyn Mawr, Cefn Ogo and Gwrych Castle are near by, places of natural and historic interest. Cefn Ogo is remarkable for its fine cavern. The caves contain bones of extinct animals. Near Gwrych Castle is a pass where desperate battles were fought. Here Harold was defeated by Gryffydd ap Llywelyn, and the forces of Henry II. were repulsed by Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales. Llanelian is a small village west of Gwrych Castle, celebrated for its holy well, "the cursing well of St. Elian." If a person desired to injure his neighbor, he went to the minister of the well, paid his fee; his neighbor's name was written on paper, a pin stuck through the paper, pin and paper cast into the well; then the curse began, and there was no relief till the neighbor could be got out of the well. This was done by paying a fee to the minister of the well, so the curse became a blessing to the minister. But the well is now discarded, and the curse has departed. Colwyn Bay is a few miles north of Llanelian, on the bay of the same name, is a fast growing watering place, with one of the finest hotels in the principality, named "Pwllycrochan" (the pool in the basin). We shall now leave Denbighshire, cross the Conway river at Aberconway, and enter Carnarvonshire.

* * *

WHY?

I lift mine eyes against the sky
The clouds are weeping, so am I;
I lift mine eyes again on high,
The sun is smiling, so am I.
Why do I smile? Why do I weep?
I do not know; it lies too deep.

I hear the winds of autumn sigh,
They break my heart, they make me cry;
I hear the birds of lovely spring,
My hopes revive, I help them sing.
Why do I sing? Why do I cry?
It lies so deep, I know not why.

—*Morris Rosenfield.*

THE OBSERVATORY.

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

'The contented mind is a continual feast" is a proverb which seems to have been forgotten and lost sight of by many, and never learned or experienced by more.

A most excellent proverb this, and one that should be diligently taught, and assiduously impressed upon the minds of the rising generation. For in this rapidly-rolling, restlessly-revolving day and age, contentment and a quiet home life are apparently lost arts. And no one needs to have any special power of discernment to apprehend that without contentment and a quiet home life, a nation must of necessity decline, become enfeebled and retrogressive, rather than develope and become powerful in the race of life. Perhaps the discontentment and restlessness which characterize so many to-day and in this great land, may be attributed to the mixed state of society among us owing to the amalgamation of such a variety of tribes and kindreds of people. Be that as it may, there was a time, and not very long ago, when society was more settled and less mixed than it is now, when contentment was a Christian virtue, and making the best of one's allotted portion the first duty of a good citizen and a wise man.

* * * *

This however, did not include a slavish acceptance of wrongs that should be remedied. It was only content with things as they were and as they could not be altered. Men did not want to change their wives nor women to change their husbands so much as now, when the stability of marriage is gravely questioned by some of our most prominent writers and the desire of human nature for a change is accepted as a natural, and, therefore, allowable impulse.

Servants did not want to change their places, and workmen did not aspire to be legislators. Society all through was more compact and less sporadic than now, and the rule of the majority was content. It seems to be exactly the reverse now. No one in this restless age is content to be, to stay, to live, to think as their fathers before them. Native places even have lost all sanctity of relation to those born in them, and "anywhere out of that world" is the cry of the restless nomads of the modern day.

* * * *

Tennyson's sweet and lovely life is a specimen of the grand and fruitful beauty of the quietness we refer to. Change such a life as his for the frittered energies and unstable discontent of the great majority of modern men, and who would say the latter was the better? No good work has ever been done by the discontented who rove and ramble, or by the dis-

contented who sit still and grumble. It is true, we had one discontented giant in the literary world, who did good work as the camel bears his load—with no cessation to the groans and grumphs and protestations against the hardness of fate and the folly of men. But we are not all Carlyles, and giving him the best one will, he was but an unpleasant kind of giant, and one whose godfather was Diogenes, growling ages long ago in his cynic's tub.

* * * *

What of undesirable things and conditions in our lives we can by endeavor alter—always with due regard to duty and honor,—that we are bound to do. What we cannot—with that, if we are wise, we will be content. It is a vastly more dignified attitude, and it saves a useless expenditure of force. It is wiser, too, as well as more dignified, and surely more moral as well as more amiable and serene.

What a difference there is between the contented companion and the discontented one! One is pleasant, soothing and always helpful, where the other is as bad as a handful of pins and needles always sticking into one's flesh! It does verily seem to the writer, that in all our teaching and preaching we should be more practical with the so-called common things of every day life as it is now in this world.

We pray for many things I am sure. Do we often pray for contentment; to be satisfied with our portion of the great feast of life; to be without envy of those who fare better and are more highly and favorably placed? Yet, this calm, sweet certainty that all is for the best is better than any amount of discontent, divine or otherwise. Let us all as readers of "The Cambrian" unite in the endeavor to be content and to teach the noble proverb to all we can that "A contented mind is a continual feast."

THE CYMRY IN WALES—THE WELSH.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips M. A.

(Continued.)

Till within a recent period the Welsh had been for more than four hundred years politically dead. The defeat of Owen Glendower in his noble endeavor to re-establish their independence gave them the death blow. The incorporation of the Principality with England in A. D. 1536 failed to give them life. Their representatives in Parliament were for the most part representatives of the aristocracy, and not of the people. Without a vote at the ballot box, save the rich, and without a voice in the affairs of state save the voice of despair, they continued helpless and hopeless till, by the heavy tramp of progress, they were aroused from sleep and raised from the dead to claim their right to vote and send their own representatives to Parliament. Now the day dawns on Wales, and the Welsh rise to their feet to assert and establish their independence, subject only to the crown and the general government of the United Kingdom. The day may come when Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales shall constitute the United States, instead of the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

The long centuries of oppression, from Edward I. to Queen Victoria saw the Welsh at first aroused to stubborn resistance and determined retaliation, to complete vengeance and utter destruction, to bloody death and indiscriminate slaughter; then to sullen silence and murderous cogitation, brooding dark thoughts and darker deeds, cherishing wild passions and wilder purposes, and revolving in the depths of their nature and the inner recesses of their soul, like active volcanoes, lurid waves and consuming vengeance to be poured forth at some future day; then relapsed into placid indifference and apparent acquiescence, into great apathy and ominous lethargy, into unconscious sleep and oblivious death, caring neither for the past nor for the future, neither for the government nor for the country, neither for the nation nor for the individual; and then fallen into senseless resignation and criminal justification of their condition, believing it to be their place and duty to trust the fates and obey their oppressors, to barter their independence and their country for peace and tranquillity, to yield their necks to the yoke, their backs to the lash, and their energies to cast oppression over the free and independent fields of their native land and ancestral domains; and they also saw the Welsh peaceable, obedient, industrious, thrifty, forgiving, if not forgetting the past, and anticipating if not realizing the future, improving their time and talent, applying their energies to master every branch of knowledge, and cultivate every field

of industry, and in particular divine and human government. But until recently, because oppressed and denied participation in the affairs of state, they turned away from government to religion, so that comparatively few of their young men aspired to become barristers and statesmen, and that comparatively many aspired to become ministers and missionaries. Now, many study law as well as gospel, the law of man as well as the law of God, the kingdom of earth as well as the kingdom of heaven, the statesmanship of righteousness as well as the statesmanship of grace, and former better because conversant with the latter. Throughout the Principality the nation is aroused to the prerogatives and duties of citizenship. Political economy and jurisprudence are everywhere studied. The magazine joins the weekly and daily papers to teach the principles and practice of government. Man with man, and woman with woman discuss the significance and importance of the second commandment. England and Wales are placed in fact as well as in name side by side, and the rights of the one claimed the rights of the other. Only civil equality in law and administration can meet the demand. Give them this and England and Wales are legally and practically one; but deny them this and England and Wales are practically if not legally two and apart. Their interests are different, and their aims antagonistic. With her laws the same with the laws of England, and her members Parliament and administrators of government representatives of her blood, spirit and interest, and especially with her home rule and her own Parliament, subject only to the general Parliament of the United Kingdom, or consolidated republic, Wales will mark an era in her national history and shine gloriously among the Britannic states. She will stand as conspicuous in government as in religion, and in statesmen as in preachers.

The distinguishing characteristics of nations partake largely of the blood which flows in their veins. The laws of descent transmit from father to son with unerring precision the family traits. These are the most strikingly conspicuous where they have converged into national channels, and have flowed down the centuries. You readily distinguish the descendants of Ham from the descendants of Shem, and the descendants of Shem from the descendants of Japheth. You never confound the Jew with the African, and you never confound the Asiatic with the European. "All the nations of the earth were made of one blood," and that blood was once in the veins of one person, then of two, and after the lapse of centuries in the veins of eight persons, who exhibited the family characteristics and individual peculiarities, which they had brought with them across the flood, and which they have transmitted through families, tribes and nations to the present time; ever varying and yet ever the same blood. The descendants of Shem inherited the peculiarities of their parents, the descendants

of Ham innerited the peculiarities of their parents, and the descendants of Japheth inherited the peculiarites of their parents, and have transmitted the same with modifications through diverse families, tribes and nations, among whom these peculiarities have assumed, in process of time, distinct form and distinguishing characteristics. Hence we have the Asiatics, the Europeans, the Africans, the Americans, and all others of the same blood but different nations.

These distinguishing characteristics partake also of the countries which they inhabit. Climate and scenery often produce and determine national characteristics. Tell us the nature of the atmosphere, the country and the society, and you tell us in part the nature of the people. You readily distinguish those who melt under the equator from those who freeze at the poles, and you readily distinguish those who luxuriate on the plains from those who toil among the mountains. Between the European and the Ethiopean, and between the American and the South Sea Islander there is a striking contrast. Under the tropics the built is large and loose, while at the poles the built is small and compact. Those under the equator are more sanguine, those at the poles more phlegmatic, while those in the temperate zones modify both. Excessive heat enervates, and excessive cold stupifies, while moderate heat and cold strengthen and energize both mind and body. The line of progress in learning, civilization and religions runs generally through the temperate zones.

These distinguishing characteristics of nations partake further of the institutions under which they live. The activity of mind, heart and will, combined with the activity of the body, exerts wonderful influence. Thought, feeling and purpose, put into practice and habituated for years, leave their impress and form the character. Men and nations derive their chief peculiarities from their habitual mode of action. Every nation breathes the spirit and exhibits the nature of its institutions. Religion, education and government are component parts of national existence, and form with others the distinguishing characteristics. How different the nation in free America from the nations in despotic Asia! How different the representatives of the Christian church from the representatives of the Greek, Roman or Mohammedan churches! How different those who think, feel and act habitually and solely in the atmosphere of the world! Describe the ancestors, the country and the institution of any people, and you describe their national characteristics.

The blood which the ancient Britons had in their veins had flowed a thousand years in the veins of the Cimbri, Cimmerii, Kimmerioi, Gomeri; and the blood which the modern Welsh have in their veins had flowed a thousand years in the veins of the ancient Britons; and has flowed two thousand years in their own veins. These four thousand years, or peradventure five and forty centuries,

have made deep national channels, and produced decided characteristics. These channels have been deepened, and the characteristics have been intensified by the centuries through which they have passed, and by the countries in which they lived, from the Black Sea to the Baltic, and from the Baltic to the Atlantic; and by the institutions under which they flourished and which they improved so many centuries.

One national characteristic of the Welsh is "strength." Their progenitors were strong and healthy. The bracing climate of northern Europe where they tarried so many centuries on their way from Armenia to Britain, and the salubrious atmosphere of the island they had lived so many centuries; their mode of life in those primitive times both on the continent and on the island; their rude wigwam; their simple diet; their constant chase; their frequent wars, which demanded fleetness of foot and strength of body; their industry and energy in modern times; their husbandry, their manufacture, their commerce, their quarries, their mines, all combined to make the Welsh hale and hearty. Add to these the ruggedness of the country and the demand of their religion, both Druidism and Christianity, and you will clearly see the foundation and development of this trait. You will perceive it in their physical nature. The Welsh as a nation are physically strong. Their strength of bone and muscle, sinews and fibre, is remarkable. Both the men and the women of the Principality are endowed with great powers, and accomplish great achievements. They exhibit symmetry and beauty, elasticity and strength, activity and endurance. Among them you discover some of the most athletic and muscular men, and some of the most beautiful and attractive women. Along with the wavy dark hair and piercing black eyes there grows on the cheek the natural rose, and in the form natural grace. Less flexible than the French, and less rigid than the Germans, they combine in a remarkable degree elasticity and strength, which appear in their quick and decided step, and in their flexible and positive action. The frame-work of the Scotch is larger, the frame-work of the Irish looser, while the frame-work of the Welsh is smaller and more compact. What they lack in quantity they make up in quality, and what they lack in bulk they make up in density. They are the comparatively small, well-built, courageous, gritty people, who under Caractacus defied the Romans, who under Arthur defied the Saxons, who under Llewelyn defied the Normans, and who for many years fought and defeated the Romans and the Saxons, the Danes and the Normans.

You will readily perceive this national trait, also, in their intellectual nature. In sound bodies you naturally expect sound minds. There is according to nature harmony between mind and body. The exceptions to the contrary only prove the rule. In the intellectual as in the physical development of the Welsh there is

strength. There is not, peradventure, the quickness and changeableness of the French, nor peradventure the moderation and steadfastness of the Germans; but there is the intuitive perception of the one with the patient investigation of the other. In modern times they have not the martial spirit of the former, nor the learned research of the latter. Since their national existence has been absorbed by England they have not the motive to study military tactics and win military glory, and since their country has been hemmed in and narrowed down to a small and dependent Principality they have not the population to publish large and expensive books in their native language. As the Romans and other nations of antiquity published their works in Greek, and as the English and other nations of modern times published their great works in Latin, so the Welsh of to-day publish their largest and most expensive works in English. Many of the books published in the English language, and credited to English authors, were conceived and written by Welsh brains, or by nominally English brains of Welsh pedigree. Welsh brains of nominally English authors have been prominently large and conspicuous, and wrongfully denied and ignored, because appearing under English names, and frequently on English soil. We cannot forget the great and immortal works of John Milton, Sir William Jones, Dr. Pritchard, Dr. Rees, Dr. Jenkins, Dean Stanley, George Eliot, and many others whom we cannot enumerate, through whose conceptions and execution flowed freely and abundantly Welsh blood, if not the Welsh idiom.

You will readily perceive this national trait further in their "emotional nature." They are a people of warm hearts and strong feelings. In their emotional as in their intellectual and physical development there is warmth and vigor. A cold blooded and stony hearted. Welshman would be a phenomenon. Like the Scotch and the Irish, there is heartiness in their words, and welcome in their manners; and like the Scotch and the Irish there is deep and genuine sincerity back of the demonstration. Their large-heartedness and generous hospitality are proverbial. In their hospitality there is not, perhaps, the magnificence of the English nobility nor the taste of the American rich, but free abundance and reckless prodigality. Travel the length and breadth of the Principality and you will everywhere find a generous welcome, and if a man of God or an angel from heaven you will find Abraham and Sarah busily preparing for your entertainment, and sincerely anxious to have you partake. There is no half way emotion in their nature. Their impulse is strong. Their feelings are too intense. When they love, they love; and when they hate, they hate. Right or wrong they go the whole figure. Wholeheartedness is a prerogative of their nature and a demonstration of their existence.

You will readily perceive this national trait, furthermore, in their

"moral nature." In this as in their intellectual and emotional development there is heartiness and strength. Their will and conscience are strong. The strongest part of their constitution is their moral nature, and the strongest part of their character is their moral integrity. Whatever defects they have, and defects they have not a few, meanness of soul and purpose is not among them. Their nobility and integrity are prominent. The remark of an English writer that "Taffy was a Welshman and Taffy was a thief," is simply a burlesque on the scrupulous honesty of the Briton. His conscientiousness is, perhaps, the most conspicuous part of his nature. In his normal perception and discrimination there is remarkable strength; and in his moral decision and execution there is equal tenacity. You can trust him anywhere and with all you have. The exceptions only verify the rule. The spoil of war among the continental Cimbri and ancient Britons were sufficient guarded by the honesty of their soldiers and the tenets of their religion. The only locks and bolts on the rural cottages of the Welsh in many parts of the Principality are the golden rule and the conscientious integrity of the inhabitants. The Judges of the circuit courts in that country have gone their rounds more than once without criminals to be tried before them, and with only empty jails to welcome their visits. Honesty is the best policy. It is the least expensive and the least troublesome.

Another national characteristic of the Welsh is "energy." Descended from a people who breathed the bracing air of the northern sea, who inhabited the mountainous regions of Europe and Asia, and who with sword in hand cut their way from western Asia to western Europe, and breathing the same or similar atmosphere, inhabiting the same or similar regions, and encountering the same or similar hardships, you naturally expect them to be strong and energetic, especially when you see their solid frame, healthy appearance, and lively expression, and you seldom meet with disappointment. There is in them force of purpose and force of character. Their strength of will and energy of purpose spend themselves in action. Whatever their hands find to do they do it with all their might. In manual, intellectual and spiritual labor they are workmen that need not be ashamed. Their warm nature arouses into earnestness, enkindles into enthusiasm, flames into heroism, till the whole man is aglow and the whole work before him accomplished. They have the impulsiveness of the French without their mutations, and the perseverance of the Germans without their moderation. They are more Scottish than Irish, and more American than Saxon. They have the push of the west with the caution of the east. There is work in their soul, and soul in their work. Their thoughts, purpose, words, deeds all quiver with emotion and move with energy.

And still another national characteristic of the Welsh is their "inde-

pendence." They are always and everywhere independent in thought, feeling and purpose, if not in fact. Their strength and energy foster the spirit. This like their other traits derives its origin from their ancestors, their country, and their institutions. You have only to read the history of the ancient Cimbri, the philosophy of the British island, the nature of the Druidic faith, and the literature of modern Wales to be convinced of their free and independent spirit. Recall, if you please, their resistance to the invasion of the Romans, to the colonization of the Saxons, to the encroachment of the Danes, and to the oppression of the Normans, and you recall their bravery in defence of their independence thirteen centuries. Not until A. D. 1382 did they cease to be free, and their government to be independent. Then their freedom and independence took the wing in form and in fact, but not in spirit. In the fifteenth century it broke forth anew. It burns to-day as never before, and only needs the opportunity to burst into flame. It demands with Ireland and Scotland home rule and national administration, and believes the time will come when Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales will form the United States of Great Britain. Indeed the Welsh have carried their independence too far. They have pushed it to tribes,clans and families. They have degraded it to individualism, isolation and opposition, which naturally disintegrated, weakened and destroyed the independence of the nation, and made it a prey to the enemy. What was it that allowed the landing of the Romans? What was it that invited the intervention of the Saxons? What was it that tolerated the encroachment of the Danes? And what was it that yielded to the conquest of the Normans? Was it not individualism, disintegration, discord, treachery, opposition? The independence of the few instead of the independence of the many, the independence of the individual instead of the independence of the nation? As a house divided against itself cannot stand, so a nation divided against itself cannot stand. Thus divided and thus fell the Welsh nation, which had stood so many centuries.

But strength, energy and independence are not all the national characteristics of the Welsh. There is still another and more important one which we must mention. The Welsh are pre-eminently "religious." Their devotion is supreme. There is not a country on the face of the globe, in proportion to its population, where so many people profess Christianity, and where Christianity is so pure and practical. Many foreigners regard Wales the Palestine of Europe, and the Welsh the chosen people of Britain. The Welsh are a church-going people, and Sabbath keeping citizens. Their churches and chapels are spread throughout the Principality; and on the Lord's day are thronged with worshippers at both the morning and evening services, and at the Sabbath School in the afternoon are well attended. They love above all others the sanctuary,

the Bible and the sermon. The church, the Bible and the pulpit exert the most powerful influence on the individual and national character, and yet the people are neither priest-ridden nor under the thumb of the church. They rather become strong, energetic and independent. As Druidism developed the character and shaped destiny of the ancient Britons, so Christianity developed the character and shape the destiny of the modern Welsh. Wales is not a heathen country, and the Welsh are not a heathen nation, but a Christian country and a Christian nation. In every nook and corner of the Principality the gospel is preached, the Bible taught, and the supreme worshipped. The chief characteristic of the Welsh, the characteristic by which they are distinguished by those conversant with, the characteristic by which they will be best known in history is their religiousness. This will shine as a star of the first magnitude when their other characteristics shall have sunk below the horizon of eternal darkness.

(The End.)

MUSIC NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

We have frequently remarked in these columns how poets, novelists, and even scientific writers allude over and over again to music as the subtlest and most spiritual of all the arts. Every great orator must pay tribute to its potency in many eloquent terms. Novelists are growing more musical, even to a more flowingness of phrases, apart from their being obliged to borrow their highest and best forms of expression from the eternal-varying colors of musical thought and emotion. Poets, also, are becoming more and more strongly musical in their numbers. Indeed, they rise to the heights of thought and inspiration when their souls are purified in the flood of harmonic sounds. They express themselves most eloquently when they are under the spell of divine song. A poem cannot be great and enduring unless it is crowned by the spirit of music. Perhaps the daintiest little books of perfect poems published lately, are "Poems of Sidney Lanier" (Scribner's Sons), and "Poems," by E. Rowland Sill (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Both poets died awhile ago, but the beauty and music of their verse cannot die. It has been written and said a thousand times that Edgar Allen Poe's verse is the most musical extant. Poe was a word-magician, without doubt, but in Lanier and Sill we have strong poetic thought flowing

in ever varying currents of musical verse, moving forward with increasing strength and beauty, never playing with the "magic of words."

"Field Notes" is Mr. Sill's exquisite poem written for the Smith College graduating class of 1882, which opens thus:

By the wild fence-row, all grown up
With tall oats, and the buttercup,
And the seeded grass, and blue flax-flower,
I fling myself in a nest of green,
Walled about and all unseen.
And lose myself in the quiet hour.
Now and then from the orchard tree
Hums the crescends of a bee,
Making the silence seem more still;
Overhead on a maple prong
The least of birds, a jeweled sprite,
With burnished throat and needle bill,
Wags his head in the golden light,
Till it flashes, and dulls, and flashes bright,
Cheeping his microscopic song.

Then follow short cantos of rare poetic conceits, the twelfth thus depicting the joy, hope and message of the young and cultured mind:

Joy to the laughing troop
That from the threshold starts,
Led on by courage and immortal hope,
And with the morning in their hearts.
They to the disappointed earth shall give
The lives we meant to live,
Beautiful, free and strong;
The light we almost had
Shall make them glad;
The words we waited long
Shall run in music from their voice and song.
Unto our world hope's daily oracles
From their lips shall be brought;
And in our lives love's hourly miracles
By them be wrought.
Their merry task thall be
To make the house all fine and sweet
Its new inhabitants to greet,
The wondrous dawning century.

This poet, whose brief history is only a poem, and whose thoughts in prose and verse stimulate with peculiar power, sees the music-soul in almost all things, and musical phraseology is often his happiest expression. He sees "a face at a concert" —one deeply affected by the music, and thus closes his poem to the same:

When the lids droop and the hands lie unstrung,
Dare one divine your dream, while the chords weave
Their cloudy woof from key to key, and die,—
Is it one fate that, since the world was young,
Has followed man, and makes him half believe
The voice of instruments a human cry?

Sidney Lanier and E. Rowland Sill were good musicians—Lanier was an able flutist, and more, he was a poet of the orchestra, and an expounder of its interpretations. Sill showed his love of music by giving us a fine translation of Rau's "Mozart." A writer of verse without the musical temperament cannot succeed. He will be dry and dusty. A musical writer without the poetic temperament cannot succeed. He will be stiff and tasteless. What a wretched waste of paper, ink, money, time and labor goes on continually in the publishing of unmusical poems, and unpoetic music?

Our own classic poet, and, as I heard the late Lord Aberdare stating to a National Eisteddfod audience of twelve thousand individuals, "the greatest poet of our age"—Sir Lewis Morris—stirs our souls mightily

with simple phrases, when he sings of "Wild Wales" and its fervent music. Two short quotations will speak for themselves. (1) "At the Eisteddfod"—

"Oh Mona, land of Song!
Oh Mother of Wales! how long
From thy dear shores an exile I have been!
Still from thy lonely plains,
Ascend the old sweet strains,
And at the mine, or plough, or humble home,
The dreaming peasant hears diviner music come.
This innocent, peaceful strife,
This struggle to fuller life!
Is still the one delight of Cymric souls."

(2) Another division, entitled—"At the Meeting Field" (Y Gymanfa):

"Here is the compliment of what I saw
When late I sojourned in the hall of song,
The greater stronger Force, the higher Law,
Of those which carry Cymric souls along—
The rapt crowd, the reverent mute throng,
When the vast listening semi-circle round,
Rang to the old man's voice serenely strong,
Or swept along in stormy bursts of sound.
Where found we these in temples made with hands?
Where, the low moan which marks the awakened soul?
Where, this rude eloquence whose strong waves roll
Deep waters, swift to bear their Lord's commands?
Where found we these? 'neath what high fretted dome?
Have heard few words so *rapt* and *burning* come,
Nor marked so many eyes divinely wet."

We are thankful to Sir Lewis Morris for teaching the English world the poetry of Welsh song.

ECHOES OF LOVE.

By Minnesinger.

Far in my soul hear I often
Music by ears unheard;
Strains like the echoes of past days,
Past power of poet's word;
Far in my inmost heartlife
Sweet as a whispered song,
Echoes of love, long departed
Long, long ago! O! so long!

Far in my soul hear I often
Songs which no mortals sing;
Yet unperformed by musician's
Power on reed or string;
Far in my soul do I hear them,
Melodies as from above—
Echoes of love unforgotten,
Unforgettable love!

THE BASQUE LANGUAGE AND PEOPLE.

By Max Norman.

In the Pyrenees, between France and Spain, are the Basque Provinces, comprising the three provinces of Biscay, Guipuzcoa and Alava. On the French side of the Pyrenees three cantons of the department Basses Pyrenees are inhabited by Basques. The greater part of the inhabitants of Navarre are pure Basques. This country resembles Wales, and its people the Welsh in several characteristics. They are simple, brave and independent, ready to make any sacrifice and suffer any hardships to retain their freedom. They have not only retained their hold on their country, but also have held to their language in spite of the ages, and still practice their ancient customs. They are a proud race, thinking more of their status, their language, their lineage and their civilization than of that of their neighbors, the French and Spaniards.

The people call themselves Euskaldunak, and are supposed to be pre-Aryans, the word signifying something similar to the word "Cymro," an aborigine. It is supposed that there is considerable Euscarian blood among the Welsh, which may account for similar mental and spiritual traits among them. Their language, Euscara, like the Cymraeg, has points in common with all known tongues. Some have found traces of the Welsh language in Africa, America and Australia, exactly as the Euscarian language have elements which suggest relationship with the tongues of the four continents. The both peoples, also, claim the ancientest origin for their race and language. There are archaic features in Euscara as well as in the Cymraeg that show unmistakeably their antiquity; and the philologist will find in Welsh elements which are discernable in every known and unknown tongues; and it is either this, or an unaccountable instinct that has excited within the both races the superstitious belief that they are the original race, and their tongue the primitive language. The unsophisticated Welshman has not the slightest doubt of the priority and superiority of the Cymraeg. For ages he regarded with contempt the civilization and the gibberish of the Saxon, and he states his high opinion of the vernacular by entitling it "Adam's tongue," or "the language of Paradise." One Welsh writer, some years ago, ventured the statement that not only Adam and Eve conversed in Cymraeg, but the animals (including the serpent) also. The pure Basque also entertains the same high views of his race and language, believing their institutions to be the direct heritage of the most primitive times; but compared with

the Welshman, the Basque is far more crude and undeveloped in language and culture.

The Basque acknowledges no political sovereign; loves complete independence; is extremely conservative and unprogressive; clings to his primitive customs and institutions with bull-dog tenacity, believing them beyond the possibility of improvement, and therefore altogether satisfied with them; he dislikes town life and the changes of civilized life; treats woman as his equal; thinks education, progress, culture, etc., no better than tricks of the devil to get us further away from our original state of innocence. He has been ruled from times immemorial by an assembly of deputies chosen by universal suffrage, who have met in a certain place under an ancestral oak tree, the emblem of their liberties, a younger tree being kept growing to take the place of the old. The deputies are seated on stone benches in the open air. These in Welsh would be "oer sedd," which may be the real and rational original of the Welsh bardic "Gorsedd."

The Basque language is certainly crude, primitive, undeveloped and insurmountable to an outlander. It is the native's private property, which is inviolable. He is left in sole possession because it would not repay loss of life in invading and conquering it. It is notorious for its consonants and double characters. It is agglutinative, put together in a very crude and primitive way; the pronouns varying from village to village, something similar to the way "fo" in North Wales becomes "fe" in the South. Every district, or parts of a district, has its own dialect, about 25 dialects being in use among the people. While the Welsh language compares with the best for euphony, it being almost perfectly phonetic, Euscara, on the contrary, is almost impossible of pronunciation. There is a saying among linguists that the devil studied the language for seven years and learned only two words. As an illustration of how the words are written and pronounced, one writer says that a word may be spelled "Solomon and pronounced "Nebuchadnezzar." In strolling among its field of letters we came across such words as the following, which may have been one of the two which the above-mentioned devil learned, viz., Azpicuelagaray-cosaroyarenberecolarrea, which signifiess a little place near Azpicuelta. This reminds us of the little village in North Wales, whose name could be used to communicate with the next town, viz., Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandisiliogogogoch.

The Basque language reveals the Basque's crudeness of intellectual power. The principle of abstraction is hardly perceived in its construction. The words are not moveable types, which may be used to express abstract thoughts and ideas. Each word serves a certain purpose. It has no generalized words for objects, such as "tree," "animal," etc. No word for a thing in general; it must be some particular thing. No word for "sister;" she must be "some-

body's sister." It has a word for different kinds of washing, but no word for "washing" in general. It is strange that the Welsh had no word for "national" until recently. They had the word "nation" (cenedl), but that even meant "a tribe." The old Welsh "cenedl" comprised "the descendants of a common ancestor to the ninth degree of descent." The nation was composed of many of these cenedloedd (families and kindreds). This shows that the idea of a nationality was imperfect among the Welsh, and this alone accounts for their lack of unity and co-operation through the ages.

GOD'S JEWEL.

By Mrs. G. W. Powell.

Deep in thought one Sabbath morning
As the sun was shining bright,
Sat I looking through my window
After pleasant dreams of night;
When upon a sparkling diamond
Suddenly my eyes did roam.
Could it be some precious jewel
Lost by some one near my home?

Some one sure has lost a treasure
Thought I, as I went to see,
When, behold, as I drew nearer
More and more it puzzled me.
Oh! its splendor was so charming.
Dazzling with a fiery red,
And it changed to many colors
In the rays the sunlight shed.

Then I gently stooped to touch it,
But imagine my surprise,
When I found 'twas but a dewdrop
That had thus deceived my eyes.
Then said I, this is God's jewel—
O, the world is full of such—
If we grasp these precious jewels
They will yield to every touch.

"DIWYGWYR CYMRU," by Beriah Gwynfe Evans; Carnarvon.

This volume promises to become the best sold and best talked-of book of the day in Wales. The idea of the book is about the most fortunate to touch, and appeal to Welsh readers, because it is sectarian in spirit, and therefore peculiarly qualified to attract a variety of attention. It has already delighted the members of one strong Welsh denomination, and has served the same purpose of calling lively attention to itself by a special attack on one of the founders of another denomination, viz., Howell Harris of Trevecca.

Although the author promises to be impartial, and undertakes to avoid any provocation and surmount any temptation to be unfair towards any and every denomination, yet it cannot escape the careful and unprejudiced reader that the author is strongly biased and peculiarly influenced in his work from the beginning. This bias is shown early in the work, until it becomes painfully evident before the end.

Although the volume is rich in material, and valuable as a treasury of historical intelligence regarding the origin and growth of the different Welsh religious sects, which have been collected after much research and commendable industry, yet we cannot help deprecating the spirit in which much of the work has been performed, and which was done evidently to attain a sectarian end. Although there be material enough in the book for a rare banquet, nevertheless the feast is spoiled and the entertainment confounded and rent by the spirit of party which pervades it, giving pleasure on the one hand and offense on the other. It is an extreme book, which is shown in its extreme effects. It delights its advocates, and embitters its opponents.

There are three lines of thought running through this volume: (1) there is an attempt to deprive the Calvinistic Methodists of their famed connection with the religious reformation in Wales during the last century; (2) there is an attempt to deprive the Welsh reformers of the honor of having originated the movement, which subserves to attain the end of the first attempt; and (3) there is a desire to go back of the English origin of the Welsh movement to give credit to Independents or Congregationalists, or Welshmen, not Methodists, as the pre-originators. The author is prejudiced against Calvinistic Methodism and Methodists. We regret to find this sectarian spirit so pronounced. He seems to draw a sharp distinction between a non-Methodist Welshman and a Methodist.

A feature which cannot fail to impress one conversant with Welsh history is the disproportionate space given to Whitefield and Wesley in a volume devoted to Welsh reformers, and the strange omission of regard to such Welsh reformers as Griffith Jones of Llanddowror and Rowlands of Llangeithio, of blessed memory. The concluding chapters serve no other purpose than to keep up a spirit of religious jealousy between two of the strongest sects in Wales.

As a literary performance, the book ranks with the ordinary class of Welsh publications. The style of Welsh used throughout is after the commonest newspaper language; lax, ungraceful,

confused, and often awkward in construction. There are few sentences which may be called terse, polished and poetic. Although there are some forms of strength in the volume, it is far from being classical in diction and spirit. The author is "little blest with the soft phrase of speech."

ORIAU HAMDDEN yn Nghwmni Awduron a Llyfrau, gan Anthropos, Carnarvon: Hughes & Son, Wrexham. Price, six pence.

This is a beautifully got up booklet in paper cover, with several short and interesting articles on Walter Scott, a Pound Worth of Books, the Gospel of Beauty, A City of Books and the Preachers' Bible. The book is attractive, and the contents precious.

GORCHEST GWILYM BEVAN is a story by T. Gwynn Jones, author of "Gwedi Brad a Gofid," wherein is described the exciting career of the hero, an exceptionable Welsh character. There is considerable action in the story, and the plot is worked with dramatic effect. It contains many striking sentences. Darluniedig gan J. R. Lloyd Hughes.

"Characteristics of Childhood" is continued in July "Young Wales" by R. E. Hughes, M. A., B. Sc. Then follow "Aftermath," by Miss M. D. Evans; "The Commercial Education of the Boys of Paris," by William Edwards, M. A.; "Welsh Folk-Lore" (III.), by T. Griffith Jones; "A Maid of Cymru," by "The Two Wynnes;" "The Lady of the Green Wood," by C. M.; "Welsh Literary Echoes and Impressions," by Ernest Rhys.

—Among the valuable suggestions made in the third annual report of the Central Welsh Board not the least is the recommendation that the study of a language of which the pupils already possess a colloquial mastery would seem to be eminently suited to the purposes of the intellectual ladder. A grammatical and literary training in the mother tongue is also recommended for Welsh school children. Although almost every Welshman and Welshwoman can read their language, very few of them ever learn to write it. This part of Welsh training has been seriously neglected by the Sunday School from its institution.

HISTORY OF WELSH THEOLOGY (An Outline of) by the Rev. William Evans, M. A., Member of the Theological Board of the University of Wales; William Jones, Newport, Mon.

This volume is a handbook giving a comprehensive, therefore necessarily brief statement of the growth of theological learning among the Welsh. There is not another book in Welsh that will serve its purpose so well. It gives an outline of Welsh theology from the time Morris Kyffin translated Bishop Jewel's book in Welsh until the present. Every Welsh book of note bearing on theology or religious matters, are mentioned and briefly but fairly reviewed.

The leading paper in the "Haul" for July is entitled "Notes of the Reformation;" then follow "The Doctrines and Principles of the Church;" the Dewi Sant Epistle; the Rev. David Griffith, Nefern (continued); Studies in the Epistle to the Hebrews; A Sermon; Sunday School; Asa's Blessing; the Best Means of retaining young people in the Church; Poems, etc.

—In the article "Notes on the Reformation," the writer shows that the British Church never was really Popish or Roman; that is, under the absolute sway of the Romish Church, although as a part of the Catholic system it partook of its general influence. In fact, it could not escape the almost universal degeneration of religion during the Middle Ages. Yet, the writer insists on its independence and freedom from the absolute power of Rome. His conclu-

sions are partly true and partly false. It never was independent of the Romish ideas and practices, for in England in the Middle Ages we behold all the evils and superstitions of the system, viz., mariolatry, transubstantiation, purgatory, and its worse political and social features. If it managed to keep itself, to some extent, free from the material power of Rome, it was permeated with its worst influences. Even to-day, a strong party in the Church casts its eyes backwards, Lot'swifelike.

On the front page of "Trysorfa y Plant" we are introduced to Mr. Evan Evans, solicitor, Aberystwyth. Mr. Evans is also a preacher. He is a member of the law firm of Roberts and Evans. He is honored throughout the county as a thoroughly honest lawyer, a proverbially rare thing in the world. He takes wide and deep interest in religious matters. The other biographical (illustrated) sketches are Robert Jones, Rhoslan, and David Jones, Dolau Bach, Llangeitho. Robert Jones was one of the pillars of the Calvinistic cause in North Wales during the close of the 18th century, departing this life April 11, 1829, in the 84th year. All the school he ever had was six weeks. He was a selfmade man, a product of nature, a good mother and his own efforts. He was converted in his 17th year, and became thoroughly aroused morally and spiritually. He had read some of Griffith Jones, Llanddowror's, books, and he traveled all the way to Laugharne, Pembroke, to see the celebrated Madame Bevan to induce her to establish her schools in Carnarvonshire. This was in his 18th year. He commenced to preach, and was a good preacher for 60 years; a tireless reader, eager for knowledge, and read even when at table. He was one of a class of Welsh preachers which has done wonders towards civilizing Wales. David Jones, Dolau Bach, was also a sterling character, which grew out of the Welsh social soil, endowed with natural abilities of rare value. He remembered the celebrated Daniel Rowlands of Llangeitho, and it was Jones who supplied the words of Rowlands which have been inscribed on his monument, "O! heaven, thou wouldst be empty if it were not that Zion on earth is rearing children for thee!"

When he applied for membership, everybody was surprised. Old Thomas Coedmawr, said when he heard of his conversion that it would be no good, unless Jones had had a knock out; and so it happened, "he had it home," and thenceforth he was a thorough good man and Christian. There is the usual number of juvenile pieces in prose and poetry. The musical number is "With Jesus." The "Trysorfa" is perennial.

The contents of the "Drysorfa" are as follows: "The Church Meeting," by the Rev. R. Morgan; The Rev. Owen Thomas (IV.), by John Morgan; Denominational Unity," by Hugh Edwards; "Christ as a Physician," by Edmund Prys; "Gustavus Adolphus" (II.), by R. Jones; "What I Saw and Heard in Llangynwyd," by Catrawd; Monthly Notes, Reports, Obituaries, Varia, &s.

The Editor in his "Monthly Notes" says it seemed that we have sects enough already, but the fact is that there is a new sect at Nolton, near Swansea, called "The Christian Brethren." The name Christian is now-a-days often used recklessly. The converts are not sent to Salt Lake City as is done by the Mormons, but to another Christian paradise in the State of Minnesota. It is said that the sect numbers about 200. Some of its beliefs are Mormonlike, but polygamy is not advocated by reason of its being contrary to the law of the land; but the wife if converted is separated from her "heathenish" husband. Marriage has been reduced to the simple ceremony of kissing. No ring is used. All forms of ornament in dress are condemned.

There is reason to fear that many Welsh may be attracted by this new religious craze as they have been in years gone by by Mormonism, one of the foolishest of creeds. The only way to oppose these aberrations is to cultivate common sense and reason.

In an article in the August number of the "Dysgedydd," is presented a program of church work during the twentieth century; then follow several articles on subjects pertaining to religion and the interests of the denomination, viz., the Union Meetings at Porthmadoc; A Medley; A Page from Dr. Edward Williams' Diary; Sunday School Corner; Notes on the Union Meetings at Porthmadoc; Events of the Month; Reviews, Reports, Poems, Obituaries, etc.

—Among the items forming a program of church activity during the Twentieth Century, are the following: The preaching of the pure truth of the gospel; the propagation of Protestant principles for the subversion of the spirit of popery that is so active in the world now-a-days; an organized attack on the powers of evil; advocacy of the principles of good will and peace; the routing of the enemies of the Sabbath and the destruction of the gin power and gambling institutions of all kinds.

—In the Events of the Month the Editor betrays a petty spirit during his short review of the trouble in China. We can not see how the British Government could do otherwise than act in concert with the powers of Europe; but, contrarily, it appears to be the Editor's view that the British power should undertake to go around championing everybody's cause singlehanded. The fact that it acts harmoniously and in unity with such powers as Russia and Germany does not signify that it is a tyrannical power. The United States does the same, necessarily. Governments cannot afford to be at loggerheads from mere whim or caprice. What a good number of the stop-the-war party desires is to have it fought in their way and to gain their ends.

The contents of the "Cronicl" for August are the following: "Religious Notes," by Eynon; Variety Department —Peter and Maria Jones; "Diwygwyr Cymru;" "The Growth of Popery and Nonconformity;" "Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth; "Should Women Vote;" "Story of the Month," by the Editor; The Sunday School lesson, Notes, Reviews, Obituaries, etc., etc.

—In "Religious Notes" Eynon anent the Christian Endeavor Convention in London, states that he has not yet come across a good Welsh rendering of the title "Christian Endeavor," which shows the movement has not taken a strong hold of the Welsh spirit. He upbraids the Church of England for its refusal of St. Paul's and Westminster to the Endeavorers. Every eccentricity in the Church of England must be attributed to its being an "establishment;" it tolerates the ritualists for the same reason that it excludes the Endeavorers. In the last paragraph, Eynon adverts with delight to the new Welsh book, "Diwygwyr Cymru." "Efrydydd Hanes" in his review of Mr. Evans' book relates briefly how it originated, a volume which he calls "beautiful and striking." It certainly does strike hard at one of the leading denominations in Wales. "Efrydydd Hanes" believes it to be the most popular book in the Welsh language, excepting the Bible alone.

Professor Rhys is engaged upon a book dealing with Welsh and Manx fork-lore, and the Oxford University Press will publish it. The "Daily Chronicle" says that "the book will be awaited with interest, having regard to the author's eminence as an authority on whatever refers to Celtic literature."

SCIENTIFIC

The exodus of the tree destroying caterpillar may be confidently predicted within a short time, probably about five years, according to City Forester John C. Lewis. This prediction is based upon their gradual decrease in size and vitality noticed from year to year. Several seasons ago few specimens could be found under two and a half or three inches in length, most of them being as thick as the little finger, while at the present time the largest ones do not exceed an inch and a half in length, nor are they thicker than a lead pencil.

A successful operation has just been performed in St. Luke's Hospital, New York City. A tumor was removed from the inside of the sheath of the spinal cord. It was necessary to cut into six vertebrae, and the patient was kept under anesthetics for more than three hours. He was operated upon after a number of German specialists had pronounced that his ailment was rheumatism.

A train on the Ulster and Delaware Railway was stopped recently on account of the caterpillars which collected on the tracks in sufficient numbers to stop the train by the lubrication of the rails, which resulted from the crushing of their bodies under the wheels. According to The Railway Review, it is necessary for men to sit upon the cowcatcher and sweep away the obstructions by holding brooms on the rails.

A new record for high kite flying was established at Blue Hill, Boston, July 19, when a height of 15,900 feet was reached with a line of six kites in tandem. Five were an improved box pattern, and one was a rib kite. The greatest height was reached with four and three-quarter miles of steel piano wire used as a flying line. The temperature registered by the automatic instrument was 30 degrees; at the sea level it was 80 degrees. The velocity of the wind was 26 miles an hour, and the atmosphere was very dry. It was difficult to see the highest kite from the Observatory without the aid of a telescope.

"A curious discovery is said to have been made in Germany, that land of never-ending research," says "The Western Electrician." "It is that the lens of the human eye is diamagnetic, or possessed of the apparent property of being repelled by the poles of a powerful magnet. It is suggested as a possibility that this characteristic might be utilized in a magnetic treatment to flatten the lens and thus improve or perhaps cure near sightedness."

Tolstoi seems to me an absolute spirit, fond of extremes, who excels in spoiling a just idea by exaggerations. In this respect, as in many others, he is like Rousseau, from which he took belief in man's native goodness, his hatred for philosophy and civilization, his fondness for a patriarchal country life, his desire to rehabilitate manual labor, his plan to bring man back, as nearly as possible, to that famous nature-life so dear to past century authors of "Robinsonades"—only he is a Russian Rousseau with the evident stamp of his native country.—G. Renard.

Lamarck teaches us that our organs are developed by exercise and atrophied by inactivity, and that the results of this development of atrophy are transmitted by heredity. Animals that live in a state of nature are alive because they have resisted all destructive agencies, and they do this by means of special organs that are continually being

exercised. Now the man of a prosperous race has succeeded in sheltering himself from these destructive agencies without having to struggle against them; he therefore loses progressively the use of all the organs that give him power to fight directly against the elements.

Commenting on the opening of underground electric roads in London and Paris, both largely equipped with American apparatus, "The Electrical World" says: "There is an old saying that the shoemaker's wife goes illshod, and it has a pertinency to the situation which discloses the two leading capitals of the old world equipped with American underground electric railways, while not a city in this country has anything of the kind, unless we count in the Boston subway, which is simply a sunken track for trolley cars. However, in a few years we shall be able to try underground roads here without going to Europe for the experience, while it is not improbable that many useful points in practice will have been developed in Europe that will be worthy of study or imitation."

The Jews appear to be making rapid strides to the front in all countries, not only in commerce, but in scholarship, science, and the arts. In no country, perhaps, is this more evident than in America. The New York "Sun" recently contained this item: "Of the 640 girls who passed successfully the examination for admission to the Normal College this month (June), the great majority are Jews. More than five sixths of the whole number came from the public schools, of which for many years past the best scholars have been of that race chiefly. * * * Of about 800 graduates from the public schools admitted to the free city college for boys, the vast majority also are of the Jewish race, the proportionate number of other races being even smaller than among the girls admitted to the Normal College."

A curious and unexpected development has arisen in connection with the cutting off suddenly, at Assouan, on the Upper Nile. The large volumes of water which were liberated had been stagnant for many months, and, therefore, possessed no free oxygen; consequently the fish in the river at Assouan have been destroyed by the hundreds of thousands. The chief of the engineering staff reports that there are over 1,000,000 dead fish ranging from two or three inches to six or seven feet in length, lying exposed to the sun within one hundred yards of his office. The odor exhaled by the decomposition of these fish by the torrid sun is nauseating in the highest degree. To accelerate the gravity of this situation there is no other drinking water available. Fortunately, however, no virulent epidemic has yet broken out among the inhabitants as a result of drinking such polluted water.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

"He is the most religious of beings, only it is his own natural religion, not borrowed nor learned from books. His instincts guide him. He has no formalities of written law nor stated times for his worshipping. Divinity surrounds him, is ever present, ever manifest. With all his faults his life is one continuous prayer. This will be gainsaid; but go live his life, share his joys and sorrows, dear critic, ere you brush aside this statement—a continuous prayer. Even in his gaiety he sings of God—the god (Ti-ra-wa-hut), the Father above. It is not all solemnity—and there is no hypocrisy in savage worship. In all the Indian's adversity, and in all the pressure of an aggressive civilization that has surrounded him for gen-

erations—forcing its evils upon him more gratuitously than its good examples—notwithstanding our progressive Christianity that engulfs him, he clings to his simple faith, stands by his convictions, and proclaims to the world that he wants no better God than the Father of his people the beloved, 'Ti-ra-wa-hut,' whom his forefathers trusted, and who he believes to be still in power."—H. E. Burgess.

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A RESULT OF PRINTING.

"The human race is like a child with a new toy; it values the toy in and for itself. The mere facts that we can print as fast as lightning, that we can talk with distant cities, that we can bottle up human speech, have, perhaps, proved a little too much for us, and we have neglected what we have to say and how we should say it. On the whole it can hardly be doubted that the art of utterance has declined since the invention of printing; we have no longer that simple, direct expression, that 'large utterance of the early gods.' This is the price we have had to pay for seizing Prometheus-like, on mere power, on mere knowledge. It is the story of the Garden of Eden perpetually reproduced in human history. We do not doubt that mankind has gained, but the intellectual producer has too often lost because with the gain of his power over natural agencies has gone a loss of the ancient spontaneity, leisured art, sense of beauty, original intellectual force, which marked the genius of the anique world. Can we recover the old spirit and temper while using the new knowledge? That is one of the vital questions for mankind."—Spectator.

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A MUSICAL BICYCLE.

At this time when so many improvements are being made on bicycles, in the way of attachable motors, etc., the machine illustrated herewith will doubtless interest our readers. It is the invention of Mr. Samuel Goss, of Chicago, and was designed for the purpose of furnishing music for the rider of the wheel and his companions, in order to break the monotony and give divertisement during long and tedious runs.

The mechanism, which is quite simple, is mounted on an iron frame made to fit into that of the machine. On this frame are stretched piano wires, while on the cross-piece, are some small hammers operated by pins on the cylinder, and made to strike the wires. The cylinder is rotated by worm gears placed at its left-hand end and driven from the crank shaft by a cord and pulley.

The inventor has foreseen the case when the riders should tire of the music, by providing a small lever for throwing out the gears and thus stopping the cylinder. The tune may be varied by putting in new cylinders, and the time of any air may be quickened by increasing the speed of the wheel.

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EDUCATION IN CHINA.

Education of a certain type is very general, but still there are vast numbers of countrymen in China who can neither read nor write. There is a special literary class who alone know the literature of their country, to the study of which they devote their lives. There are boarding schools, day schools, and colleges. Examinations mainly confined to moral philosophy and literature are held in the prefectorial cities of each province twice in three years for the lower degree necessary as a passport to the public service, and of the six or seven thousand candidates who have come forward, not more than sixty can be admitted to the degree of Literary Chancellor. For the higher degrees, other examinations are necessary. There is a "College of Foreign

Knowledge" at Peking, where European languages, mathematics, sciences, etc., are taught by European, Japanese, and American professors. There are besides many Christian mission schools, where the English language and lower branches of western sciences are taught. The government also maintains naval and military colleges and torpedo schools at the various arsenals to teach the young Chinese modern methods of warfare.—Scientific American.

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BATHING.

The benefit to be derived from sea-bathing is due, first of all, to the low temperature of the water, the temperature of sea water seldom being above 70 or 75 degrees. Water at that temperature very rapidly extracts heat from the body, so that if a person remains in water at that temperature a very great length of time, he loses considerable heat. * * * Fresh water is usually warmer than salt water; and in soft water, reaction occurs more quickly than in salt water, so that one may remain in it a little longer.

"In connection with sea-bathing there is a reaction from cold—the reaction which follows the extraction of heat,—then another reaction, in which there is an elevation of temperature, the bodily forces receiving an extra amount of heat. It is from this reaction that we derive the great benefit of sea-bathing, and not from the salt in the air or in the water, as some people think. The benefit comes from nothing else but the cold water. * * *

"Cold has the marvelous property of increasing vital work of all kinds. When cold water is applied to the skin, impulses are set inward that awaken every organ of the body. Let us see what takes place: When a person dashes into cold water, the first thing he does is to draw a deep breath; the lungs swell out, a deep inspiration is taken, and the heart begins to pound away with wonderfully increased vigor and strength. * * *

"This deep breathing increases lung activity, thus bringing in more oxygen; it increases heart activity, so that the blood is circulated with greater force; hence we have more blood and purer blood carried into every tissues of the body. The result is a stirring up of the bodily forces and a distribution throughout the system of a larger amount of highly vitalized and oxygenated blood.—"Good Health."

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THE DIVINING ROD.

At last the divining rod is to be scientifically investigated. A commission has been appointed in France to study all apparatus and methods employed by sorcerers, water seers, and wizards, who use the divining rod, mineral rod, exploring pendulums, hydroscopic compasses, and the other instruments which go by a host of other fanciful names. The French engineer, M. Brothier de Rolliere, is the president of the commission. He will procure divining rods of all kinds, including books, reviews, journals, reports of experiments, together with the names and addresses of the inventors of the alleged devices. All the facts and documents may be sent to M. de Rolliere, care of Cosmos, 8 Rue Francois Premier, Paris, France. It is to be hoped that the findings of this commission will, once for all, settle the question of the divining rod, not only for the discovery of water, but also minerals. In England, particularly, the water diviner plies his lucrative profession without legal interference, and, strange to say, his dupes are often town authorities. The whole business is akin to that of fortune teller, the spiritualist, or any other charlatan, and it is strange that the exponents of such systems are allowed to openly pursue their avocations undisturbed by fear of prosecution. At present the victims are the only ones punished.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

Died August 14th at Racine, Wis., Mrs. Catherine T. Jones, in her 79th year. She had been a great sufferer from cancer in her breast for a long period, which she bore with patience and resignation. She was born at Gwyddgwian, a farm in the parish of Towyn, Merionethshire, N. W. Her parents were Daniel and Ann Thomas, and were very pious people, and their influence was greatly felt by the deceased during her prolonged life. She was married the first time in Wales, but her husband died, and left her with two daughters to bring up, the present Mrs. R. P. Howell, Racine, and Mrs. David Hughes, Milwaukee. In 1851 she emigrated to America, and settled at Racine, where a sister had preceeded her. In 1857 she was married to Richard Jones, Bron Berllan, Waukesha County, one of the earliest Welsh settlers in the county, and a man highly esteemed and respected by the whole community. One son was born of this marriage, Daniel R. Jones, druggist, now of Milwaukee. After living many years in Waukesha, the family went to Wales, and made their home at Aberystwyth and vicinity, and having spent four years there, they returned to America, and the two following years they lived at Racine, thence returned to Waukesha, where Mr. Jones died December 13th, 1886. Mrs. Jones went to Milwaukee, where she lived till 1895, and from there to Racine, where she died, as before mentioned. She was a zealous member of the Welsh Calvinistic Church from her youth up, and she impressed all that came in contact with her that she was an Israelite indeed. Her religion upheld her in her prolonged sickness, and she was perfectly submissive to the will of her heavenly Father. Her funeral took place from her home, and was largely attended by friends from home and from a distance. Revs. John E. Jones, Milwaukee, and Robt. T. Roberts, D. D., Racine, officiating. The hymns sung were of her own selection. The pall bearers were R. P. Howell, Jr., Daniel Rees, Jessie and Gomer Hughes, grandchildren, and John D. and Daniel Jones, nephews.—T. Ll. W.

Pasumalai, S. India, June 14, 1900.

My Dear Mr. Griffiths:

You certainly succeed in publishing one of the most attractive looking, and, to a Welshman, one of the most useful and choice magazine that I know of. I congratulate you upon the large degree of success which crown your endeavors in this line. I trust that you find much encouragement and financial success in the enterprise.

You may know of the terrible famine which is now ravaging this land. Just think of its covering an area where are 50 millions people. Nearly six millions of the suffering ones are being daily fed by government lest they perish. Many many thousands are dying because they cannot be reached by help, or because aid comes too late to save them. Moreover, it is a time when plague adds its horrors, and carries off its tens of thousands, and when cholera prevails, whose victims are legions. God be merciful to this suffering people, and deliver them out of their affliction.

Sincerely yours,

Rev. J. P. Jones.

The Royal Welsh United Choir sang at the Trocadero Hall, in the Paris Ex-

hibition grounds, recently, before a jury, of whom M. Saint Saens is the president. They had a very hearty reception, and sang in excellent style. The Barry and the Royal Rhondda Male Voice Choirs sang several pieces, under the conductorship of Mr. Tom Stephens and Mr. David Farr alternately, The Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, conducted by Madame Clara Novello Davies, also sang several pieces. The ladies were popular, and were heartily encored by the audience. The combined chorus of ladies and gentlemen then sang the "Hallelujah Chorus" and the "Marseillaise," which caused intense enthusiasm. The choir was awarded the grand prize of honor, with special mention for the ladies. Madame Davies was presented with a gold crown and a large Sevres china vase, worth about £80, given by the Government. Mr. Tom Stephens was given a gold medal and a gold shield. Two hundred members of the choirs were entertained on Wednesday by Colonel and Mrs. Jekyll, at the British Royal Pavilion, in the Rue des Nations.

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SPECIAL OFFER TO OUR READERS.

We desire to call your attention to the special announcement made on another page of this issue, whereby we have arranged with The Press Publishing Association, of Detroit, Michigan, to enable our readers to participate in the distribution of $25,000 in cash prizes, for guessing the population of the United States for 1900. You will do us a favor by calling your friends' and neighbors' attention to this remarkable offer.

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Several young women of Hyde Park, Cincinnati, O., representing a portion of the most cultured set of that community, met in November, 1897, at the home of the Misses Lodwick, Erie Ave., and organized what is now known as the "Entre Nous Club." The club is devoted to literature and good fellowship. Miss Sallie A. Lewis was chosen President, and Miss Martha Kinney (now Mrs. Myers Cooper) Secretary and Treasurer. These two ladies have been re-elected each year, and were reinstalled in their respectiv places for 1900-1901.

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Private Tobias Williams sends home from Pretoria the news that on the return home the Welsh Regiment, which has been in every engagement along Lord Roberts's route from the Modder River to Pretoria, will be one of the few regiments which will have the honor of marching through London with the Guards.

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Some time ago Wales lost her literary policeman, and now she has been deprived of her postman-poet. To the man in the street he was known by the name of W. Jones, but in Bardic circles as "Dewi Glan Teifi." He died at Carnarvon of heart disease at the age of forty-one. For many years he was engaged as postman in the town. He was frequently successful in Eisteddfod and other competitions, and has published a volume of poems.

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MISS ANNIE PEAT, RACINE, WIS.

It is with pleasure that we present with this issue a sketch of one of the most popular lady musicians in the United States, and one who is known to thousands of Eisteddfodwyr all over this vast continent. Her ability is so well known, and has been so favorably commented on by some of the noted critics of the musical world, that any further reference on our part to her sterling qualities as a musician, as well as her ability to perform on her chosen instruments—the piano and organ, would be superfluous. We refer to Miss Annie Peat, of Racine, Wis.

Miss Peat was born in Racine, Octo-

ber 18, 1876. She is the daughter of Richard and Margaret Peat. Mr. Peat is a native of Llanbrynmair, North Wales, while the mother of the subject of our sketch was born in Racine, being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Pugh, who gained prominence owing to being the first Welsh couple ever married in that thriving town on Lake Michigan. Miss Peat's talent for music is hereditary, as her father is a well-known musician, and acknowledged to be one of the most successful conductors in the locality in which they reside. She commenced the study of the piano, for which she displayed much aptitude, when but a mere child, her subsequent teachers being Frederick Nelson and Miss Merrick of Chicago, and Charles W. Dodge, of Milwaukee, who is noted for his excellent qualities as an instructor. By faithful study and practice she made such rapid progress as to exceed the most earnest anticipations of her many admirers, who watched her with strong feelings of hopefulness for future success. Since the commencement of her career she has studied music and piano playing with such effect that she has developed into a substantial concert player, and her methods of technique and of musical interpretation have enabled her to give some highly satisfactory renderings of the works of the great masters. Her playing is characterized with poetic and sympathetic qualities of expression, sustained power and brilliancy. She has given numerous recitals throughout the West with much success, and received very flattering encomiums from the press.

Possibly it is as an organist that Miss Peat is best known. After a three year's course of study with Harrison M. Wild, director of the Apollo Club, of Chicago, as well as organist of Grace Episcopal Church, of the same city, supplemented by another course under that noted performer and instructor Herr Wilhelm Middelschulte, organist of St. James' Cathedral, Chicago, and Theodore Thomas' orchestra, it is hardly to be wondered at that the critics rave over her playing. One of the leading organists of this country, on hearing Miss Peat's interpretation of Guilmant's "Marche Religieuse" at a recent concert, remarked: "She will some day reach the pinnacle of fame, and be classified with the leading organists of the world." Such commendation from one so able to judge fully repays a person for a whole life of study. At the Eisteddfod held at Cincinnati, O., January

Miss Annie Peat.

1, 1900, where Miss Peat was engaged to render several selections on the grand pipe organ in Music Hall, she won unstinted praise. Professor Homan, musical critic of the "Cincinnati Commercial Tribune," referred publicly to her rendering of Bach's Toccato and Fugue in D minor, as follows: "Her reading was given with the genuine Bach spirit, clean-cut phrasing and finely accentuated periods. She has a facile command of registration, and her pedaling is excellent." Miss Peat has given a large number of organ recitals. Her first occurred at Racine, April 2, 1894, when but seventeen years of age. Since that time she has appeared among other places in Van Wert, Ohio, where at the May Festival in 1897 she played the accompaniments of Handel's "Judas Maccabeus" on the organ; a recital at Pabst Theatre, Milwaukee, at the Ben Davies concert, under the auspices of the Arion Musical Club; and at the recent Eisteddfod in Cincinnati, Ohio, in each place winning the highest praise of her auditors and critics.

Miss Peat is an ardent Eisteddfodist, having officiated in many festivals as an accompanist. In this role her services are in great demand, as she is a superb reader and in complete sympathy with the singer, points which are necessary in an ideal accompanist. For several years she officiated as accompanist of the Orpheus Club of Racine, under the directorship of Professor Daniel Protheroe, Mus. Bac., of Milwaukee, to the utmost satisfaction of all, and has also accompanied such artistes as Mrs. G. Clarke Wilson, Chicago; Frederick Carberry, H. Evan Williams, Albert Fink, and others, with gratifying results. Miss Peat's experience as a competitor in Eisteddfodau, while not a very lengthy one, proved of great value to her. She first competed at Central Music Hall, Chicago, January 1, 1890, where she was awarded first prize. In all her subsequent competitions she was eminently successful.

At present Miss Peat presides at the organ in the First Presbyterian Church, Racine, a position she has held continuously for the past seven years. She also devotes a large portion of her time to teaching, having under her instruction at the present time a large class of students, who, it is hoped, will appreciate their opportunity of having for an instructor one so qualified in every respect for the imparting of knowledge to those fortunate enough to be placed under her careful tuition. Racine people are naturally proud of their talented townswoman, and well they might be. Miss Peat was born and raised in Racine, was graduated from the local high school, and is at present one of the leaders in musical circles in that community.

"The Cambrian" congratulates Miss Peat, and is pleased with the opportunity of presenting a cut of her genial features in its columns, hoping that her past successes will be as a trifle in comparison with what the future has in store for her.—Iorwerth ap Rhys.

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As far as it concerns Wales, probably the general verdict would place the late Ieuan Gwyllt (Rev. John Roberts) as the best and foremost musical critic our country has produced. Endowed by nature with the cool analytical mind capable of taking an all round survey of a question in its various bearings, he had also trained it by much diligence and studious effort to accomplish its work precisely and systematically. Thus, though but an amateur, and of but limited ability as a composer, lacking the advantage of early training in both an educational and a musical sense, his written adjudications, reviews, and critical articles remain to this day amongst the most valuable musical literature we possess.

In old Celtic Ireland, when a bard was created he received an estate and a retinue of 30 servants. Now-a-day bards have to be content with a free ticket to the Eisteddfod.

Lord Penrhyn is about to erect a church at Gerlan, an outlying district of the parish of Glanogwen, in which the great slate quarries of Bethesda, owned by his lordship, are situated.

When the Welsh settlers first got to Patagonia one of the first duties they undertook was to stop the Argentine Republics massacring the aborigines. This induced the Indian to say: "Welshman no Christian; he friend of Indian."

Lord Wimborne, speaking of the rugged, precipitous Cwmrhydybedd quarter of "Dismal Dowlais," where his lordship opened a new mission hall on Sunday, said that the locality, with its mounds, hills, and kopjies, might be aptly compared with our South African battle-grounds.

A private society of six members has been formed for the purpose of printing the best Welsh poetry of the 16th and 17th centuries. Only about 30 copies will be printed of each work for private circulation. The books will be printed in the best style on hand-made paper. The Cardiff Free Library has bespoken a copy of each issue.

West Wales sends such a small number of its natives to jail that justice has actually to issue invitations. Before discharging the petty jury at the Carmarthen Assizes recently, Mr. Justice Grantham remarked that he would be pleased to write out an order authorizing any of them to visit and inspect the whole of the interior of her Majesty's Prison should they have an inclination in that way.

In Walter's "Dissertation on the Welsh Language," the following lines are given as a specimen of "cross consonancy" in English, but, though clever, they are far from reflecting the complex and exacting nature of full-blown "cynghanedd:"

A fiend in Phoebus' fane he found
That yonder grew yet under ground,
  Sprung from the spawn of spite;
The Elf his spleen durst not display,
Nor act the devil in the day, „
  But at the noon of night.

Attention is called in the "Llan" to the fact that there is no church in the fairly large village of Rhyd-ddu, at the foot of Snowdon, from which it is now sought to extend the railway to Beddgelert. There is a Board School and a Methodist chapel in the village. The village seems to be about equi-distant from the parishes of Bettws Garmon and Beddgelert.

F. J. Snell in his book "The Fourteenth Century" has this to say anent the Welsh alliterative poetry: "In Welsh poetry it was more a question of sound than sense, and out of this practice grew that poisonous 'cynghanedd' destined until the present century to be

the bane of Kymric literature. The beginnings of this are already perceptible in the writings of Davydd ap Gwilym. It had something in common with Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon alliteration, which, as a tax on ingenuity, seems bad enough, but cynghanedd, or consonancy, is much worse. After the introduction of 'cynghanedd' the correspondence of consonants was compulsory in every line.

"If Radnorshire has two bishops, Glamorganshire has three, and used to have four," writes some one. "Glamorgan is mainly in the Diocese of Llandaff, but a part of it is not, including, for instance, Swansea. The Bishop of St. David's is lord in that part, being supported by Bishop Suffragan Lloyd. That makes three. When Bishop Perry was Canon of Llandaff we could count four, as he often did episcopal duty. Radnorshire is not in it."

The landed property of the late Mr. Vaughan, of Nannau (writes a correspondent), includes the site of the blasted oak near Dolgelly in which Owen Glyndwr concealed the body of his cousin, Howel Sele, who in attempting to murder Glyndwr fell himself a victim. For many years the oak, which was struck by lightning, remained the "ghost of a tree," as Askew Roberts called it, but since then a sundial has been placed upon the spot.

"The London water project," writes a correspondent, "would eclipse that of Birmingham in hiding historic sites. As regards the latter the only submergence of note will be that of Shelley's house at Elan. The London scheme (which is not yet abandoned, for surveyors are still busy) would efface the birthplace of Penry, the martyr, the house of Kilsby Jones, and the burial place of several well-known authors and Welsh ministers, such as Evans of 'Drych y Prif Oesoedd' fame at Llangammarch."

A memorial stone has been placed over the grave of the late Mr. John Roberts, the well-known Welsh harpist, in St. David's Churchyard, Newtown. It bears the inscription, "In memory of John Roberts, harpist, Newtown (Telynor Cymru). Died May 11th, 1894, aged 78 years. Erected by subscription." The subscriptions were collected by the late Mr. Nicholas Bennett and by Mr. R. Williams, F.R.H.S.

The following is a fair illustration of the way some musical adjudications are delivered in Welsh: "Yn nesaf ceir relief march yn y subdominant key yn y legato style. Mae hwn yn relief mewn gwirionedd heblaw, musical form o nodwedd dyner iawn, fel geir ar brydiau gan yr awdwr. Y period nesaf ceir theme y relief gydag ychydig o'r march blaenorol i'r tenors a'r bass, gan godi y symudiad mewn hwyl i glimax i erfyn am repeat o'r principal march. Nis gallwn lai na llongyfarch yr awdwr, &c., &c." As any ordinarily educated musical Welshman will know, not one of the score or so English terms contained in the above brief quotation is necessary.

Originally the 12th Lancers was a Welsh regiment. It has for its emblem the plume of the Prince of Wales, the rising sun, and the red dragon. The 10th Hussars are similarly connected with the Principality, and have the same colors. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers have the plume, and the rising sun in the first and fourth corners; in the second corner the red dragon; and in the third corner the white horse. The 41st Regiment have the rose and thistle on the same stalk within a garter, the plume, and the motto: "Gwell angau na chywilydd." In each of the four corners the royal cipher is ensigned with the

Imperial crown. Curiously enough, there are three inns in Haverfordwest named the Rising Sun, the White Horse, and the Dragon.

Llansantffread—a little parish on the river Usk, with its scanty population of about 200 inhabitants—has sent out for active service in South Africa no less than six of its sons. They are Lieutenant David Gwynne, nephew of Mr. Gwynne Holford, Buckland; Captain Henry Vaughan Phillips, son of Mr. Cambridge Phillips, The Rock; Trooper Jones Powell Williams, son of the Rev. Powell Williams, rector; Trooper T. R. Williams, son of Mrs. Williams, Scethrog; Trooper F. Phillips, late secretary to Mr. Gwynne Holford, Buckland; and Engineer Clarke, son of Mr. W. Clarke, Colyddyn. May they all return.

Cardigan—the shire that is—and Cardiff have between them, it is evident, carried off most of the prizes of the Glanyrafon Library. The MSS. and scarce copies of the former have gone, we suppose, to Cwrt Mawr, which will soon be worth the sacking for its literary ingots. As for the Cardiff Free Library it captured as announced by its journal, "a number of rare and interesting works on Welsh music," together with a collection of portraits of Welsh harpers and pennillion singers. The same library has been fortunate enough to pick up the first edition of the "Allwyd neu Agoriad Paradwys i'r Cymry." This extremely scarce book was first printed at Liege in 1670. Still scarcer, strangely enough, is the second edition published more than a hundred years later in London.

An outbreak of modern Welsh Nationalism in a new form is threatened. We have St. David's Day celebrations taking the form of special religious services at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and in other English towns. It is now proposed to have an annual Welsh Musical Festival at the Crystal Palace, the originator of the idea, however, suggesting it should be confined to his own denomination. A Welsh note writer in the "Liverpool Mercury" says that if the proposal be ever seriously entertained it would be well to consider whether it would not be better to have a national as distinct from a denomination gathering of the kind. Wales has no such superabundance of opportunities of breaking down the dividing walls of sect that she can afford to miss such an opportunity for erecting a common platform for all denominations, instead of a separate platform for each.

It is often said that the Vatican Library contains many interesting Welsh MSS. In his new work, "Nodiadau ar y Llyfr Gweddi Gyffredin," the Rev. H. L. James has some bibliographical notes of some interest concerning the translation of the Prayer Book into Welsh. He refers, of course, to the official translation of both Bible and Prayer Book into English and Welsh in the 16th century, but he says there was a Welsh translation of the Gospels in St. Asaph Cathedral centuries before that date. But it was lost at the time of the Reformation. It is supposed that Goldwell, who was then Bishop of St. Asaph, and who was opposed to the Reformation movement, who, in fact, left his office and went to Rome took it with him.

Most of the big exhibitions have blocks of Welsh coal so huge that people marvel how they have been got out of the mine. Here is something bigger. During the past week one solid, flawless block of fine gritstone was lowered in Stancliffe Quarry, Darley Dale, of quite exceptional dimensions. According to the "Nottingham Guardian," it measured 6,000 cubic feet, was 30 feet long, and weighed 500 tons. This immense

block of stone, in itself the size of a cottage, served as a support for many years to the bridge erected by the late Sir Joseph Whitworth, Bart., on the Knoll in the grounds above the quarry, and in the neighborhood of the hall. The greater part of it will be used for sculptural purposes on the additions now being made to the Walker Art Galleries in Liverpool, and the remainder will be cut up into pulp stones for paper mills in America.

The success of the Merthyr and Dowlais Choir under the leadership of Mr. Dan Davies has had a far-reaching effect. Commenting on the choir's London visit, a London paper states:—"Those irrepressible Welsh choristers have been making another raid on Langham Place to such good purpose that, after hearing a Wagner chorus by 250 singers from Merthyr and Dowlais, people began to speculate upon the possibility of associating similar performances with the operatic stage. I make a present of the hint to the managers of the reconstituted Carl Rosa Company, who might do well, when next they visit Cardiff to play 'Tannhauser,' to strengthen their forces with some of these sweet-voiced choristers. The multiplication of choral societies in industrial centres for the practice of such music suggests infinite possibilities which would certainly not have been lost on Wagner himself. The Welsh choristers may be (and most likely are) connected with Nonconformist bodies; but even they are beginning to admit that the drama and the devil have little in common but a D."

Professor Hull says that only 20,000,000,000 tons of Welsh coal will remain unworked at the end of this century. And this is practically a quarter of all the available coal in Great Britain, and Professor Hull says that, assuming an output of 250,000,000 tons a year, the total supply will last 329 years. Mr. Forster Brown is not so sanguine. He points out that none of our collieries go down more than 2,500 feet, and very few work over 2,000 feet. The average depth at which our present coal supplies are obtained will not exceed probably 750 to 850 feet. And the deeper you go down the more costly it is to work your coal. At present it is doubtful whether coal can be worked at a level of 4,000 feet, and if it could it would be at a very high cost, probably more than double the present cost of working. His estimate is that at the end of 1900 there will be about 15,000,000,000 tons of coal left unworked in the United Kingdom at a less depth than 2,000 feet below the surface, the bulk of which will, Mr. Brown thinks, be exhausted within about fifty years. It is, therefore, little wonder that Mr. D. A. Thomas has once more jumped into the arena of mining-labor politics.

Those who take an interest in maintaining Welsh as an instrument of education in Welsh-speaking districts will take some encouragement from the facts contained in the recently-issued third annual report of the Central Welsh Board. The Board, discussing the use of Welsh, are led to say that "the scientific study of a language of which the pupils already possess a colloquial mastery would seem to be eminently suited" to the purposes of the intellectual ladder reared by our Secondary schools. To begin with, "it conforms to the educational principle of proceeding from the known to the unknown." And as to the parallel study of Welsh and English, the training first afforded by a proper drill in two tongues so dissimilar must greatly aid the student when he turns in due course to a foreign tongue.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

"Adam, where art thou?" Preaching on this text, a Methodist minister recently divided his discourse under three heads—1, Every man is somewhere; 2, Many are where they should not be; 3, And many more will shortly find themselves in a place they would rather be out of.

Watering carts of a certain Irish town are decorated with patent medicine advertisements. An innocent Irishman from the rural districts looked at one the other day and remarked: "Faith, it's no wonder X—— is healthy, when they water the streets with Jones's sarsaparilla!"

It is reported that a young man, being examined preparatory to joining the church, was asked, "Under whose preaching were you converted?" "Under nobody's preaching," was the prompt reply. "I was converted under my mother's practicing." Did any preacher ever utter so powerful a sermon as the young man embodied in those few words?

The out-and-out Christian is a joyful Christian. The half-and-half Christian is little acquainted with the joy of the Lord. Why should we live half-way up the hill, swathed in mists, when we might have an unclouded sky and a visible sun over our heads? If we would only climb higher we should walk in the light of his face.—Alexander Maclaren, D. D.

An eminent Scotch clergyman happened to dine with some learned lawyers of the Edinburg bar. He appropriated to himself a large dish of cress, upon which he fed voraciously. Erskine, wishing to admonish him for his discourtesy, remarked:

"Doctor, you remind me of Nebuchadnezzar in his degradation."

"Ay, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? Doubtless because I am eating among the brutes," answered the Scotch worthy.

According to the census officers bee culture in this country has room to expand about ten fold. Now 300,000 persons are engaged in it, and the annual bee product is worth $20,000,000. There are 110 aparian societies. Bees do not impoverish the soil, but result in better seed and fruit crops. This country has the lead in honey production, and much of our product goes abroad. New York, Pennsylvania and Vermont are our banner honey states. If the industry should increase ten fold it would be one of the most valuable in the land.

Mark Twain does not enjoy traveling. It seems that when asked about a recent voyage, he replied: "I do it for the sake of my family. If I had my way I'd settle in one spot, and never move. In fact, I can't understand how any writer can be persuaded to move of his own accord. Old Bunyan was in luck when they threw him into prison. If I had been in his place, they'd never have got me out."

The limit of fine engravings seems to have been reached by A. Henderson of Toronto, who has just finished the task

of engraving the Lord's Prayer upon the stem of an ordinary pin, one inch in length, with the alphabet and the numbers from 1 to 10 on the head. Those interested in feats of this description are anxiously awaiting the appearance of the champion who will distance all competitors by selecting the point of the pin as his sphere of operations.—Jewelers' Circular.

The homely worm had been transferred into an ethereal creature known as the butterfly.

"How you have changed?" remarked the red spider.

"What brought about that beautiful transformation?" inquired the white gnat.

"What caused you to turn?" asked the grasshopper.

Then the butterfly spoke for the first time:

"Even the worm will turn."

Thus we find that passe sayings are current in the field.

England's recent purchases of horses for use in South Africa has affected the American horse market. Several thousand have been sold in Texas to the British government, at excellent prices. The armies of European countries are constantly increasing in size. With this increase comes the need for more horses. Roughly speaking there are a million horses required for military service upon a war footing in all countries. The Russian army requires 300,000, France and Germany 200,000, and England and the United States 100,000 each.

Lord Salisbury usually takes his lunch either at the Athenaeum or the Junior Carlton. The Athenaeum, as everybody is aware, is a very solemn club, and consists of eminent doctors, Judges, barristers, and, above all, Bishops. It was one of those threatening days with which we have been familiar during this disappointing summer, and one of Lord Salisbury's secretaries, observing that his chief was starting out for his lunch, rushed for his umbrella, and offered it to Lord Salisbury. "No, no," said Lord Salisbury; I've lost too many in the Athenaeum. I cannot trust the Bishops!"

An enthusiastic advocate of McKinley and Roosevelt makes the statement that "During the happy progress of the coming presidential campaign every potato's eye will beam with delight, corn will grow husky with emotions of joy, wheat will bow its head with gratitude under its load of wealth, pumpkins and cucumbers will run around the garden to testify to their happiness, pig iron will squeal and grunt with satisfaction, wood and coal will blaze with enthusiasm, and all the trees of the field will clap their hands."

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CHINESE GIRLS.

Chinese girls know no "sweet sixteen," nor flirtation joys, nor picnic bliss. Their dolls are barely put away before they are matrons. The one joy of a woman's life in China, says a correspondent of the "London Mail," "is in dressing her hair. This is done with an elaborate, artistic science curious to see. The hair is invariably black and very long. It is drawn tightly from the face and stiffened with gum. It is then piled up in coils and wings and loops that stand alone without the aid of pads, roulets, pugs or hairpins. There are no spinsters in China except the nuns who dedicate their lives to Buddha. These ladies shave their heads like pdists and thus deprive themselves of the only Chinese sign of gender—the hair dressed a la teapot."

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THE WELSH METRICAL SYSTEM.

By Taliesin Evans (Tal o Eifion.)

PART I.

The dictionary definition of poetry is "the embodiment of high thoughts and pure emotions in a measured musical flow of words; striking thoughts, picturesque situations and generally the full play of the imagination expressed in metrical compositions; pure composition expressed in the vivid language of the imagination and the feelings; verse; rhyme; metrical compositions."

The art of writing poetry is thus subject to mechanical rules which regulate the method of expression. It is true that the 19th century gave birth to a school of poetasters who, following in the footsteps of Walt Whitman, revolt against any kind of a metrical fetter. Their idea of poetry is the majestic expression of the thought which is desired to be communicated without any regard for rule of rhythm or of rhyme. In their estimation that constitutes the ideal—the perfection, the ultima thule—of poetry.

Never was there a more mistaken conception of what constitutes poetry. The perfect work of the poet must contain not only a self communicative sentiment appealing positively and unmistakeably to the imagination, but it must also possess a systematic method of expression, rhythmic in its nature, which exercises apparently an unconscious influence over the mind of the reader, delighting the ear with its cadence, riveting the attention of the eye by its structural symmetry, charming the mental sense of order, and conveying an inexpressible something to the soul and intelligence of man which ordinary method of expression fail to communicate. To say of a spade, for example, that it is a spade is not poetry, because it conveys to your mind no other conception of that useful implement except that with which the minds of all classes of people are familiar, namely, the form and material of which it may be made. That is a strictly matter

of fact affair. You see the implement in your mind's eye, as it were; but that is all. That, then, is prose unadulterated. If, however, you describe the spade as an implement with which the peasant tickles the soil and changes the face of nature, converting the wilderness into a garden of bewildering beauty, something is given for the imagination to work upon. Not only is the spade itself presented before your mental vision, but also the man in whose hands it is employed, its uses and the results. Still that is not poetry; it may be the poetic idea—the soul of thought, if you will permit the term, without the body. The idea may be poetic, but the expression lacks poetic form. There is nothing in it appealing to the intelligence as ingenious, nothing suggesting art, nothing conveying to your mind a special design in the method of expression. Walt Whitman and his disciples have, however, been content to call it poetry. As well might a sculptor describe the beauties of a nymph he had in mind and then pointing to a block of Carrara marble say—"There is the statue!" That block of marble must be hewn into shape by fixed and orderly rules manipulated by his own ingenuity and skill, so as to convey to the observer at a glance the predominating thought in the sculptor's mind, before it can become a work of art. The measure of its value as an art product is determined by the degree of skill the sculptor has evinced in shaping the figure and its pose out of the marble with his mallet and chisel. The mechanical operation has been as essential to the development of the perfect statue as the mental effort which gave birth to the idea. As art is a physical exemplification of an idea in material form, whether it be in a painting, in a carving, in a piece of sculpture, or in any other mechanical production, so poetry is a systematic expression of an imaginative idea in words arranged according to well defined rules of construction.

Primitive poetry was the crudest form of expression, manifested in a selection, simple or complex, of the most appropriate words in the language to serve as media of the thought. We have the best examples of it in the description by the author of Genesis of the creation: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." That may be called primitive poetry, without violence to truth, because it is the simplest and least artistic arrangement of words to express the creative idea and bring the imaginative part of the human mind into play. As the lay of the song-bird, the rustle of the wind in the forest foliage, the boom of the breaking wave on the beach, the roar of the waterfall, the swish and the ripple of the waters of the passing stream rolling over its gravelly bed, contain the primitive elements of harmony and the original suggestions of music, so the word expression of the thought which fires the imagination without the aid of mechanical design contains the primitive

elements of poetry. Music was born when the primitive elements of sound in nature were systematized—when a blending of those sounds which are produced by natural agents monotonously resulted in a varied combination of harmonious chords arranged according to set rules which carried to the human ear and to the human intelligence a specific idea. Poetry was similarly perfected by a mechanical arrangement of speech on a set system or plan, an agreement of measure, which we call rhythm, and a responsiveness in its terminations which we call rhyme.

Poetry must consist, therefore, of something more than an expression of speech which suggests some idea that excites the imagination. Imagery is poetical, but it is not poetry if it lacks art. The Psalms and the Songs of Solomon and the Book of Job are poetical, because each is full of imagery, but neither is a poem, strictly speaking, for each is wanting in art. Neither contains any set design or plan governing its construction. Without it they are like the block of stainless marble, beautiful in its purity and softness, which requires the skill of the sculptor to reveal its greater possibilities, and develop its strongest appeal to human admiration.

The fundamental law of poetry, then, is an orderly and methodical form of expression, whose beauty and harmony sometimes depend upon the greatest simplicity; sometimes in an ingenious manipulation of syllables, words and accentuations, while again an intricate combination of terminals and of lines may constitute the characteristic feature of the composition. All nations, in all ages, from time immemorial have cultivated the art. Holy Writ informs us that Jubal, one of the sons of Lamech, was "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," that is, he was the author of musical instrumentation, if not of music itself; but the same record gives us no hint of the first poet of the race. The gift of poetry has been imaginatively described as "the divine afflatus." In other words, the art of writing poetry is assumed to be of divine origin and inspiration. That assumption, no doubt, furnished the excuse for saying that "poets are born, not made."

In the art of poetry no nation on the face of the earth has reached such a state of perfection as the Welsh. I am speaking now of poetry as an "art" in which skill, grace and ingenuity are the elements of merit—the mechanical form into which the poetic idea has been molded to make it more attractive to the senses, and to give it a permanent existence. It would be neither sensible nor true to say that Wales has produced the highest standard of poetry. The status of Welsh ideals and imagery in the scale of merit has not yet been determined from an international standpoint. That must be reserved until a time when other nations shall have had an opportunity to become acquainted with the literature of Wales. Now that the study of

Welsh is included in the curricula of the leading educational establishments of the world, a correct value of Welsh ideals and imagery may be ultimately obtained. The works of Welsh poets may never supersede Homer and Virgil and Shakespeare, which deal with the human passions and with crisis in history that have shaped the destiny of nations and the fate of civilizations, but they will in time, undoubtedly, win an honorable place in the world's literature.

MARY JONES AND HER BIBLE.

By Rev. David Davis, Weston-Super-Mare.

Mary Jones was born in 1784, and early in life began to learn her father's trade, that of a weaver. When very young she was taken regularly to religious services by her mother, who, as well as her husband, was a devoted member of the little Calvinistic Methodist Church. Just at the time Mr. Charles of Bala instituted one of his Circulating Schools in the village of Abergynolwyn, about two miles distant from Mary's home. A young man, named John Ellis, was appointed schoolmaster. He, like all those employed by Mr. Charles to teach the young was a very devout and earnest man, and soon began a Sunday School in connection with the day school. Mary was one of his first scholars, and was soon distinguished by her readiness to learn and repeat large portions of the Word of God. As yet, although there had been many editions of the Welsh Bible published, it was an exception to see a copy in a poor man's house in Wales. There was no Bible in Mary's home, Ty'nyddol. There was, however, a farm house about two miles away, where there was a Bible, which Mary had permission to read. Frequently, she might be seen during summer and winter wending her way to that house to read the Bible. Meanwhile she carefully set aside all her pence, determined, if possible, to buy a Bible. After years of saving, she succeeded in making up the sum necessary to buy a copy of the Welsh Bible. It was with a proud heart, that one day she went to a Methodist preacher, William Hugh, Llechwedd, to inquire of him where she might get one. He replied that Bala was the nearest place, and that probably she could not obtain one there, as it was more than a year since Mr. Charles had received a parcel of Welsh Bibles from London. Not in the least daunted, she started shortly for Bala.

It was a bright morning in the

spring of 1800, when Mary began her journey of over 25 miles in her 16th year. She walked all the way footbare, and carried in a wallet her boots which she had taken in order to put them on just before entering Bala. Well, she arrived at Bala late in the evening. She inquired for Mr. David Edwards, an old Methodist preacher, and to whom Mary's friend—the Methodist preacher at Llechwedd—had directed her. It was too late to see Mr. Charles that night; therefore the good man gave her shelter under his roof; but before dawn next morning Mary and her old friend were on their way to Mr. Charles's house. Mr. Charles was always up early, and as Mary had to return that day, no time was lost. They soon reached the house, and there was light in the study. He knocked at the door, and Mary's heart beat in anticipation of seeing the wonderful Mr. Charles about whom she had heard so much.

Mr. Charles himself opened the door, greeted his old friend and Mary with a smile, and invited them into his study. Mr. Edwards told him their business, and Mr. Charles questioned Mary, and was greatly moved by her simple story. At length he said "that he was sorry the little maid had come all that way to obtain a Bible, and that he hadn't a copy. He had sold them all, and did not know what to do to get more Welsh Bibles. His words were more than the little maid could bear. She wept bitterly. The plan of years seemed to be rudely shattered. Mr. Charles was deeply moved. He was overcome by the tears of the little maid, as a greater one had been vanquished by the faith of woman. "My little maid," said he, "I see that I am bound to let you have a copy, though that will be at the sacrifice of my word to another friend. I must break my promise and give you a Bible."

Mr. Charles then handed her the Bible and told her to read much of it, and treasure its truths in her memory and in her heart, and turning to his friend Edwards, he said that he could not rest until some means be found by which the great need of the country be supplied. Mary placed the Bible in her wallet and bade "Good bye" to the great man whom she had overcome with her simple story and tears. Mary loved to talk about her return journey; how often she took the book out to read it; she had a Bible, all her own, and what a joy could compare with it!

Mary and Mr. Charles never forgot each other. There was no face more welcome to him than Mary's, and Mary never tired of talking of Mr. Charles's kindness. He repeated this story in order to convince his English friends of the great need and the intense craving of the Welsh nation for the Word of Life. In December, 1802, Mr. Charles preached in Spitalfields, London. He attended the committee of the Religious Tract Society, and laid before them the touching story of Mary Jones and her journey for a Welsh Bible. It awakened sympathy in every breast; and Mr.

Charles requested "that a Bible society should be instituted for Wales," when one of their number. the Rev. Joseph Hughes, exclaimed with much feeling, "Mr. Charles, if a Bible Society for Wales, why not for the whole country, and why not for the whole world?" "Why not?" replied Mr. Charles. This was the origin of the Bible Society. The visit of the little maid to Bala touched a secret spring, which in due time set the vast machinery of the Bible Society in motion.

Mary lived to an old age, and was 80 years old when she died on the 28th of December, 1864. The Bible she bought at Bala was by her bedside on a little table when she passed away. She knew all its promises and consolations by heart. With her dying breath she bequeathed it to Mr. Robert Griffiths, the Methodist minister at Bryncrug; he bequeathed it to Mr. R. Oliver Rees, Dolgellau, who placed it in the library of the Calvinistic Methodist College at Bala. Later it was handed over to the British and Foreign Bible Society, with the formation of which that Bible has so sacred a connection. On a blank page at the close of the Apocrypha are these words written by Mary:

Mary Jones was
Born 16th December, 1784.
I bought this in the 16 year of my age. I am daughter of Jacob Jones and Mary Jones his wife. The Lord may give me grace. Amen.
Mary Jones His the True Onour of this Bible. Bought in the year 1800. Aged 16.

Mary Jones rests in the graveyard at Bryncrug, with a handsome iron railing around her grave, and at its head a large stone, upon which an open Bible is engraved, with the words "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand for ever." The tombstone was erected by contributions of the Calvinistic Methodists and friends in respect of the Welsh girl who walked from Abergynolwyn to Bala to procure a Bible of the Rev. Thos. Charles.

A PICTURE OF MORFUDD.

By Dafydd Ap Gwilym.

Men come to me, and wondering ask
Who may this lovely woman be?
I answer, from one father sprung,
The sister of the moon is she;
Niece to the sunshine's gleaming ray—
Her mother is the dawn of day!

A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued.)

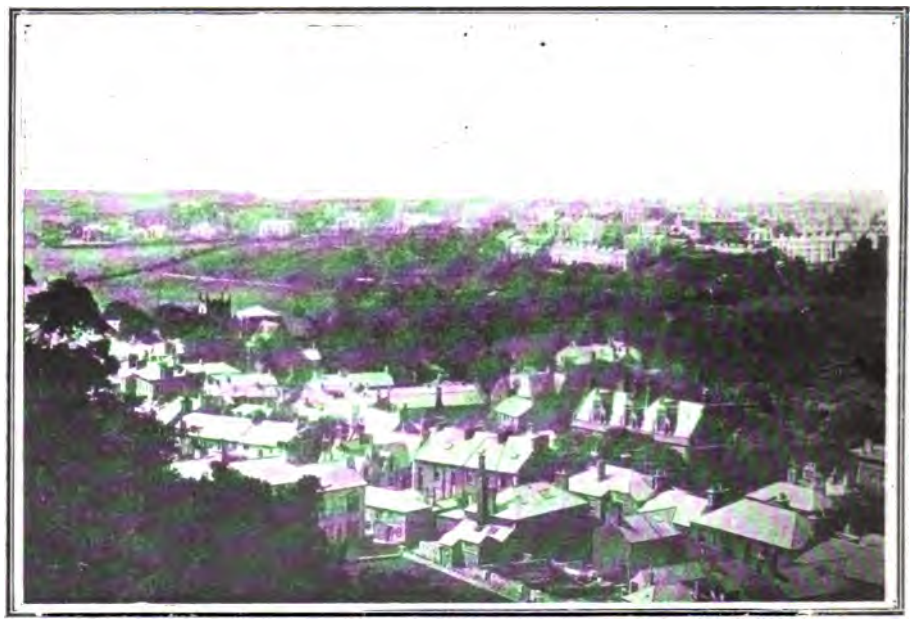
CARNARVONSHIRE.

This county is bounded on the north by the Irish Sea, on the west by Menai Strait and St. George's Channel, on the south by Cardigan Bay and Merionethshire, and on the east by Denbighshire. It has an area of 577 square miles, and a population of over 120,000. A large majority of the people speak the Welsh language. The surface of the county is nearly all mountainous. The Snowdon range is in this county, running from north to south. The highest peak is Snowdon or Eryri 3,570 feet; the next highest is Carnedd Llewelyn, 3,482; Carnedd Dafydd, 3,430; y Glyder Fawr, 3,275; Y Garn, 3,107; Y Foel Fras, 3,091; Elidyr Fawr, 3,033. The peaks indicate the table land that rose above the surface of the sea and bathed in sunshine, when all that is now known as England slumbered in the embraces of the great deep. These towering mountains were for ages the natural fortresses of the brave Britons when overpowered by their adversaries on the borders. Carnarvonshire has four municipal boroughs, Bangor, Carnarvon, Conway and Pwllheli. There are other important towns and villages. We shall now visit some of the more important places in this county.

Conway or Aberconway is a town of between 3,000 and 4,000 inhabitants, on a hill overlooking the Conway river, which opens here into a wide estuary. It is one of the very few towns which retain their walls. The walls of Conway enclose the town in a triangle, representing the Welsh harp, one mile and a quarter in circuit, 12 feet thick, pierced by four gateways, and strengthened by towers at intervals. In the sixth century Maelgwyn Gwynedd, a British king, erected a fortress on the banks of the Conway, which he called "Caer Gyffin." This was probably the origin of the town of Conway. In 878 a battle was fought near this place between Anarawd, Prince of North Wales, and Eadred, Duke of Mercia, in which the Briton was victorious. The battle was afterward called "Dial Rhodri," the Avenging of Rhodri, because Rhodri, the father of Anarawd, had been slain by the Saxons. In 1185 Prince Llywelyn ap Iorwerth founded a Cistercian Abbey at Conway, which he dedicated to the holy virgin and all the saints. Llywelyn the Great, Prince of Wales and Lord of Snowdon, was buried in this Abbey; so were

others illustrious in Cambrian history. The site of this ancient establishment is now occupied by the Castle Hotel on High Street.

The principal object of interest in Conway is the picturesque ruins of the Castle, built by Edward I. in 1284. The architect was Henry Elerton, who also built Carnarvon Castle, but the work was conducted under the personal inspection of the king. The castle is of an irregular figure, moated on the landside, defended by eight massive towers, four of which are surmounted by graceful turrets. One of these towers was called "Twr y Brenin" (the King's Tower), another "Twr y Frenines" (the Queen's Tower), another 'Twr y Carcharorion" (the Tower of the Prisoners). This powerful fortress was taken by General Mytton for the Parliament in 1646. On the wall of the town near the Castle is "Twr Llewelyn" (the Tower of Llywelyn). Near the upper part of High Street is "Plas Mawr" (the Great Palace), built by Robert Wynne, son of John Wynne, of Gwydr. On Chapel Street is seen the birthplace of John Williams, Archbishop of York during the reign of Charles I. He was born March 25, 1582, received his early education at Ruthin, subsequently his kinsman Dr. Vaughn (afterward Bishop of London), sent Williams to Cambridge. In the twenty-seventh year of his age he took orders, was made chaplain to James I., then Dean of Salesbury, then Dean of Westminster. In 1621 he was made one of the privy council-



Bangor from east.

lors, Lord Keeper and Bishop of Lincoln; and after many trials, Archbishop of York, and was evidently a man of great ability. He died March 25, 1650, aged 68 years. The old church near the centre of Conway occupied the site of the ancient monastery. It has a number of tombs and monuments of the

Llandisilio Church and Menai Bridge.

Wynne family, and others. On the summit of the town mountain a little north of Conway, are the remains of a very ancient British fortress called "Castell Caer Lleon" (Castle of the Legion's Camp), and near by are ancient circular dwelling houses. This camp, we are told, has not been used for military purposes since the days of Maelgwyn Gwynedd, in the sixth century.

Llandudno is a few miles north of Conway, and is one of the most beautiful watering places in the United Kingdom. With broad, plain and towering cliffs, with sea and mountain views, it is unique. The waters of the curving bay break on the beach of hard fine sand, the bay and beach flanked by the two noble promontories of the Great Orme's Head and the Little Orme's Head. Llandudno means the "Church of St. Tudno." We are told the church was first built here in the eleventh or twelfth century. Hon. John Bright's little son of six years was buried, according to his own request, in this old churchyard in 1864. Near the old church on the west are Druidical circles. Among these circles are three stones, red, white and blue, representing three Sabbath breakers. The legend tells us that here three wo-

men went to winnow wheat on the Sabbath; they were warned, but would not desist, and so were turned into stone of the color of their clothes, red, white and blue. The legend teaches a good moral. In Great Orme's Head a cave was recently discovered, containing the remains of four human beings, of short stature, long skulls; a necklace of teeth of various animals, two teeth of the extinct cave bear, drilled and cut by human hands; the remains of several domestic animals, dogs, horses and a badger's skull.

Penmaenmawr is five miles west of Conway on the Conway Bay. It is an immense cliff or promontory, rising 1845 feet above the water. It is the extremity of the great Snowdon range. On the summit are the remains of an ancient British fortress that could contain 20,000 men under arms. Here Gryffydd ap Llewelyn was treacherously killed while defending his principality against Harold, the son of Godwin, which event we find graphically described by Lord Lytton in his story of "Harold." Eight or ten years before his death, Mr. Gladstone was seen carrying a heavy market basket up the side of Penmaenmawr for an aged woman, and after placing it at her cottage door he passed on. Some friends who met him and seeing what he had done, asked the old lady if she knew that was Mr. Gladstone? She replied, "No, I do not know Mr. Gladstone, but I know that was a kind man." Surely such a kind act, performed for a poor aged woman, was proof of a kind sympathetic heart in one of the greatest men of the age.

Bettwsycoed is twelve miles south of Conway, on the river of the same name. It is a very pleasant station, with good hotels, and surrounded with sublime scenery. The church contains the recumbent effigy in armor of Gryffydd, son of Dafydd Goch, of the royal lineage of Wales, who died in 1380. There are many places of natural and historic interest near Bettwsycoed. The cave of Dafydd ap Shenkin, the noted outlaw, is near. In this cave in the days of Henry VII., we are told, one Jordan, who had great thirst for liquor, and also for gold, was made to drink liquid gold, which converted his body into gold. The goat which gave him the gold to drink ordered him to return to his home at once, and with the order gave him such a send off that he found himself at once at his own cottage door. Though his body was now of gold, it did him no good; but caused him to fear that he would be stolen. When he came to die, he compromised with the priest for a Christian burial by willing one of his fingers for the church. We are not told that a guard was placed around his grave. It would certainly be unsafe to leave so much buried gold unguarded in our day. Swallow Falls is but a short distance from Bettws. The water is precipitated down a chasm 60 feet across, and breaks into three large falls. Tradition claims that the wailing sound which mingles with the loud roar of the cataract is occasioned by the

shrieks of the tortured spirit of Sir John Wynne of Gwydr. Sir John was a celebrity in his day, and contributed largely to Welsh literature. He was a member of Parliament in 1596, created a Baronet in 1611, and died in 1626. Many of his neighbors thought him unjust and wicked, so his spirit was condemned to remain beneath the waters of the falls. Capel Curig is five miles west of Bettwsycoed, a pleasant stopping place for tourists. Llanberis Pass is entered a short distance west of Capel Curig. The pass with towering mountains on either side is exceedingly impressive.

Llanberis is eight miles west of Capel Cerrig, at the foot of Snowdon. There are two lakes here, and immense slate quarries, employing about 3,000 men. Here are the ruins of Dolbadarn Castle, of which but one tower now remains standing. In this castle Owen Goch was imprisoned for 23 years, in the thirteenth century, by his brother Llywelyn, Prince of Wales. During the reign of Edward I., the Welsh garrison defended this castle against the English. There is an interesting legend connected with this castle. In the long ago we are told a fair lady dwelt here. Her hand was sought by William of Montgomery, and also by Hector of Marchlyn Mawr. The fair Margaret preferred William, the father, Hector, on account of his lands. It was agreed to decide the affair by contest of arms at a tournament, the victor to gain the hand of the fair lady, and the vanquished to present the lady with a steed on which to ride to church on the wedding day. Hector, doubtful of the issue, consulted a witch high up in the mountains; and arranged with her that if he was defeated, the devil should provide the palfrey to present to the bride. In the contest William was victorious. As Hector fell, a milk-white palfrey of wonderous beauty galloped into the arena. It was the demon steed. On the wedding day Margaret rode the palfrey, with William on her right, and Hector on her left. As they drew near the church the horse grew restive at the sight of the cross, and ran with fearful speed from the throng. One hundred knights gave chase, but they were all left far behind. William of Montgomery alone continued in the chase. Hours of hard riding brought them to the steep side of Penmaenmawr. The groom got beside the fair bride, clasped her in his arms, but it was too late, for with one loud scream from the beautiful Margaret, horse and riders plunged into the abyss! Sad legend!

Snowdon may be ascended from Llanberis. Guides may be found at the hotels. If the ascent is made in the night, in order to see the sunrise from the summit, a guide is essential. Beddgelert is south of Snowdon, and a few miles southwest of Llanberis. The village takes its name from Gelert's grave. The grave of Llywelyn's faithful dog, who saved his master's child from death:

"And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's grave.

Cwellyn Lake is a small body of water near Beddgelert. This also has its myth. Long ago the fairies were dancing one night near this lake, when a young man who had hidden himself in a thicket, rushed out and seized a beautiful fay, who proved to be a beautiful lady. All the others disappeared. He took the fair lady to his home and proposed marriage to her. She consented with the understanding that if he ever struck her with cold iron, she would leave him forever. They were married, had two children, a son and a daughter. Unfortunately one day in throwing a missive at a horse, it hit the fair wife. She instantly and forever disappeared. But one evening the husband heard these plaintive lines whispered in the breeze:

"Oh! lest my son should suffer cold,
Him in his father's coat infold;
Lest cold should seize my darling fair,
For her her mother's robe prepare."

Portmadoc is six miles south of Beddgelert, on Cardigan Bay. The civil parish numbers about 4,000 inhabitants. The harbor is good, has a large export trade in slate brought from Festiniog. Tremadoc lies a mile inland at the foot of a huge rock. Were these places named in honor of Prince Madoc, who is said to have discovered America in 1170? Prince Madoc was the son of Owen Gwynedd. The name is connected with a number of places in North Wales. Criccieth, five miles west of Portmadoc, is a small port on the Bay, possessing the remains of an ancient fortification, on a rocky promontory near by. Pwllheli, a municipal borough of between 3,000 and 4,000 inhabitants, is twelve miles west of Portmadoc, on Cardigan Bay, at the mouth of the Erch river, and has considerable coasting trade and shipbuilding. It is the largest town in the Lleyn or Carnarvon peninsula. Rev. John Elias, the renowned minister, whom we met at Rhuddlan, was born on a farm near this place. Aberdaron is fifteen miles southeast of Pwllheli. It is near the extreme southwestern part of the peninsula. The small village is associated with "Dick Aberdaron," whose genius for languages brought him, ragged and uncultured as he was, into distinguished society. Bardsey Island, or in Welsh, "Ynys Enlli," is five miles southwest of Aberdaron. This small island is of great historic interest. It was at one time celebrated for an Abbey. Dubricius, Archbishop of Caerleon, who resigned his seat to St. David, retired here, where he died in 522. After the slaughter of the 1,200 monks of Bangor-Iscoed, at Chester, by Ethelfred, in 607, the remaining monks, with many other Christians, fled to this island. A monument has been erected to the memory of these saints and others. On one side are the words, "Respect the remains of 20,000 saints, buried near this spot;" on another side:

"Safe in this island
Where each saint would be,
How wilt thou smile
Upon Life's stormy sea."

We shall now journey to the north part of the county.

Carnarvon is thirty miles from Aberdaron, and twenty miles north of Pwllheli. It is at the southwest entrance of Menai Strait, the largest town in the county, containing about 12,000 inhabitants; is a port for slate and copper ore; has foundries and tanneries. The assizes and session are held here. It is also the headquarters of the militia. The town holds a charter from Edward I. It has a diocesan training college. Here are the ruins of the castle built by Edward I., when Edward II. was born. The castle is an irregular parallelogram in plan, and covers 2½ acres of ground, on the shore of the Strait. South of the town we are shown the valley where Constantius had his camp; west the home of a British Prince and the birthplace of St. Helena; east a Roman bath, built 1,600 years ago. Carnarvon is a town of great antiquity. Bangor is nine miles northeast of Carnarvon, at the northeast entrance of Menai Strait. It is supposed that there was a small village here before the entrance of the Romans, and that the Romans made it a basis for supplies. A monastery was endowed by Deiniol in this place about 525 A. D. In 550 Bangor was made a cathedral city, and Deiniol was first bishop. The monastery was consecrated into a cathedral, and endowed by Maelgwyn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, and by Rhodri Fawr (Rhoderick the Great), and by his son Anarawd. It is recorded that after his victory over the Saxons at Conway, Anarawd gave unusually large grants to the Bishop of Bangor. In 1071 the cathedral was destroyed by an English army, but rebuilt in 1102. In 1188 Giraldus and Archbishop Baldwin visited the cathedral and preached the crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. In 1211, king John laid Bangor waste with fire and sword, took the Bishop from the altar, and made him pay ransom for his freedom. Henry III. also added to the ruins of Bangor. During the reign of Edward I. the cathedral was restored by the architect that built the Castles of Conway and Carnarvon. In 1402 Owen Glyndwr, the hero of Welsh independence, found bitter enemies in Welsh Bishops and priests, and in return burned Bangor and St. Asaph Cathedrals to the ground. Soon after, Owen and his confederates, the Earl of Northumberland, Hotspur, the Earl of Worcester, and others, met at the Dean's mansion in Bangor, and agreed upon the division of the kingdom. In the division Owen Glyndwr was to have Wales. In a few weeks after this Owen was crowned king at Machynlleth, and was formally acknowledged by the assembled chieftains of the estates of Wales. Owen was a brave warrior and a great statesman; he brought the Welsh together as few men ever did. His own people and many of his enemies at-

tributed to him supernatural powers. His bards sang, "At his nativity the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes. The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields. The frame and the huge foundation of the earth shaked like a coward." For some time Owen and his friends caused the English throne to tremble, but the defeat at Shrewsbury and the death of Henry Percy turned the scale against Glyndwr, and the last effort made for independence in Wales was blasted. After its destruction by Owen Glyndwr, the Bangor Cathedral lay in ruins for more than fourscore years, but during the reign of Henry VII. it was partly restored. Several of the Welsh Princes were buried here, among them Owen Gwynedd, and in the fourteenth century several members of the Tudor family.

Penrhyn Castle is about one mile from Bangor. The present castle has been built on the foundations of the old castle, which is supposed to have been erected by Rhodri Moelgwynog about 720. The castle has had an eventful history for over 1000 years.

"Abode of native chiefs, of bards the theme,
Here princely Penrhyn soars above the stream,
And phenix-like in rising splendor drest,
Shews on its wide domain a regal crest;
Here Cambria opes her tomes of other days,
And with maternal pride, the page displays:
Dwells on the glorious list, and loves to trace
From Britain's genuine Kings—her noblest race."

Bethesda, about five miles from Bangor, has a population of 10,000 or 12,000, dependent on the Penrhyn Slate Quarries, which employs between 3,000 and 4,000 men. The different forms and sizes of slates are known as "Countesses," "Ladies," "Duchesses," "Queens," "Princesses," "Empresses." A witty writer refers to those titles as follows:

"It has truly been said, as we all must deplore,
That Grenville and Pitt made peers by the score,
But now 'tis asserted, unless I have blundered,
There is a man that makes peeresses here by the hundred,
He regards neither Portland nor Grenville, nor Pitt,
But creates them at once without patent or writ,
By the stroke of a hammer, without the the king's aid,
A Lady, or Countess, or Duchess is made!
Yet high is the station from which they are sent,
And all their great titles are got by descent,
And where'er they are seen, in palace or shop,
Their rank they preserve, and are still at the top;
Yet no merit they claim from their birth or connection,
But derive their chief worth from their native complexion,
And all the best judges prefer, it is said,
A countess in blue, to a duchess in red.
This countess, or lady, though a crowd may be present,
Submits to be dressed by the hands of a peasant;
And you will see when her grace is but once in his clutches,
With how little respect he will handle a duchess."

But the peasant makes his living in this way.

Aber, five miles east of Bangor, is a small village, beautifully surrounded. On one side is a lofty hill covered with wood, on the other a stupendous rock. Near by, at the extremity of the glen is a waterfall 60 feet high, and at the entrance of the defile stands an artificial mound, the site of Llywelyn's mansion. Here we are told Llywelyn who had married the daughter of King John, brought Baron William de Breos captive, and held him until he had received a large ransom. During his captivity William gained the affections of the princess, Llywelyn's wife. After his release, Llywelyn in his jealousy invited William to a feast. After the feast reproached him for his perfidy, cast him into a dungeon, erected a gallows, and had William hung. The court bard asked the princess, "What would you give to see your William?" She replied, "Wales, England and Llywelyn. I'd give them all to see my William." She was led to a window to see William hanging under the gallows. At the ruins of Llywelyn's mansion, Owen Glyndwr fired the hearts of his followers to go forth to brave deeds. Llanfairfechan (the small church of Mary) is seven miles from Bangor, at the base of Penmaenmawr. It is a growing watering place. Menai Suspension Bridge is two miles west of Bangor. Parliament voted over $1,000,000 for the erection of this bridge, on which work was begun in 1819. Length of the roadway between the end piers 550 feet, total length of the roadway 1000 feet. Height of the roadway above high water at spring tide 100 feet; breadth of the roadway 30 feet. This was regarded a wonderful structure when built.

We have now visited many places in Carnarvonshire, towns, streams, lakes, mountains. We have listened to tales and legends of the past. We have not dwelt upon the present, which is brighter than the past. Bangor for instance has to-day 9,000 or 10,000 inhabitants, a larger population than it ever had before. The new part has better streets, better homes, better hotels, better chapels, better schools than Bangor ever had before. Here are established a normal college, and the North Wales University College that would reflect credit on any community. If the old princes are dead, greater and better men are living. We will now cross Menai Strait and enter Mona's Isle, the island county, the "Ynys Fon" of the old Britons.

THE ALLEGED DISCOVERIES OF AMERICA.

By Aneurin Jones.

The Chronicles.

Caradoc of Llancarvan, the chronicler, whom Geoffrey of Monmouth styles as "my contemporary," commences his chronicle where Geoffrey leaves off at the abdication of Cadwadadr, who died in Rome in the year 688. "Of this work," Mr. Malkin remarks, "there were several copies preserved in the abbeys of Conway and Ystradfflur, which generally agreed in matter, but differed in their phraseology and the period of their terminations. This apparent variance may be reconciled by supposing that such copies were only so many different editions written by him, and distributed in the course of his life, which terminated, according to some accounts in the year 1156; but probably the time of his death is taken for granted, because he ended his collection that year. One of his works, printed in the Welsh Archaeology, comes down to the year 1196; but David Powell, who corrected, augmented, and continued Humphrey Llwyd's translation, accounts for this circumstance by informing us that these successions and acts of the British princes were afterwards augmented yearly, and compared together every third year by the bards in their progress from one Abbey to the other, at the time of their triennial visitations. This species of register was continued in those Abbeys till the year 1280, two years before the death of the last Llewelyn. There is another copy extant which contains the whole down to this latest period, but still without distinction of Caradoc from his continuator. In David Powell's time, which was that of Queen Elizabeth, there were at least one hundred copies dispersed over Wales; and when we consider that all these agreed in form and literal phrase, and that Humphrey Llwyd inserted what was defective and corrected what was discordant from the authorities of Mathew Paris and Nicholas Trinet, we may reasonably believe that the present translation, improved as it is from records and authors consulted by David Powell, forms a sufficiently authentic compendium of Welsh Antiquities."—Owen's Cambrian Biography.

In the preface to the "Myfyrian Archaeology," in which is published a copy of Caradoc's chronicle from the Aberpergwm MS. is the following by the editors: "The copy of Caradoc, which is collated with the Saxon chronicle, comes down to the year 1196; whereas that which was translated by Humphrey Llwyd, and published by Dr. Powell, comes down only to the year 1157."

The Rev. Thomas Price in his "Hanes Cymru" (History of Wales)

remarks that it appeared that neither Powell nor H. Llwyd ever saw the Aberpergwm MS., for Powell fails to find out the pedigree of Aeddan ab Blegored, and they leave Howel's name out of the list of Owen Gwynedd's sons, as one of the princes of North Wales, although it is plainly said that he was in possession of the government. The perusal of the Aberpergwm MS. as the most authentic copy of the chronicles will show what foundation there is for the Madoc story, and from which we follow its marvelous growth. There is not a word in either of the chronicles referring to Madoc the son of Owain Gwynedd, and only the Aberpergwm copy contains any particulars of the succession of Owain Gwynedd after his death, which is as follows: "A. D. 1169, died the Prince of North Wales, after reigning thirty-two years, and after that a dispute arose between his sons as to who should succeed him, but Hywel ab Owain took upon him the government, because he was the oldest, his mother being Pyfog, the daughter of a distinguished Irish lord, and after ruling for two years in peace, his mother died, and he went to Ireland to obtain the fortune he claimed by his mother and wife, for she was the sole heiress. During his absence, David, the son of Owain Gwynedd by a second wife, took possession of the government, and having collected a considerable force awaited the return of Hywel and defeated him. Hywel having been badly wounded in his side, his brother Rhiryd took him to a ship and sailed for Ireland, where Hywel died."

Among the illegitimate sons of Owain Gwynedd we find "Rhiryd, Lord of Clochran, Ireland." The probability is that he became Lord of Clochran after succeeding to his brother Hywel's property. Adding to the date of Owain Gwynedd's death in 1169, the two years of Hywel's peaceful reign, the time necessary for David to collect his forces and gain the throne, together with the necessary time for Rhiryd to settle the affairs of his brother Hywel, and himself becoming the Lord of Clochran, it is scarcely possible that he could have left with Madoc in 1172. Some accounts put it as early as 1170. In addition to this, Rhiryd being in the peaceful enjoyment of his possessions in Ireland, it is hardly credible that he would leave his wealth and title to risk a voyage as mere company to a brother across the sea to an unknown country, and all this without a single historical record of it in any contemporary history!

Caradoc makes no mention of Madoc, the son of Owain Gwynedd, and prose and verse are silent with regard to him for three centuries, until Gutyn Owain, historian and herald bard to the Abbeys of Basinwerk in Flintshire and Ystrad Fflur (Strata Florida) in Cardiganshire, relates of Madoc's sea adventure, upon whose authority the whole story rests. He made several genealogical collections, and also wrote a copy of Caradoc's History of Wales, which he continued to his

own time. This work is called "Llyvr Du Basing," or the "Black Book of Basinwerk," it having been made from several copies of Caradoc and other MSS. preserved in the Abbeys of Basinwerk and Ystrad Fflur. The last entry in "Llyvr Basing" is in 1461.

The triennial visitation of the bards to the Abbeys to compare and augment genealogies affords no strength to Madoc's seafaring, for his existence and pedigree is not disputed, but that of his westward sailing and its results. However, this species of register was discontinued after the year 1280, two years before the death of Llewelyn, the last Prince of Wales. A glance at that period of time commencing in the early part of the reign of Gruffydd ab Cynan, and the earliest poem extant of Meilyr, 1080, commemorating the battle of Carno, to the time of Syr Gruffydd Llwyd and Gwilym Ddu, extending over a space of 250 years, is an epoch which is termed as the third period in Welsh literature. "Here," Carnhuanawc observes, "an extraordinary phenomenon presents itself; immediately upon this resuscitation, we find the whole world engaged in relating and listening to stories concerning Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. In fact, the renovated mind of Europe, and indeed the world in general, was at this time engaged in celebrating the ancient heroes of the Welsh, and holding them up as models of valor, and of every other quality which in those days was considered estimable."

Wales during that period shared the same impulse from its own traditions. The mythological poems fictitiously ascribed to bards of the fifth and sixth century, Taliesin, Aneurin, Merlin, Golyddan, &c., were compositions of this period. The prose literature of Wales of the same period shared the same mythological impulse. Welsh history became impregnated with Geoffrey of Monmouth's romances, monkish plagiarism and superstitions, to which the Abbeys were the most convenient and safe receptacles. The monks also exercised rather a dogmatic authority over the bards. An amusing incident in proof of this is found in a stanza of Cynddelw to the monks of Ystrad Marchell, who was deputed by the other monks to inform him that he was rejected, and would be refused burial in the Abbey:

Since there should be no covenant for thy
being against me,
And the blessed Deity knowing that;
It were more just for the monk
To receive me than reject me.

In another stanza wrongly attributed to Merddin, we find the dislike in which the bards held the monks:

"I will not receive the sacrament
From excommunicated monks
With their togas on their knees
I will commence with God himself.

No better illustration can be had of the spurious tales and the fictitious attributions of that period than the triad relating to the disappear-

ance of Madoc. The antiquity, authenticity and value of the Welsh Triads in elucidating ancient history is acknowledged by every Welsh scholar of note. They have been added to and brought down as late as the fifteenth century. Many of the most ancient Triads have been lost according to accounts of their former numbers, and many of the latest additions to them have been made of monkish credulities. The most perfect copy of the Triads is printed in the Myvyrian Archaeology, which were collected by Thomas Jones, of Tregaron, in 1601. Triad 10 says:

"Three disappearances of the Isle of Britain—(1) Gavran ab Aeddan and his men who went to the sea in search of the Green Isles of the Ocean, and were never afterwards heard of. (2) Merddin, the bard of Emrys Wledig and his nine Cylfeirdd, who went to sea in a house of glass, and nothing farther was heard of them. (3) Madawg, the son of Owain Gwynedd, who went to sea with three hundred men in ten ships, and it is not known whither they went.

Gavran is mentioned in another Triad as one of the three faithful tribes of Great Britain, and both Triads are given for the same reason. The Merddin is one and the same person as Merddin the son of Mororyn, or Merlin the Wild of the Welsh Bards, Merlin Sylvestrius, Merlin the Enchanter, and Merddin Emrys, or Merlin Ambrosius of Nennius, Geoffrey and the Romances. The Madoc migration believers seem to be unacquainted with this, and produce obsolete fallacies regarding these names as belonging to different persons. Merddin is only a myth of monkish creation; he came into the world in a strange way, his predictions were wonderful, founded on past events, a curious way for history to repeat itself by antedating his time to the occurrences he repeats, and his disappearance with his nine bards in his ship of glass was no less mysterious.

Mr. Thomas Stephens in his Literature of the Kymry, p. 201, observes: "Glass vessels, with romance writers, were things very easily constructed. Merddin went to sea with nine bards in a vessel of glass, and Juan Lorenzo Segura de Astorza, in the Spanish romance of Alexander, which as we learn from Sismondi was written in the thirteenth century has a long passage the import of which is that Alexander being desirous of seeing how the fish live, and in what manner the great fish behaves to the little ones, ordered a "vessel of glass" to be made, and fastened with long chains to his ships, that it might not sink too deep. He entered it with two chosen servants, leaving orders that the ships should continue their course and draw him up in fifteen days. This romance seems to have been known to the Welsh bards, for among the poems (fictitiously) attributed to Taliesin, is one referring to this very event."—Southey's Madoc Vol. 1, p. 276.

I wonder there is no acknowledgement
Fron Heaven to earth,
Of the coming of the ruler of the conflict,
Alexander the Great!
Alexander the nourisher,
Passionate and iron-talented,
Celebrated for sword strokes,
Went beneath the sea
Under the sea we went,
In searching for science;
In the pursuit of knowledge
His mind was greatly disturbed,
He went with the wind above him
On an adventure among the spawn of frogs,
To look for sights!
That which was present did not satisfy him
Yet no sights did he see.
He saw, wonderful to say,
Classes among fish!
What his mind desired
He obtained from the world,
And at his death,
Mercy from God!

To the mythological disappearance of Gavran and Merddin, a third was wanted to form a Triad, and as the manner of Madoc's disappearanc remained a mystery, to make it analogous with the other two, "he was put to sea and never heard from!" That such was his fate was not known for nearly three hundred years afterwards, when it was brought to light by Gutyn Owain, but the sources from which he derived his information are yet unproduced.

Another quotation purporting to sustain the Madogian tradition is made from a poem of Meredydd ab Rhys, a clergyman of Ruabon, Denbighshire, in a poem thanking for the loan of a fishing net upon returning it, which is another proof added to many others that the compilers of fragmentary productions in support of their statements by their erroneous misrepresentations as well as to be unable to interpret their meaning. In the Iolo MSS., pp. 321, 322, are two poems, the first requesting a fishing net, with a description of it, in which are the following lines:

If I shall receive a gift, I desire
This net, and request it of you.
* * * * *
A vast advantage will be to me in lent
To possess a net and watch the fords,
And to receive as a *gift* from you
And here is presented a poem for it.

In thanking for the net we have as follows:

Let Ivan of the fair growth,
Hunt on his fair land, his father's domain,
In a good hour, I also on the water,
Through bounteous means will be a hunter.

Madoc the bold of amplified prospect
The true offspring of Owain Gwynedd
Would not have land—my soul was he
Nor any wealth except the seas,
Madoc am I, who throughout my life will seek
Upon the seas, that which I have been used to.

Not great wealth would be more literal than "nor any wealth." We have also the name of the donor in this poem of thanks for the net:

Who presented it—such a lucky gift?
A chieftain—and who but Ivan
Son of Tudur, son of Gruffydd Llwyd,
Of the race of Heilyn Frych
And his hand like that of Brochwel.

To show the growth of the Madoc story and the almost incredible use made of poetical extracts in its behalf, the four lines italized are to be found in a book entitled "Drych y Prif Oesoedd" (Mirror of Primitive Ages), by Theophilus Evans, and quoted as an epitaph on Madoc, son of Owain Gwynedd, from his

tombstone in Mexico! This book was first published in 1716. Three or four editions have been published since with considerable additions, and its principal merit is in its Welsh diction. It is to these lines the allusion is in Hakluyt's voyages.

As to the value of these quotations for their purpose in support of the Madoc tradition, we find that their author, Meredudd ap Rhys, was a contemporary of Gutyn Owain. They were also neighbors to each other, living in adjoining counties. Meredudd ap Rhys being a clergyman living at Ruabon, Denbighshire, and Gutyn Owain at Basingwerk Abbev. Flintshire, and Ystrad Fflur, Cardiganshire. The latter having made several genealogical collections and a copy of Caradoc's History of Wales, which he continued to his time, as well as being the author of the first story with reference to Madoc, the son of Owain Gwynedd's migration, the most natural inference we can draw from these circumstances is that Meredudd ap Rhys obtained his information from Gutyn Owain, and as such is of no additional value to Gutyn Owain's own narrative of the subject.

According to "Williams's Eminent Welshmen," published in 1852, the valuable work called Llyvr Du Basing, or the Black Book of Basingwerk, was still preserved, and then in the possession of Thomas Taylor Griffiths, Esq., of Wrexham, a direct descendant of John Griffith, Esq., of Cae Ceiriog, in the parish of Ruabon, an eminent antiquary, who died in 1698. The last entry in Llyvr Du Basing is in 1461. Gutyn Owain was the second person named by Henry VII., in the commission to enquire into the pedigree of his grandfather Owain Tudor. He was a native of Maelor in Flintshire, but he resided sometimes at Ifton near Oswestry, where he had some land, and in a deed relating to it, his name was written Gruffydd ab Huw Owain, alias Gutyn Owain. He died about 1480.

The responsibility of Madoc's sailing in ten ships rests on Gutyn Owain, but a reference to a correspondence by the late Thomas Stephens and others on this subject in "Y Brython," a Welsh magazine for 1861, will remove the imputation of the "westward course" from him, and place it upon Humphrey Llwyd, his translator, as well as to put the authenticity of the story in a much more doubtful state than before. It is an undeniable fact that no Welsh chronicle of any antiquity, or perhaps of any period of time can be found to contain any allusion to Madoc's westward voyage, nor even an historical announcement of it previous to Humphrey Llwyd's narrative of it in 1559, sixty-seven years after the discovery of America by Columbus. What is purported to have been written by Gutyn Owain does not contain that Madoc "went to the westward leaving Ireland to the north." His words indicate no course whatever, only that "Madoc went to sea in ten ships." That is

the small original seed from which the voluminous tales have grown!

Ieuan Brechfa, a poet, historian and herald bard of Carmarthenshire, who died, according to the Cambrian Biography about 1500, wrote a short summary of Welsh history, printed in the second volume of the Myvyrian Archaeology. It is a summary of the chronicles of the princes coming down to 1150, and contains no allusion to Madoc, the son of Owain Gwynedd. But there is a sentence attributed to him which, admitting its genuineness, explains the erroneous impression that Madoc crossed the Atlantic. It says that he went dros "for y Werydd." By Mor y Werydd we understand this day the Atlantic Ocean, but in the time of Ieuan Brechfa, it only meant according to the old authorities the "Oceanus Virgivius," the sea of Ireland, or St. George's Channel. It is within the present century that the Atlantic is become known to the Welsh as "Y Werydd," therefore in the time of Humphrey Llwyd, presuming that he made use of Ieuan Brechfa's attributed words his "westward" course could not mean to be farther west than Ireland—y Werddon.

Dr. John Williams's essay on the Discovery of America, 1792, says that the Rev. Josiah Rees's magazine called the "Eurgrawn," treats on the discovery of America by Madoc, but no complete copy of it has been found, nor any one that contains any notice of Caradoc's History of Wales giving any support to the above assertion.

(To be continued.)

A DRAGON STORY.

(From "Hirnos Gauaf.")

"Newcastle Emlyn is a great place. It's not a large town, but it is ancient; and you'll hear talk of it almost everywhere or anywhere." That's the way, Evan the Carpenter, or as he was also known, Evan Jones, spoke to Dave of the Old House, one day when enjoying a pint of beer, in the King's Head, Castle St., Newcastle Emlyn, Cardigan, years ago, on a Fair day in summer.

Evan had been born and bred in the neighborhood, but had been away for a length of time in Glamorgan, and had now returned on a visit to see old friends and acquaintances. He thought more of Newcastle Emlyn away than at home, and the longer he stayed away, the more he seemed to love it. He loved to see anything in the newspaper about it, and he loved to mention it and anecdote about it and his friends to his acquaintances in the "gweithie," as the coal and

iron region of Glamorgan is called. Many a time he could be heard humming an old doggerel he had learnt when a boy:

I'll go to school to-morrow
To read this book of mine
And see Newcastle Emlyn
While the clock is striking nine.

Evan felt delighted to have met Dave, and Dave felt likewise tickled to have fallen into Evan's company.

Dave was the local historian; and he generally spent his Sundays enjoying the sights of nature and reading. He knew the "History of Faith," "A View of the Primitive Ages," and other Welsh books almost by rote, and was fairly conversant with the chief works of the poets, especially Dafydd ap Gwilym. To him Dafydd was the top of admiration, probably from his connection with Newcastle Emlyn. He had a matchless memory; he knew everybody's genealogy, and he was supposed to know considerable about every event since the Deluge. When asked what kind of grain was in such and such a field 40 years ago, he would say, "Stop you, now, there was barley in Parkfield; oats in the yellow field; and wheat in the field you refer to."

Evan the Carpenter's purpose in taking Dave into the drinkshop was to draw him towards the Castle. He always loved the vicinity of the Castle, because it reminded him vividly of the scenes of childhood, especially his school days.

"Yes," says Dave, to a casual remark of Evan's, "Newcastle Emlyn is a noted place. Have you any idea that we are standing where the celebrated David Saunders was born!" Everything related to Newcastle since the time of the Romans, if not before that was known to him, and he enjoyed nothing better than to have a chance of talking of remote times.

The two came out of the tavern, and directed their steps leizurely towards the Castle. They walked slowly through the people, smoking and loitering, because Dave was one of those fellows who could never perform two jobs at once—even smoking and talking.

"This is an interesting spot, Evan," interrupted Dave, pointing with his cane; "it is where Ioan Emlyn was born. It is there also old Betty Parry used to keep a tavern, brewed and sold the best (cwrw) ale ever drunk in Wales. Old Roberts of Holyhead in his "Geography" mentions and immortalizes her ale although he doesn't write her name, where he speaks of the celebrated Newcastle beer and the small measure thereof; the measure still remains, but the beer was never so good after old Betty retired to Cenarth Cemetery." "Is it so," asked Evan, "that Williams of Pantycelyn preached in Newcastle Emlyn long since?"

"It is," answered Dave, "it happened back of the "Salutation." It was a wet rough Sunday; but the meeting was held right in the rain, and blankets were wrapped around the evangelist, and a cap of wheat-straw was placed on his head. There never was such a meeting! There

he preached and "sailed" into it so heartily until he and the people did forget that the rain was being poured as if out of barrels, and it was almost night."

"Well, why," asked Evan pensively, "don't we have such meetings now-a-days?"

Then Dave proceeded: "If you went down the river Teify about 200 yards, you would come to a hole in the river which is called Dave William's Hole, which was probably named after Dafydd ap Gwilym."

"Maybe," responded Evan, "Dave ap Gwilym was fond of bathing in the "Hole" when he attended school.'

"May be so," says Dave, "because he was up to every boyish mischief."

The ruins of the old Castle with its garb of ivy, now stood facing the two friends. A fine sight; the river meandering as if nervous of approaching the old ruins, and then bending around it like a shoe round a horse's hoof. There is not a finer sight in all Wales; and it is no wonder that Sir Rhys ap Thomas loved Emlyn more than any of his castled homes, more even than Abermarles in the Vale of Towy.

"Do you see that horn there facing the south, looking toward Park Nest?" asked Dave pointing to that part of the ruin with his stick.

"I see, I see," responded Evan.

"Well, it was on that very spot the dragon, the flying serpent, alighted when it visited Newcastle Emlyn. I suppose you heard of that event?" inquired Dave as he turned facing the Carpenter.

"Yes," responded Evan, "I remember hearing mother talk something about it; but you don't remember the event, do you, Dave?"

"O, no!" answered the historian; "it took place before my born; but yet it's history, it's in books and true, too."

"What could have been the idea of a beast like that descending among people on the day of a Fair?" inquired Evan, with the purpose of having more light on the event.

"Newcastle Emlyn was then as it is now," proceeded Dave, "noted for its Fairs, and was notable for its ungodliness, it appears; worse for drunkenness and cursing than Lampeter or Tregaron, if possible. There was neither church nor school in the place. Indeed, there was a shape of a small chapel here, which nobody, except the clergyman and the sexton, darkened its door. The church was three miles away at Cenarth, where the dead were laid. This place was wholly pagan, everybody living like those who lived in Sodom and Gomorrah, long ago. Once and again, some one would predict some judgment sure to come; that things couldn't last long at that rate."

"It had been an uncommonly dry summer," proceeded Dave; "it was intolerably hot; the brooks and the wells had got dried up everywhere: there was hardly a blade of grass anywhere for the cattle; hays and

grains had withered to the roots, and fruit on the trees had shrunk like cinders. The Fair-day came, and the farmers were glad to have a chance to sell their cattle since they couldn't feed them any longer. They brought horses, oxen, sheep, pigs, etc., from all parts of the world to Newcastle Emlyn; some came even from Pembroke, Tregaron, Landovery and England, and all parts, and it was so when the flying serpent came. There was such a crowd that people thought they had come there to see the dragon. The cattle (including horses, pigs, sheep, etc.), reached down to Gwyddon's Wooden Bridge, and up as far as Abermad and Cilwen, over the head of Craigfach, Penrheiber way, thick on Bryndioddef, toward the Old Havod and down to Cwrcwed. Everybody was at the Fair, seemingly; and the bellowing of the cattle, the bleating of sheep, the grunting of pigs and the clamorous chatter of people were deafening. Every tavern, street and square were so crowded, so thick, that a man had to stay just where he happened to be. Every other house was a tavern, and every one was jammed and crammed with noise-makers and revelers! When the Fair was so at its height, there was heard suddenly overhead a strange sound like a "Whir! Whir! Whir!" as if a great big machine was whirling past over the town. Every one in the Fair heard the noise, and every one of the cattle, horses, pigs and sheep went as silent as the grave. With this, a great big hood-ook was seen coming up from the direction of Dol Brenin making for the Old Castle, whereon it descended on that horn there; and there it stood for some time, straightening its feathers and staring on the people until everybody was crazed with fright!"

After an exclamation of wonder mixed with terror from Evan, Dave proceeded with his story: "Some approached the Castle, but the dragon shot them through with his piercing eyes; his tongue could be seen shooting out and back again, while he kept coiling and uncoiling his tail by which he showed his evil temper; his horns and his wings could be seen. He was all red and blue, and his body covered with scales or stiff feathers. His eyes were as fiery as two furnaces, and everybody feared that there was some mischief in his visit."

"Everyone by this time was in a fright; some fell in heaps in the houses or on the streets; others prayed to God to save them. Some ran under the tables and beds to hide, while others ran to chapel to say their paternosters; and the rest commenced to confess their manifold sins, thinking that the Day of Judgment had come! Such a fright had seized all that the Fair was straightway turned to a kind of prayer meeting, and the panic was such that very few retained the proper use and control of their senses. Through the mercy of God, the cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, &c.,

controlled the senses they had better than their owners; and luckily, too, because God knows what had happened had they conducted themselves as foolishly as the people!

"The beast stood yet on the Castle, and some one took into his head to suggest shooting him! But the next consideration was, who would dare do it? Some hurried on horses to Glaspant, Parknest, Gelligath, Cilgwm, and other places, for guns. They were loaded and fired, but they seemed harmless. The beast was not at all disturbed. He rested and slept there with his eyes open and his tail coiled on his back! "Then an old soldier suggested that if he had his old musket which hung at home with him, he would undertake to put a hole through him. The old musket was fetched posthaste, and was placed in the hands of the old soldier who had brought to earth many a Frenchman; and he prepared to settle the dragon's account. He took a red shawl off a woman's shoulders, and with the gun he descended the river bank and entered the water which was up to his armpits. Deep and oppressive silence reigned over all, for every one realized that their fate depended on the good fortune of the soldier with his gun. He aimed carefully at the underside of the dragon, the only vulnerable part, and fired, when the beast struck for him like a streak of lightning, uttering the most fearful cries ever heard! The old soldier was a strategist; for as soon as he saw the dragon making for him, he shied the red shawl at him, and dived himself under the bank, remaining under water with only his nose out, toadlike. In the meantime, the beast was tearing the red shawl, while his life-blood was fast flowing from a wound in his breast. Soon it turned over and gave up the ghost. His blood was so poisonous that it killed every fish and eel down the river as far as Aberceri and Drewen."

"And what effect did the fright have on the people? Did they take warning and improve in morals?" asked Evan.

"No fear," responded Dave, "they continued as bad as ever; every drop of beer was drunk that night, and everybody went on serving the devil with all his might."—X.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

In the first line quoted from Sir Lewis Morris, in the last "Cambrian," the typo-demon made a grievous setting. It should be "complement" and not "compliment," which mars the sense greatly. It is just as easy, though, to mis-set the word as it is to mis-pronounce it. "Compliment" is sheer and unhealthy flattery, as many singers well know quite often. "Complement" is "that which supplies a deficiency," "serving to complete."

Some of our American critics are very severe at times. In harsh terms they utter much truth. An editorial in a musical magazine has the following: There is more music in many sentences of De Quincey than in certain chamber music of earnest and perspiring German professors, and Thomas Hardy's description of Egdon Heath is a nobler symphonic poem than many a one signed by a respectable composer." "Perspiring German professors," is not a tasteful way of putting it. Perspiration has accomplished much in our age. It means intensely if it is of the right sort. A noted Boston woman remarked very aptly lately, "Genius is inspiration, and talent is perspiration." It would be interesting to inquire why so many Germans have excelled in all departments of literature and music. We name some of the German masters, and instantly all other names sink into oblivion. Robert Schumann wrote in the following strain, "When the German talks of symphonies, he means Beethoven; the two names are for him one and indivisible—his joy and pride. As Italy has its Naples, France its Revolution, England its navigation, so Germany has its Beethoven symphonies." These great men of genius come in periodical waves. After naming Richard Wagner and Brahms, we step down, in a way, to find none of equal power and lustre.

A Chicago weekly takes to task the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage for utterances pertaining to congregational singing. The eloquent preacher does not put himself up as a musician. Many another preacher has talked similarly, meaning well enough. Talmage said: "If you have worriments, try this heavenly charm upon them. Do not sit down on the bank of the hymn, but plunge in, that the devil of care may be brought out of you."

The editor remarks, and very pertinently in view of some congregational singing we were obliged to listen to last summer: "That is all right, Dr. Talmage, but how about tne people who are obliged to hear some of these folks try to shake off their worriments? Is it fair to add to the troubles that they also may have?" "Plunge in," says Talmage, Yes, but so many plunge in with

their mouths wide open that they get all tangled up with the salt water of unknown harmony, and even if it doesn't choke them, it hurts those within earshot. Congregational singing is a good thing if it is a good thing."

Tolstoi's "Art" ideas, and William Shakespeare's vocal ideas continue to get their full share of attention and criticism in the magazines. Sir Joseph Bennett, editor of the "London Musical Times," writes instructively on the first topic, and several of the American magazines, notably Werner's, has series of critical reviews upon the visit, speaking and ideas of Mr. Shakespeare. The short-comings, the untimely visit, and yet the good that was done by the vocal maestro from London is shown forth in admirable temper by Louis Arthur Russell, who is a capable writer. The following sentence gives the pitch of his criticism: "As a giver of lecture-recitals Mr. Shakespeare is not successful, for two prime reasons. His logic lacks the quality of conviction, and his singing does not follow in the line of his theories, save on some few points."

Great feats of memory are not common in musical circles. Dr. Von Bulow looked over a piano composition once, while in a train going to hold a concert in a distant town. He played it that very evening without a second look at the copy, and of course, without the copy itself. The same great pianist, being irritated by the persistent applause of a Vienna concert audience, came on the stage, scolded the audience for its senseless noise, adding. "If you do not stop your meaningless applause, I will seat myself at the piano and play without stopping Bach's '48 preludes and fugues.'" He could do it easily from memory.

Another remarkable feat of memory is recorded in the "Century" by the veteran musician, Dr. William Mason, who tells of the following performance of Franz Liszt: "My friend knew Liszt very well, and having taken a fancy to a composition of mine, 'Les Perles du Rose.' which was still in manuscript, he said: "Let me have it for publication. Dedicate it to Liszt. I can easily get Liszt to accept the dedication. I am going directly from here to Weimar and will see him about it. At the same time I will prepare the way for your reception later as a pupil." Not long afterward I received a letter from my friend in which he told me that when he handed the music to Liszt the latter looked at the manuscript. hummed it over, then sat down and played it from memory. Then, going to his desk he took a pen and accepted the dedication by writing his name at the top of the title page.

Mr. Ben Davies's charming rendition of the old English song. "Drink to me only with thine eyes." during his late American trip, revived the popularity of the famous lyric of "rare Ben Jonson," and unwittingly, caused a New London. Conn., organist to blunder badly, by writing to a well known firm of London music publishers as fol-

lows: "Would you kindly inform me how a letter will reach Mr. Ben Jonson, author of song words, 'Drink to me only with Thine Eyes.'" A wag naively writes, "Mr. Jonson did not leave his address when he left London, but we suggest that the New London musician write to him in care of Mr. William Shakespeare. They used to be cronies."

"Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take," so wrote Pope. There are musical students who will not study only at convenient hours. Music requires so much time and expense that no student can afford to mis-spend the many five minutes that are wasted during one day. There are "side-issues" in all questions, and in music the little "side-studies" are truly delicious if we have the tact to snatch them. Do not wait for the appointed hours. It is said that a well known piano teacher mastered the Italian language simply by using the minutes of tardy pupils—those minutes were more worth than precious gold to him. But just think of those "tardy pupils!"

IF WE HAD EARS.

By Cad Walad.

When morning dawns and gold-tipped hills
  Bespeak the coming of the day;
With new-shed light all nature thrills;
  With slumbered leaves the breezes play;
Then feathered choirs their praises sing,
  And all her children nature cheers;
What music then would mornings bring
  If we had ears?

When evening creeps, and sounds and sights
  Of day consecutively die;
When sadness on the hills alights,
  Departing with a longing sigh;
Then come the stars a whispering
  Their lullabies o'er nature's tears;
What music then would evenings bring
  If we had ears?

When midnight reigns and heav'n is bright
  With myriad lamps that twinkle fair;
When Dian casts her fairy light,
  And dreams enchanting swarm the air;
When goes the muse awandering
  Through the choired temple of the Years—
What music then would midnights bring
  If we had ears?

FIELD OF LETTERS

As the professed office of "Cwrs y Byd" is to purge society in its manifold ways, we may expect a certain degree of criticism, and of drastic treatment, considering the character of the "purger." "Cwrs" wields his axe and uses the winnowing fan with more energy than John the Baptist. Civilization to him is hardly anything but a "generation of vipers," and after the floor has been thoroughly purged, all that remain are the readers of the "Cwrs," the Boers and the Chinese. He seems to hold oddly enough that Christians are inferior in civilization and morals to the Chinese.

In his remarks on Mr. Beriah Evans's widely-known book, "The Reformers of Wales," although he deprecates his literary barbarisms, he seems to be heart and soul with him in his conclusions regarding Howell Harris's character. He even surpasses him in so much that he holds that H. H. was crazy as well as immoral. "Cwrs" is never half way with anything; he must go the whole length, even if he risks wrecking common sense. If H. H. was demented, he could not have been responsible. We would hardly criticize the morals of a lunatic, but "Cwrs" has a double score to settle with the Calvinistic evangelist. Moderation is a rare virtue. The other articles and papers in "Cwrs" are "Tom Paine and the Rights of Man;" "The Confines of Mind and Matter;" Scene 8 of the Drama "Penrhiwgaled;" "The Boers and Britons and the Cause of the War;" "How Christianity is Wronged," etc., and a miscellany of poems. There is considerable humor in "Cwrs," but we regret to find so much of it in the service of personal malice and extreme prejudice.

The August number of "Cymru" has the following illustrations: The Yellow-Head's Nest; Tulip, Harebells, and other wild flowers; Thomas Roberts, J. Owen Jones, Hafod y Llan, Cape Beddgelert, Shanghai. The articles and papers are, "A Trip Through the Woods;" "A Century of Welsh Wesleyism;" "A Review of the Politics of the Century;" "The Liverpool Welsh;" "Preachers I Have Heard;" "The Evolution of Slate Quarrying;" "Griffith Prisiart, of Beddgelert," and "Rees the Weaver's Prayer."

—In "A Century of Welsh Wesleyanism" we are informed that the two first Wesleyan preachers in Wales were Owen Davies and John Hughes. To-day there are 400 Welsh Wesleyan chapels in Wales, many of them edifices of beauty. Those two original missionaries have multiplied into 140 regular ministers with 400 local helpers. During the century also 500 books have been published by the denomination. The introduction of Wesleyanism into Wales was opposed with bitterness, and for many years it was fought against as a dangerous neresy.

—In a "Review of the Politics of the Century," it is shown how the political state of Great Britain has improved during the century. In the commencement of George the Third's reign in a population of 8,000,000, the number of voters were only 160,000, and in 1820 the number of voters were 440,000 to a population of 22,000,000. The ratio was one voter to every 50. Towards the

end of the last century it is estimated that about 154 electors virtually elected from 307 to 558 of the Members of Parliament. The people were controlled, and the political power was vested in the hands of the very few.

The contents of the September number of the "Haul" are as follows: Eglwysilan; The Advantage of Religious Antiquity; Notes on the Reformation; The Sunday School; Studies in the Epistle to the Romans; The Only Sacrifice; Asa's Blessing; Irenaeus; Miscellaneous.

—E. Roberts in his paper on "The Sunday School," remarks that the proper function of the institution is to impart substantial Christian knowledge leaving the questions of higher or other criticisms to the pulpit and the press. The sessions of the Sunday School should be devoted to solid teaching not to vain discussions and interminable argumentation, which is too often the case in Welsh Sunday Schools. He points out also that the Welsh press is poor in literature suitable to youthful readers. It may be added, also, that the Sunday School has never paid the proper attention to the teaching of the Welsh language to its pupils.

The "Dysgedydd" for September opens with a sermon by the Rev. Owen Evans, D. D., London, with Act 11: 37, for a text; "The Crisis in China," by Missionary D. Hopkin Rees; Impressions of the Union Meetings at Porthmadog; "Events of the Month," by the Editor—The Trouble in China; More Armenian Atrocities; The War in South Africa; The General Election, etc.

—In his interesting paper on China, the Rev. W. Hopkin Rees discusses the character of the Chinaman. The Chinese since the first time they came into contact with Western civilization, have thought very little of it, estimating their own as being far more perfect by reason of its old age. Consequently China has slighted foreigners hitherto, and its government has treated the representatives of foreign powers as inferior beings. According to Chinese maps, China comprises nine parts out of ten of the entire world, while the remaining tenth is divided between the other nations. When other peoples are caricatured by Chinese artists they are usually presented with the heads of mules and long tails. It is a common belief in China that the world has been conquered by it, and that even Great Britain is subject to it. China is everything and the outside world insignificant.

The September "Traethodydd" has the following articles and papers: "The Most Remarkable Man of Prayer and Work of the Century;" Jacob Boehme (III.); The Moabic Stone; "Raising the Siege" (a poem); Simon Lloyd, B. A.; The Ethics of Kant; The Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century;" The General Election; Literary Notes, etc.

—The Editor in his article, "The General Election" takes a wide view of the political situation in Great Britain. He is throughout conscious of the fact that the Liberal party has been demoralized; it has fallen from its former glory and principles; it needs purification, and a re-realization of its duties and obligations. It is a mere opposition without a policy of its own. It should have a positive domestic policy, principles upon which all could unite and cooperate. The fact is they are divided on such questions as Disestablishment, the Liquor Traffic, Land, Taxation, Education, etc. The greatest need of the party is unity and a measure of enthusiasm to accomplish something.

The "Cronicl" for September is made up of the usual departments, biographical, literary, denominational, poetical, miscellaneous, etc. Eynon writes of Dean [illegible] d the Christian Endeavor[illegible]n, the Spir-

it of Jingoism, Earl Salisbury and the Missionaries, One Theological College for Wales, etc. In the "Events of the Month" Keinion discusses the following subjects: The assassination of the King of Italy; The Coming Elections; Harcourt and the War Expenses; Lloyd George and Chamberlain, and the rescue of the Legations in Pekin, etc.

—Eynon assures the reader that Jingoism is wearing out, that the war enthusiasm is a thing of the past, that common sense views of the war is being restored, and that John Bull's cup of expense (if not of woe) is filling up rapidly. We are also assured that between everything and all else John has burned his fingers! Every body is tired of war news, and the shedding of blood (which is nearly correct), and we are led to consider whether the whole game is worth the trouble, on both sides. The Boer, certainly, in the light of what has happened, has realized that he could have gained much more by not rushing into war with such a power as Britain. Knowledge and experience are too often expensive.

No. 53 in the "Gallery of the Welsh Musicians" in the September number of the "Cerddor" is Mr. Hirwen Jones, the celebrated tenor. Mr. Jones is a native of Cardiganshire. He has loved music from childhood. He entered the Royal College of Music in 1880. He has studied also under Randegger and Shakespeare, and has accompanied Madam Patti on some of her musical tours, and has sung in the presence of royalty. D. Emlyn Evans writes about the Mendelssohns. There are also interesting notes of the Welsh choir in Paris, with a miscellany of musical intelligence. The musical numbers are choruses from Handel and Haydn with Welsh words.

—David Jenkins writes under the caption "Suggestions to Leaders of Singing," wherein he gives some valuable information and advice which are really needed. There are two kinds of singing among the Welsh which should be avoided, viz., slow, very slow singing, and singing of a mournful quality. They interact on each other. The Welsh seem to love music of a slow and melancholy nature. Some of Mr. Jenkins's suggestions are not appreciable. He says that tunes of a high range should not be used in the morning service. He does not state why. Further on, also, he states that the minor key should not be used on certain days; for which suggestion he does not furnish a reason. Why could not he state the kind of days, cloudy or sunshiny? Such suggestions are valueless since the days are not specified. However, slow and melancholy music among the Welsh should be discouraged and discontinued as much as possible. We really believe it has had a depressing effect on the Welsh heart.

July "Cymru" is brimful of interesting and attractive material, and among the illustrations we find fine portraits of Hawen, J. J. Thomas, Pencerdd Gwynedd, the Rev. D. O. Jones, Griffith Prichard of Tylyrin, Moriah Society and Maes y Garnedd. Eluned Morgan writes entertainingly of her trip to the Andes; "Some Liverpool Welsh;" "Preachers I Have Heard;" Songs; "A View of Welsh History;" Griffith Prichard, Beddgelert; Our Literary Societies; As I Saw T. E. Ellis; Families of Nant Conwy; Musical Number "Gaynor" by D. Lloyd Evans, etc.

—In "Preachers I Have Heard," the Rev. D. Lewis, of Llanelly, brings before the reader a reminiscence of "Old Powell Caerdydd," as he was known in South Wales, an eccentric Welsh preacher. Once he was preaching in Cardiff on Christmas day and delivered himself as follows: "Lewis Powell is a good deal of a Wesleyan, he helped once to make a path up to a Wesleyan chapel; John Wesley was a fine man. Lewis Powell is also a good deal of a

Calvinist—John Calvin was a noted divine. Lewis Powell is also a good deal of a Baptist—my grandmother was a Baptist; John the Baptist was a noted man. Lewis Powell is also considerable of a Churchman, yes, he is, indeed. He now and again reads the Book of Common Prayer and bows to the Bishop of Llandaff on the streets of Cardiff. The Bishop is a fine man. But Lewis Powell is a very great Congregationalist—a very great one."

In the two articles in the July number of the "Ceninen" on the war in South Africa both take grounds favoring Britain. It is strange, says Tafolog, that Britain could not oppose the invasion of its own territories by the Boers without being reckoned a tyrant. This war was simply in defence of her power and good name in South Africa. If she had with-held her hand, her colonies would have been over-run by the Boers, and her authority over the world impaired and wrecked. The writer also emphasizes the straightforwardness of the British character since the commencement of the war, and the underhandedness, sneakingness of the Boers. He also concludes that the talk of restoring independence to the Boer conspirators is mere madness.

—W. Ellir Evans controverts the paper by E. Foulkes in the April number, in which he showered obloquy on the Briton while eulogizing the Boer character as the ne plus ultra of piety and honor. The Briton in Mr. Foulkes' article is a bandit who spends his life committing atrocities on such innocents as the Boers, Boxers, etc; the Outlanders are an aggregaton of scoundrels; but the Boer is the elect of God, the best product of the class meeting, prayer meeting and Sunday School, the very perfection of godliness. The mere recapitulation of Mr. Foulkes' reckless caricature of the British and Boer is a fund of amusement. A laugh is sufficient to topple over the whole structure.

—We know that foreign infidels despise Britain and its people as boasters; but the fact may as well be known. No nation of infidels, ,law-breakers, thiefs, adulterers, murderers, liars and plunderers has established a permanent government. Very soon from being heads, such systems become tails. The pagan countries of to-day are becoming subject to the Christian governments. The Archbishop Weldon of India, has said that the Catholic countries are also fast becoming subject to Protestant powers; the most Popish becoming the weakest. Wherever the women are Roman Catholic or Popish, the men are infidels; and infidelity is the clay foundation of every such kingdom. Compare Protestant Scotland and Popish Ireland. Idolatry is the ruin of Roman Catholicism as it was of ancient kingdoms, and truth and morality is the strength of Protestantism. These are truths which cannot be ignored, or controverted.—"Yr Haul."

In an article on Mr. Beriah Evans's book, "Diwygwyr Cymru," "Gwalia," a semi-official organ of the Church scores its mal-gracious spirit. "There is in it," it says, "an abundance of things to exasperate one's temper; but it does not possess those qualities that will make it live. It is plain to the most superficial reader that the aim of the book is to magnify the Congregationalists at the expense of the Church and other denominations." "Gwalia" predicts a brief career for it. When thet book was fired, the explosion was mighty, shook all Wales and filled it with black volumes of sectarian smoke; but there is reason to expect when the clouds thereof have vanished that the "gun" will be seen to have been seriously damaged and crippled.

SCIENTIFIC

Prof. Haeckel, of Jena University, and David J. Walters, a law student, are about to start to find the pithecanthropus. Mr. Walters intends to pursue his investigations in Java, and will arrive in that isle before the great evolutionist. The pithecanthropus if found will be of great value, as it will tend to supply the missing link in the evidences of evolution.

Sighing is but another name for oxygen starvation. The cause of sighing is most frequently worry. An interval of several seconds often follows moments of mental disquietude, during which time the chest walls remain rigid until the imperious demand is made for oxygen, thus causing the deep inhalation. It is the expiration following the inspiration that is properly termed the sigh, and this sigh is simply an effort of the organism to obtain the necessary supply of oxygen.—"Ladies' Home Journal."

It is impossible to say how much of the superiority of English health and longevity is owing to the use of open fireplaces. It may be true that three-fourths of the heat of our fireplaces passes up the chimney and is lost; but we gain far more advantage by the fresh air constantly introduced into the room.—Sargant.

It is significant that we are approaching the solution of social problems in a scientific way. The development of a better state of society is to come about, as we now realize, through the operation of natural laws, and not by the sensational process of awakening in the hearts of men a flashing enthusiasm for new forms of government.

"In 1895 John Lawes wrote: 'A day will come when we shall cultivate our plants by adding to the soil the necessary micro-organisms that may be lacking;' and only a few months later a patent was taken out for a substance called 'nitragine,' to furnish bacteria to leguminous plants. We now know that to each plant of this kind corresponds a special variety of bacillus radicicula. Lestini tells us that for some time a factory in Hochst has been turning out nitragine, which sells in small packages for three francs (60 cents) containing enough for a fifth of a hectare (one-half acre). This product is in actual use in Germany, France and England, and farmers report good results from it."—"Revue Scientifique."

A tendency has been noticed in novels of the day to make the age of the heroes and heroines greater than in the days of our fathers. Curiously, it is said that recent statistics show that much the same thing is going on in real life. The average age at marriage in 1898 was .05 of a year greater than in 1897, and the same steady progression is noted for many years past. In 1874, 84 out of 1,000 bridegrooms and 227 out of 1,000 brides were under twenty-one. In 1898 these numbers had shrunk to 51 and 170, respectively. Whether the novels have influenced the novel-reading public or vice versa would be an interesting subject for debate in a young ladies' club.

Marriage by capture is still practised in Australia and a few other places. In many savage and barbaric countries, the bride makes a show of resistance, though all the time willing to be married, and there is a sham fight between the relatives of the bride and bride-

groom; and there are actual survivals in English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish customs of marriage of capture.

The Chinese are so completely absorbed in temporal interests, in the things that fall under their senses, that their whole life is only materialism put in action. Lucre is the sole object on which their eyes are constantly fixed. A burning thirst to realize some profit, great or small, absorbs their faculties, the whole energy of their being. They never pursue anything with ardor but riches and natural enjoyments. God, the soul, a future life, they believe in none of them, or rather they never think about them at all.—"Abbe Huc."

The University of Illinois has just fallen heir to a noteworthy collection of insects, known from its donor as the Bolter collection. It numbers approximately fifteen thousand species, represented by about seventy thousand specimens, besides thirty thousand duplicates. "This collection," says "Science," "accumulated during the last fifty years by the late Andreas Bolter, is remarkable for the excellence of the material and for the exquisite care with which it has been prepared and arranged.

"In a German photographic magazine it is stated, says "The Medical News," August 11, "that the conclusion has been reached by a Russian physician that the electric light is the least injurious to the eyes, and that candle is the most harmful. He has observed the number of times that the lids are closed under otherwise similar conditions, and states that the oftener the lids are closed the greater the fatigue and consequent injury. As a result of his experiments he compiled the following table showing the number of times a minute the lids were closed with different illuminations: Candle light, 6.8; gas, 2.8; sun, 2.9; electric, 1.8."

The influence of hunger on mental activity has recently been investigated by M. Lassignardie. Deprivation of nourishment may include voluntary deprivation, as in the case of professional fasters and compulsory deprivation, as in diseases, such as violent fevers, hysteria, and acute mental derangement, or where hunger is a consequence of poverty, shipwreck, imprisonment, or accident, where hunger is continued for the commission of suicide, and finally in religious fasts. The author makes a special study of the transitory delirium that follows long deprivation, as after shipwreck. He concludes that if deprivation do not last too long and if, especially, it is voluntary and habitual, the result is manifest activity of the mind, and particularly of the imagination.

Why have we such tolerance for campaign lies and liars? Why do respectable gentlemen, prominent in church circles, either help in the invention of such lies or smile complacently at their circulation? We have powerful church organizations; the whole land is honeycombed, we may say, with societies for the promotion of a certain type of conventional moral excellence; but what is being done to make honest citizens? We meet the man full of church-taught scrupulosities ten times for once that we meet a thoroughly open-minded, honest man. We meet the man who is terribly afraid of doctrinal errors ten times for once we meet the man who detests the campaign lie. The remedy for this is to be sought in a reorganized national education.

There is a vast difference between the chemistry of food and its actual value within the body, and we are not sanguine that life will ever be sustained satisfactorily by highly concentrated nourishment. In natural food there

exists a factor which determines very largely whether that food is really able to support the vital processes, while it is known that in many prepared foods for some reason or other there is absent a vigor-giving quantity. The fact of sterilized milk sometimes giving rise to scurvy rickets in infants which may be avoided by the addition of fresh fruit or meat juice is an example. Next to the craze for consolidating foods is that of devising substitutes which are vaunted as equal to, if not better than, the original article. In this case distinct harm may be done. For instance, the public meet everywhere with announcements that they may dispense with eggs in the preparation of a custard. Custards without eggs would appear to be an article of extreme convenience to the cook, but it may lead to a very serious result to the invalid.—"Lancet."

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THE VOICE.

The three things necessary to keep the voice in good order are practice, practice, and again practice. A singer who lets his voice lie idle is pretty sure to lose some of his upper notes, his breathing-power falls below its highest standard, and the larynx becomes less supple and less obedient to his will. Another vital point is never, if possible, to use the voice when it is not at its best. The slightest cold deadens to some extent the vibrations of the cords, and the resonators are also thrown out of tune by dryness or excessive moisture of their lining membranes. Bodily weakness or indisposition is reflected in the voice; the cords do not come firmly together, and their tension is insufficient for perfect purity, much less richness, of tone. A most essential element in the care of the voice is attention to the general health. This is very apt to be neglected by singers, who have rather a tendency, as a class, to lead the life of hot-house plants, living in rooms from which fresh air is shut out almost as if it were a pestilence, and taking little or no physical exercise. It is right, no doubt, that a singer should shield his precious instrument from harm as carefully as a violinist protects his Straduarius or Amati, but exaggerated precaution may defeat its object. Even the most dainty of light tenors can not live wrapped up in cotton-wool, and the delicacy engendered by the unhealthy conditions of life which have been referred to makes the slightest exposure to cold or fog almost deadly to his artificially enervated throat. A singer who wishes to keep himself in good voice should rise, if not exactly with his brother minstrel, the lark, at least pretty early, say, before eight in the morning. Tosi says that the best hour for practice is the first of the sun, but this, I fear, is a "counsel of perfection" beyond the virtue of this unheroic age. The singer should take plenty of exercise in the open air, and should harden his constitution by leading, as far as possible, a healthy outdoor life. Nothing gives richness and volume to the voice like vigorous health; an experienced ear can often tell a man's physical condition by the full, generous "ring" of his tones, both in singing and speaking.—Sir Morell Mackenzie.

A tombstone near Trecastle, S. W., bears a musical inscription, namely, an old Congregational tune.

Welshmen have always been pretty great at language dissecting. Dr. Johnson admits that in the compilation of his dictionary he was assisted by a Welshman.

Just a hundred years ago a Neath man was indicted for slandering George III. by saying that "he would make a better king out of a piece of alderwood gilt and painted."

It has been well observed that the Welsh language contains no word for strike in the industrial sense of the word. The word, like the practice, was imported from England.

In ancient times, both in Wales and Ireland, crannock was used for the quarter as a measure of corn. The word is probably of Welsh origin, introduced to Ireland by Strongbow's Welshmen.

The Romans took the waters at Llandrindod just like parsons,, preachers, and politicians of the present day. Llandrindod was brought to the notice of modern Englishmen by poems in praise of the waters in the "Gentleman's Magazine." A German physician wrote them up in 1754.

A copy of William Salisbury's Welsh New Testament, published in 1567, has just been presented to the Bala Theological College library, which has also been enriched with some 1,500 Welsh books, including some rare editions, bequeathed to it by the late Principal Dr. T. Charles Edwards.

A correspondent of the "Cymro," who spent his holidays at Llandrindod, says: "The place is, as usual at this season of the year, very full of visitors—both sick and well, and all are as busy as they can be—the sick trying to make themselves well, and those who are well trying to make themselves ill."

In a little village in Monmouthshire there is a picture hung in a refreshment house that attracted the notice of a shrewd Welshman. He bought it for a few pounds, and sent it to a picture-dealer to be cleaned. The dealer at once offered £200 for it. But the owner is holding on. The picture is a genuine Van Dyke, and is a fine example of the work of that master.

It is curious how the average Englishman has become such a total stranger to the letter "ll." We are assured that the early Saxons possessed the vocable under the form "hl." In an ancient music catch, apparently of the thirteenth century, we find the letter in the form Edward Llwyd would have it written:—

"Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu.

The best men are only men at their best. It is remarkable that John Wesley, Howel Harris, and George Whitefield were unfortunate in their matrimonial affairs. It is true that neither

friend nor foe has been able to prove immoral conduct against one of them, and the popular presumption is that their wives were to blame. Probably, the true cause of their domestic troubles was that the great reformers were too busy reforming the world in general to mind their home duties. Moral, Girls, don't marry reformers!

At Eglwys Cwmmin, in Carmarthenshire, there is a curious custom of maintaining in repair the parish church-yard wall. The wall is divided into as many parts as there are farms in the parish, and each farmer is supposed to keep in repair his portion. The custom possibly throws a ray of light on the curious name of the church. "Cwmmin" is only a form of "common," and may be refers to the erection of the church on ground that was common land. If so it was only reasonable that everybody who benefited by the land should bear his share of the expense of keeping the wall in repair.

The Unitarians seem to be as conservative in some respects as any of the Welsh Nonconformists. At the annual meetings held at Aberdare the other day the question of having a Book of Common Prayer for the use of the Unitarian churches was rejected by a large majority. The question was raised some months ago at the Ciliau meeting by a Cardiganshire lady, who warmly advocated its adoption, chiefly in the interest of the young people. It was decided then to refer it to the churches. This was done, with the result already mentioned.

An ordinary agricultural laborer in England gets 16s. 10d., in Wales he gets 16s. 5d., in Scotland 18s. 1d., and in Ireland 10s. 1d. English laborers get smallest pay in Suffolk, and Welsh laborers in Cardiganshire. To what extent the figures may be depended upon it is impossible to say. In Devonshire some years ago agricultural laborers only got 10s. or 11s. and their cider. In many parts of Wales they get more than that in money and perquisites, including butter-milk, skimmed milk, whey, and several privileges which mean much to the laborer, but are difficult to put down in black and white.

In the old Welsh law, liability ceased beyond the ninth degree. It is interesting to notice that the ninth degree is still looked on as a limit among the Welsh. If a witness in court is asked, "Are you a relative of the defendant's?" it is not unusual for him to reply "Dim perthynas o fewn y nawfed ach," which means "not related within the ninth degree."

While Lord Roberts and his intrepid force have had their energies taxed by the elusiveness of De Wet, Delarey, and others, the Oxford professor of Celtic has been on the track of quite as resourceful a "boar," and one that boasts a far more ancient pedigree, viz., the redoubtable "Twrch Trwyth." In his forthcoming "Celtic Folklore" Principal Rhys analytically examines the progress of this pre-historic raider, when hunted by Arthur and his men. The "Twrch" having laid waste a fifth part of Ireland, the hunt is resumed in Pembrokeshire, and amid varying fortunes extends to the Severn, the Twrch" evincing all the craftiness and mobility of the South African Boer of to-day.

The man who first invented the historical parallel should have been killed, no doubt, the day before. But the historical parallel still portrudes itself everywhere. The following one is too good for oblivion. Two excellent Welsh bards were killed by the inectives of stronger bards. Dafydd ab Gwilym killed Rhys Meigen with his sarcastic skits. But a still more serious case was that of Archdeacon Edmund Prys kill-

ing William Cynwal with thirty-nine poems against poor Will's sixteen. The saddest feature of the latter bardic murder is that Prys was a great Churchman, whose versions of the Psalms are sung every Sunday in Wales; he was also a good scholar, while poor Will was a blacksmith and a self-made scholar. It was naked fist against a coat of mail.

Nonconformist history is for the moment commanding a large share of the attention if the denominations in Wales The Welsh Congregational Union is offering substantial prizes, with gold, silver, and bronze medals respectively, fir the best papers on the question of Congregational Church history at an open competition in the spring of 1901. Professor Anwyl, of Aberystwyth, is the chief examiner, and is assisted by other well-known public men in each of the fifteen county divisions. The Baptist Union desire to encourage a similar study so far as they are concerned, and Principal Edwards, D. D., of Cardiff. will at the Baptist Union meetings at Bangor read a paper on "Baptists and their Struggles for Civil and Religious Liberty." This paper will, it is thought, probably form the nucleus of a popular handbook on the same subject. The Wesleyans, too, have just issued in handy form a popular history of Welsh Wesleyan Methodism.

In the homes of the well-to-do among the Welsh of old, the principal meal was served in the evening. It varied according to the number and dignity of the persons assembled, and the degrees of the wealth of different households. In any case it was a simple repast. There were no tables, no cloths, no napkins; the guests were seated in messes of three; all the dishes were at once set before them in large platters on rushes or grass spread on the floor. The food consisted of milk, cheese, butter, meat plainly cooked. The bread was served as a thin and broad cake, fresh-baked every day—the "bara llech" of modern Wales.

In his book, "Diwygwyr Cymru" (The Reformers of Wales) Mr. Beriah Evans objects to the way the "Great Revival" is called "Methodist." The term is unfortunate, he says; and the reason he gives is that the revival was something world-wide. Therefore, he calls it the "Great Revival" rather than "The Methodist Revival," by which it has been known hitherto. However, there is the same appropriateness in calling it "Methodist" as there is in calling the play in Shakespeare "Hamlet." There are many other actors in the play, but the chief role is that of Hamlet. The chief actors in the Revival in Wales were Griffith Jones, Rowlands of Llangeitho and Howell Harris of Trevecca. We may consult old chronicles, and decide to call Shakespeare's play "Prince Fengo," the real name of Hamlet's uncle, or we may call the play "Hamlet's Ghost," "Ophelia," or "Horatio," all taking part in it, but yet the cynosure of all eyes, the central figure is the prince. Rowlands of Llangeitho and Howell Harris of Trevecca, are the "Hamlets" of the Great Revival play in Wales.

Mr. Herbert Roberts, M. P., recently presided over a concert given at Llanrwst by the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, and conducted by Madame Novello Davies. He said the organ question in Wales and other parts of the country had involved considerable difficulty, and, in part,had been a stumbling block to many chapels and churches. He was glad they in Wales, at all events, were beginning to understand the true relation that existed between beautiful organs and public worship. Everything that added to the reality of public divine worship should be welcomed by them with open arms, although, of course, every church must decide the

question itself, according to its creed and the feelings of its congregation. In some places there was a danger—but very slight in Wales—of looking upon a fine organ and singing as an object of worship rather than a means of worship. He considered no words could be too strong to deprecate such a tendency, and it was consoling to think that in Wales they were very sound upon that point.

The "Cambrian News" offers an ingenious explanation as to "Why Welsh cannot be taught in schools." "Welsh," remarks our contemporary, "can only be satisfactorily taught by Welsh teachers. * * * The teachers who are trained in Wales rank high and have no difficulty whatever in obtaining better-paid appointments than those open to them in their native country. Welsh teachers are often miserably paid, and the tendency, therefore, is for the less competent English teachers to drift into low-salaried places in Wales, while the more competent Welsh teachers drift to the high-salaried places in England. There are exceptions, of course, to both these rules, but the main difficulty in the way of teaching Welsh in elementary schools arises from the fact that the best Welsh teachers go to England, while the worst class of English teachers tend to drift into Wales. Patriotism cannot be expected to be strong enough to induce teachers to accept salaries of £50 or £70 in Wales who can easily obtain £150 or £200 or more in England."

The well-informed writer who for some time past has been engaged in the "Christian World" in discussing "The problem of the Congregational ministry," writes recently on "The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists," describing the Methodist ministerial system in full, and the general Methodist organization. He considers the Welsh Methodist system to be a survival of the days when there were no settled ministers, but the itinerant system prevailed. In explaining the origin of the church the writer says:—"The Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church is an offspring of the great evangelical revival of the eighteenth century. Its leaders were a little group of curates of the Established Church, who were dismissed from their curacies, and some of them suffered cruel persecution at the hands of the squires and clergy. The first Methodist Association meeting was held in 1743 in Glamorganshire, under the presidency of George Whitefield. From this time to the end of the century only the word 'Methodist' was used, but when at last the Wesleyans began active work in Wales a distinctive appellation was necessary, and it was thus that the term 'Calvinistic' was adopted."

The Welsh town furthest north is Amlwch, noted for its Mount Parys copper mines, dating back to the times of the Romans, and noted above all for its tobacco. For the strength and quality of its shag Amlwch beats Bristol. The first pipeful of Amlwch shag is a thing to be remembered, in fact. It is highly esteemed in the North, and the people of Anglesey "use no other," as is said of the lovers of a certain brand of soap. So great is the demand that employment all the year round is given to no less than three factories. Various brands are turned out by these establishments, but the shag is facile princeps.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

In a recent number of "The Cambrian" attention was drawn to the fact that there existed a scarcity of Welsh-American lady vocalists. It is with much pleasure that we present, with this issue, a sketch of one who has already attained considerable fame as a soprano of pronounced ability, and one who is usually heard with pleasure at all her public appearances. We refer to the "Nightingale of Mahoning Valley, Ohio," Miss Annie Aubrey, of Youngstown. This celebrated songstress possesses all the qualifications of an artist, which, combined with a charming personality and an admirable stage presence, have made her famous in the section of the country where she resides.

Miss Annie Aubrey.

Miss Aubrey is the daughter of James and Mary Ann Aubrey. Her father is a native of Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire, South Wales, while her mother was born in Pittsburg, Pa., being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Jones, who emigrated to this country from Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorganshire, South Wales, in 1841. Miss Aubrey's talent for music is hereditary, as she descends from a musical family on both her parents' and

grandparents' sides, and was reared in a musical atmosphere, surrounded by devotees of the art and musical influences. From an early age she displayed a strong taste for the beautiful in music. When but a child of eight to ten years old, there was a constant demand for her appearance at all local concerts, where her sweet voice, though small in volume, drew forth the unstinted plaudits of her auditors. Subsequently, her parents were advised by competent critics to afford the young and gifted songstress an opportunity to develop her musical talents, and after much careful deliberation it was decided to place her under the guidance of that able instructor, Professor William Apmadoc, now of Chicago, Ill., but at that time a resident of Utica, N. Y.

Upon her departure from Youngstown a reception was tendered her by the Harmonic Society (Professor J. Powell Jones, director), of which she was a leading and valuable member. The affair, which was in the form of a concert, occurred in the Walnut Street Welsh Baptist Church. During the evening, Professor Jones in behalf of the Harmonic Society presented Miss Aubrey with a handsome gold watch, and the Rev. D. Probert, on behalf of the church, presented her with a gold chain as a token of their esteem and affection.

Miss Aubrey pursued her studies under the tutorage of Professor Apmadoc for two years, making surprising progress. Following are a few comments of the Utica press on her singing. In a report of a concert given by the Utica Harmonic Society at New Hartford, N. Y., the Utica "Morning Herald" said: "One of the prettiest songs given at the concert was that of Miss Aubrey, entitled 'If on the Meads.' She was encored wildly, and responded with 'The Italian Girl.' Her articulation, purity of tone and style of singing carried the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. There is a bright future in store for her." Her singing at the Orphan Asylum for the amusement and pleasure of the children of that institution drew forth the following tribute from the Utica "Observer:" "Miss Aubrey of Youngstown, O., has a voice like a bird, and has it under excellent control. Her pretty solo, 'The Mother and Her Sailor Boy,' was received with much favor and hearty applause. She possesses a prize in her voice."

After completing her studies with Professor Apmadoc, Miss Aubrey decided to take a course of instruction in piano and vocal culture with Professor John Underner, a noted teacher of Cleveland, O. It was not long after her advent to that city ere her ability as a soprano was recognized, and her services were in incessant demand. Her first engagement was in the quartette choir of the North Presbyterian Church, where she officiated for an extended period. Subsequently, she was engaged to take the place of Mrs. Seabury C. Ford, one of the most noted sopranos in the United States, in the quartette of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of which Dan Beddoe, the celebrated Welsh tenor, now of Pittsburg, was a member, and which was conceded by leading musicians to be the best church quartette in the city of Cleveland. While there, Miss Aubrey gave complete satisfaction both to the congregation and music committee. Professor Underner was particularly proud of his pupil, and with good cause. Speaking one day of her ability as a singer, he remarked: "Miss Aubrey is the most promising artist I have as yet had under my care."

After an extended course of study in Cleveland, Miss Aubrey returned to her home in Youngstown, with the express purpose of forming a class for instruction in piano and vocal culture. Her efforts were eminently successful, but a desire for further instruction on her part culminated in her going to Pittsburg, Pa., to interview that celebrated teacher (than whom there is none bet-

ter anywhere), Professor John Dennis Mehan, and for the past year Miss Aubrey has studied with him. Her progress during that time exceeded even the most eager anticipations.

In the issue of June 2, 1900, of "The Concert Goer," the official organ of the New York, Illinois, Ohio and Michigan State Music Teachers Association, published in New York, the following correspondence from Pittsburg appeared: "The people of this city were treated during the past week to a most commendable series of recitals, given at Carnegie Hall, by the pupils of Mr. and Mrs. John Dennis Mehan. It can be said without fear of contradiction that we have never had anything to compare with them in the line of 'pupil recitals.' Indeed, they were more than 'recitals.' They easily rose to the dignity of first-class concerts. The hall was crowded on each occasion with music teachers and devotees of the art, and to judge from their unstinted applause, they were filled with pleasure by the performances." * * * "Of the soprano, special mention should be made of the performances of Miss Clark, Miss Frease, Miss Frebertshauser, Miss Burke and Miss Aubrey. Their voices are certainly remarkable for their purity of tone and soulful quality. The production of their tones was seemingly attended with the least possible effort, and without a semblance of forcing. I will venture to say that these young ladies will some day make more than a stir in the world of music." Comment on the above is unnecessary.

Miss Aubrey is an ardent Eisteddfodist, taking unfeigned pleasure in preparing competitors on test subjects, while her services have been secured on many occasions as soloist, to the extreme satisfaction of all concerned. In an account of the Eisteddfod held at New Castle, Pa., last March, the "Courant-Guardian" of said town pays the following high compliment to Miss Aubrey: "Miss Annie Aubrey sang a selection to the entire satisfaction of the audience. Miss Aubrey is soprano soloist of one of the largest churches in Youngstown, and it must be delightful to sit and listen to the sweet strains of her beautiful voice Sabbath after Sabbath."

Miss Aubrey has been for the past six years chorister of the Youngstown United Presbyterian Church, but has just resigned to accept a position as leading soprano in the Presbyterian Church. She will, undoubtedly, prove a valuable and pleasing acquisition to the musical service of said church, as disinterested critics unfalteringly pronounce her to be one of the leading soprano soloists of that section of the country.

"The Cambrian" desires to compliment Miss Aubrey on her past successes, and also with pleasure presents this sketch of one so deserving of praise for the consideration of its numerous readers, trusting that many will likewise make their mark in the world of music, thereby reflecting credit on "Gallant Little Wales," as well as on their native land or that of their adoption.

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COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Frank Seward Knox, born at Thurman, O., January 29, 1865, died August 31, 1900, aged 35 years 7 months 2 days. Frank was the seventh child of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Knox, both of whom have recently passed to their rest; his mother last March, and his father nearly two years ago. About twelve years ago Frank came to this city, where he has resided since. Nearly five years ago he was converted during the Mills meeting, and was baptized into the fellowship of the Russell Street Church by Rev. Mr. Booth. On the 6th of April, 1898, the deceased was united in marriage to Miss Lulu Henry of this city. Out of a family of father, mother and ten children, he is survived by

three brothers and two sisters: Mr. W. E. Knox and David Knox of Columbus; Evan Knox of Decoma, Wash.; Mrs. Marcus Allison of Drucilla, O.; and Miss Lulu Knox of this city, besides other relations. With health ordinarily good, on July 12 last he was taken ill, an illness from the effects of which he quietly breathed his last. He was an excellent singer and a young man universally beloved for his sincerity and nobility of character. The sympathy of his many friends is extended to his beloved wife and to all the members of both families in their present affliction. They shall meet him again.—R. A. C.

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A touching paragraph in Commodore Groome's report of his visit to the Welsh colony in Patagonia is that which describes Mr. Lewis Jones's condition in his old age as "destitute." In company with Sir (then Mr.) Love Jones Parry, of Madryn Castle, he went out originally to investigate on behalf of a home committee of patriotic Welshmen seeking a field for Welsh emigration. He led the first batch of emigrants to the new Wales beyound the seas. He became the first elected President of the new colony. In all public movements he was the guiding spirit. On more than one occasion it was his personal influence with the Argentine Government which saved the infant colony from absolute collapse. Now in his old age and failing health he has (by the recent inundation) been deprived at a blow of the fruits of the labors of a lifetime.

Hon. D. T. Phillips, the United States Consul at Cardiff, is publishing a second edition of his book on "The Political and Industrial Advantages of Arbitration," which obtained the first prize in a competition at Denver, Colorado. It will be dedicated, by consent, to Sir W. T. Lewis, with the author's sentiments of admiration. Mr. Phillips has written for the American Government a very elaborate report on the Taff Vale strike.

TALIESIN EVANS (TAL O EIFION.)

We have great pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to Mr. Evans's excellent paper, "The Welsh Metrical System," Part I. of which appears in this number of "The Cambrian." The paper will be concluded in our next. Mr. Evans is one of the editors of the San Francisco "Chronicle," is President of the Cymrodorion Society of California, a prominent Welsh scholar, and a man not ashamed of his Cymric extraction. He is, also, one of our best known Cambro-Americans.

Taliesin Evans.

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

Mr. Editor: The series of articles on creation by "Theologus" sets forth the views of men advanced in learning, differing from views entertained by those who contend for a Special Creation. The first conform to the views held by philosophers and learned men of to-day; the latter find few adherents.

Now as to matter the substance comprising the physical elements, which constitutes our globe, it is beyond the reach of human mind; it cannot be reached or guessed at in its origin beyond the surmised existence of nebula, as set forth in the "Nebular Hypothesis;" but judged from tenable conclusions, we logically infer that nebula lies at the foundation of physical, if not mental existence. But whence nebula and its properties—are they eternal? If we attempt to investigate the ultimate origin of matter and existence, we enter the field of pure speculation, but even that has its value.

However, we learn from intelligent research that the plan of creation was slowly progressive, not by fiat, but by an inherent power working in the atoms, upwards step by step looking towards perfection. Further, I would remark here, that before nebula was, there was no nature in the true sense as we understand it, but simply rudimentary symptoms so to speak of a coming world. Nature like all sublunary things is an evolutionary creation due to inherent causes and external influences operating upon the animus within: begetting thus combined results in infinite forms, whence came species and varieties designated nature.

To my view, starting from the beginning, there was but one infinite force or possibly more, from whom or which all phenomena and things evolved on lines of variation. The first evidence of this is manifest on the primal line towards inorganic matter, which is the substratum of our globe in its rock, &c. Now after innumerable ages, on a subsequent line, comes organic matter, protoplasm, in some way unknown, producing life, vegetative and animative. In this view of creation after this manner evolved, it is seen from the trend of speculation, based on science, that I recognize a fundamental, verily, God as the intelligent conscious essence who created the elements from Spirit or Spirit force. (So far I am writing along philosophical lines, so use philosophical terms). This is to me evident; for let any one try to follow up his researches to the advent of matter by the clearest methods of investigation, he invariably lands at force and spirit.

And it must be clearly understood that when we speak of Force as ruling the Universe, that it is not a material entity. We call it a property in metaphysics; so we speak of it as being intangible, a nothing, a something indefinite, we can neither see, feel nor touch, yet it is dominant, mysterious as it may appear and recognized as force or Spirit materialized. There was a beginning as science affirms. Before that, what? Go into the realms of eternity with the wings of an archangel, or with the highest supernatural intelligence, and find out when and

whence the inception. When there in ineffable glory and refulgent splendor you will realize that all is Spirit, and that the untold and illimitable universes with their cycles, systems, suns and worlds are but spirit materialized! Saith the Apostle, "The unknown things of God are known by those that are." In other words, the invisible things of creation are made manifest to our understanding by those that are visible and which have an intelligent knowledge.

John C. Methuen.

Covington, Kentucky.

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School Teacher: "Now, Bobby, spell needle."

Bobby: "N-e-i-d-l-e, needle."

Teacher: "Wrong. There's no 'i' in needle."

Bobby: "Well, 'tain't a good needle, then."

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The "jigger merrigs" of net-work shirt waists are defined in the "new Sartorial Lexicon" as diaphanous material surrounding a large number of holes.

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Remembering that General Baden-Powell's nick-name at school was "Bathing-towel," it is not inappropriate that he should have rescued a hundred British prisoners at Warmbaths. Moreover, a bathing towel is just the right thing after De Wet.

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"Bredren," said Parson Black, earnestly, "dere am some folks in which de still, small voice ob conscience keeps a-gettin' stiller an' smaller, until at las' it'd hab ter l'arn de deef an' dumb langwidge if it wants ter attrack deir attention!"—Puck.

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A minister in North Wales who was dilating on the worship of Mammon, the sin of greed, and the avaricious spirit which possesses people in the present age, said recently, "If the devil invited tenders for enlarging or widening the gates of hell, there are many church members and officials who would hasten to send in tenders."

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There is a fund of simple wit in the story of the shoemaker who bought a book on the "Soul" at an auction, and subsequently inquired of the auctioneer whether he had one on "Uppers."

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In the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria ((says the "Leisure Hour") two women were heard discussing in a tramcar the meaning of the word "Jubilee." One did not know the meaning of it—the other did, or thought she did, and gave the following explanation:—"Twenty-five 'ears married's a silver waddin,' an' fifty 'ears married's a golden waddin,' an' the Jubilee's whan the man dies."

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Dunbar's poem of "When Malindy Sings" gives an excellent idea of the accuracy of his pronunciation in written characters and the melodious jingle of his metre. Here is the second stanza:

Ain't you nevah heerd Malindy?
Blessed soul take up de cross!
Look heah, ain't you jokin' honey?
Well, you don't know what you los'.
Y'ought to heah dat gal a-wa'blin';
Robbins, la'ks, an' all dem things
Heish dey moufs an' hides dey faces
When Malindy sings.

———

Jim Kilpatrick of McLain, in Harvey County, is a fighting, frothing Democrat. The other day he was out fishing with some of the boys and managed to upset his boat in deep water. He could not swim, but he held to the boat and shouted to his companions on the bank for assistance. Seeing that he was in no particular danger, the boys told him they wouldn't help him until he gave three cheers for McKinley. "Hurrah for McKinley," said Jim in a weak and perishing voice. "Louder!" declared the crowd. And then Jim bellowed, "Hurrah for McKinley!" until

he could have been heard a mile away, whereupon one of the boys tossed him a rope with the remarks that "This isn't the first time McKinley has helped a d—n fool out of a hole."—Kansas City (Mo.) "Journal."

Miss Martineau in her "History of England" says that "Pall Mall" (London) was lighted by gas in 1807. The original gas company, whose example was to be followed not only by all England, but the whole civilized world, were first derided, and then treated in Parliament as rapacious monopolists. We turn to the Debates, and we see how they were encouraged in 1816—nine years after it had been found that the invention was of unappreciable public benefit. "The company" said the Earl of Lauderdale, "aimed at a monopoly, which would ultimately prove injurious to the public and ruin that most important branch of trade, our whale fisheries."

A prosperous coal merchant called one of his oldest carters into the office the other morning and tendered him a large sum of money. "What's this for?" asked the astonished driver. "Merely a token of appreciation for services rendered," replied the merchant kindly. "But you've always paid me well for my work, and that was appreciation enough, sir." "There is more than that in it, John," continued the employer; "I honestly owe you the money." "I can't see what for." "Let me tell you," and he dropped his voice to a whisper. "You have been with me for eighteen years, working 300 days every year, and averaging three loads per day; that makes 16,200 loads. You weigh 160 lb., John, and we have never missed weighing you with every load; that makes 2,592,000 lb., or 1,157 tons. This, at an average of 15s. per ton, represents £867 15s. The package of gold in your hand contains £86 15s. 6d., or 10 per cent, which, we think, is yours by right. We are honest men, John, and don't wish to defraud anybody out of what is rightly his." John bowed in humble submission, and he is now waiting for the next dividend.

"O dear," said an aged man at the Gorsedd at Merthyr, S. W., as he saw the white robes, blue robes, green robes, and red robes of the Druids, and the ornamental decoration on the crown of "Hwfa Mon." "It was very different times to us when we had our eisteddfodau in the long room of the White Horse, then you couldn't see the chairman through the tobacco smoke, and the only costume worn was a miner's second-best coat. No robes then. We left the robes to the Robin Hoods, and the Foresters, and other Friendly Societies." Ah, but the bards have become ritualistic since those days.

The Irish have not a distinct dialect, like the Scottish. Though they use many Celtic expressions, they employ, as a rule, only English words, such as may be found in any English dictionary. But their speech abounds in poetic, graphic, and singularly expressive phrases, strange combinations of force and simplicity, unexpected blendings of the ridiculous with the pathetic, quaint English colloquial survivals, novel applications of the wrong word. An orator in a national meeting declared, "The ways of Providence are unscrupulous!" and a County Clare woman complained to her doctor that she had lost her teeth, and "couldn't rightly domesticate her food."

As the large and pompous rooster strolled through the hennery, he observed that some egg shells were lying around a lately vacated nest in a most careless manner.

"Here! here!" he said, in a loud and strident voice, "who did this?"

There was no answer.

"I want to know who did this!" he repeated, kicking the shells to one side.

Thereupon a hen with one chicken came up.

"I cannot tell a lie, sir," she said, trembling. "I did it with my little hatchit."

The worst pun ever made on earth has been committed by a Welsh recruiting sergeant. "It breaks my bloomin' heart," he said, "to see so many fine-lookin' blokes good enough for colliery work, but turned back from enlistin' because the bloomin' doctor's got his knife into 'em!" "You've a kind heart, but you needn't cry over them!" said the colliery manager in the same bar, with the sliding-scale riches in his mind. "Can't 'elp it!" said the sergea t; "I shed so many volun-teers."

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TWO SAINTLY OFFERS.

Dr. Elliott, a woman teacher of schools in Utah, tells an experience with Mormonism which is certainly unique and worth attention of the women of America. Dr. Elliott has for many years maintained a large school among the Mormons of Southern Utah. Her teaching has been of value to Mormon children as well as to others. After several years of work for the children of one Mormon family, the mother said one day to Dr. Elliott: "I feel grateful to you for the help you have given me in the education of my children. I want to help you now in a way which will be for your everlasting good. You know or should know that at the resurrection you cannot rise unless called forth by a husband. I want you therefore to marry my husband so that you can rise at the resurrection." Dr. Elliott was fairly overcome by the proposition and explained that she did not believe any such doctrine, and of course, could not and would not marry the woman's husband. This closed the matter with that Mormon woman. Dr. Elliott, however, could not forget the incident and on a visit subsequently to another Mormon woman whom she believed to be a personal friend of hers, related the circumstances and the proposition. The second woman replied: "What! and did she want you to marry her husband! I say, don't you do it. Ycu marry my husband, he is so much nicer."

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HOW EVOLUTION WAS BEGUN.

The ancient anthropoid ape heaved a sigh of inexpressible depth—the long, sobbing sigh of one who plainly sees inevitable wretchedness before him—as he aroused himself from his reverie.

"I must do it. There is no escape," he muttered resolutely, though the big tears welling from his mournful eyes proclaimed how much the decision cost him. "Farewell, happy freedom! Welcome, ye bonds of conventionalism! Here goes!"

With a few lithe bounds he gained the arboreal nursery, where his wife was crooning the little ones to sleep with a forest lullaby.

"My dear," he said, unshaken by that scene of peace and comfort, "get yourself and the little monkeys ready as soon as you can. We're all going down to the seashore for a couple of weeks."

"What!" cried his wife, aghast. "Do you really mean that we're going to leave this cool, roomy and convenient tree for some hot, crowded and stuffy sapling by the seaside?"

"I do," responded the anthropoid firmly.

"What makes you do it, then?" demanded his wife.

"Why, my dear, I've been giving the matter my most serious consideration lately, and I've come to the conclusion that it's high time we began evolving into human beings," explained the anthropoid ape, sadly. "And we might as well mark the plunge plainly by doing the silliest thing they will ever do." —Answers.

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THE MISSION OF MUSIC.

By Rev. T. A. Humphreys, Cleveland, Ohio.

PART I.

Music, as taught, is the youngest of the so-called seven arts, while in reality it is the oldest. It is true that poetry found a sanctuary in the bosom of the great first cause from eternity, yet it is to music that the first expression is given upon the infinite expanse of space. At the birth-hour of the material creation "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy" (Job 38: 7). "The morning stars" and "the sons of God" here are synonymous, meaning angelic orders of being in existence before our world was made. A whisper conveyed through the avenue of prophecy or of faith had run along the ranks of these exalted beings that it was the purpose of the great Creator to perform the masterpiece of all his stupendous works in connection with matter and a younger race of moral beings, and pre-eminently through the incarnation upon this little planet we call the earth, hence the sublime music of the Hallelujah Chorus of those morning ages.

The term music naturally takes its form from the word muse, which is derived from the Latin "musa" and the Greek "mousa," which is framed from the Greek verb "mao," meaning to seek out, to invent, to create; then we have the Latin "musica" and the Greek "mousikee," and the English "music.' The muses were the nine fabled goddesses who presided over the arts, sciences and literature. Music sustained the closest relation of all the arts to the muses, not merely in the sound of the word but especially in the idea of dependence upon other and higher source for inspiration to bring forth sublime productions. Thus it was that the musicians, the poets and the seers of all tribes and languages invoked (as they still do) the aid of the muses. All these, particularly the musician, had their home with the muses, from whom they imbibed their glow and power. The Christian artist needs not to consult any imaginary or dead source, but rather the one real and living fountain-head, whence all stimulus and animation are derived.

We are now ready for a definition of music. "Music is a combination of sounds agreeable to the ear." There is a vast difference between mere sound or noise and a musical sound. A musical sound is produced by a regularly recurring number of vibrations received by the ear. One musical sound is called a "tone." From the many thousand possible tones ninety-seven have ordinarily been selected for our tonal system, for vocal and instrumental purposes.

Music, we believe, belongs to the domain of axiomatic truths. The intervals and tones of the gamut or scale, by whatever names they are designated, are in their nature "necessary, self-evident and universal." The more we study the fundamental principles of music the more strongly are we convinced that they are just like those of mathematics existing necessarily so, and that from eternity, and that no power in the universe can in any wise change them; and this must be true in any part of the world and in any world. The law by which a certain combination of certain tones produces a chord must be inviolable in all the starry constellations as well as in our mundane conservatories of music, and this as truly so as that two and two make four, although the arrangement of these few tones and chords can be endlessly varied.

Some scientists claim that there are only three primary colors, but the more common view is that there are seven, and that the idea of multiplying these is not inconceivable; but the seven principal tones in the octavo cannot by any power be increased or diminished, although secondary tones may be inserted. The fact that tne tones of one octave are the result of double the number of vibrations necessary to produce those of the preceeding octave belongs, in our view, to the category of essential truths also.

Some musicians instinctively associate sound with color; thus each tone comes to them in a color peculiar to that tone, and different from that of all the others. As we find connection and sympathy between the eye and the ear, there must be to say the least, manifest analogy between color and sound, and painting and music. We see the fount of color when we observe the sun smiling through the crystal drop and separating the white light into blue and red and yellow fire, and as we behold the beads of the rain tremble in the wind we see the primary colors of the rainbow combined into the marvelous emerald, purple and orange. The fount of sound we find in the wailing of the wind, the hum of insects, the scream of the eagle, the cries of various animals, the inflections of the human voice the noise that floats upward from populous cities to the cloudland, and the monotonous peals of thunder. All these, multitudinous, incoherent and formless, are the rough elements or bases of music, as the different hues and forms constitute the ground work of color. It has seemed to many an amateur that all we need is to take the color and the

sound provided for us by nature, and transform them at once into thought-interpreting and heart-inspiring painting and music. But nature gives the art of painting more ready made than that of music. The painter's art lies upon the surface of the world, while the musician's art reaches deep to the very heart of the universe. Painting only delineates the phenomena as discerned by the physical organ of sight, but music deals with the invisible and the abstract in thought, purpose and feeling, with those very unseen realities which paint the expression upon that visible surface.

Music is of great antiquity. In the opening pages of the sacred volume (Genesis 4: 21) we see the first manufacturer of the harp and organ in the person of Jubal; or, he was the first player upon these instruments. Two thousand years before Christ the Egyptians practiced the art of music. Pythagoras learned it. Plato and Aristotle introduced it into their schools; and these philosophers considered music useful as a means of education. The hoary traditions of the Chinese testify that music played a prominent part in their earliest history. And we are told that there are to-day five hundred musical journals in China. We can also ascribe musical antiquity coeval with the history of the Hebrew, Grecian, Roman, Italian, Flemish, French, Hungarian, Negro, Indian and Welsh nations. The lowest heathen employ music in some crude forms. The birds warble their rich songs. Guido, a Benedictine monk of Arezzo, gave in the eleventh century to the notes the names ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, taking them from the first syllables of the hymn of John the Baptist:

"Ut queant laxis
Resonare fibris,
Mira gestorum
Famuli tuorum,
Solve polluti
Labii reatum."

The syllable "si" was afterwards added by a musician called Le Maire. Then later the syllable "do" was introduced and used by the Italians as the name of the first of the seven principal tones. In England and America, and now in other countries, the same syllables are used as a scale-pattern, while the tones in respect to absolute pitch are named by the first seven letters of the alphabet. Musical notes as now used were invented in 1338.

Music as distinguished from the various rude attempts of the past, or as worthy in the lowest degree to be associated with the term art, is only about four hundred years old. Modern music, which alone is worthy of the name, is the youngest of the arts, but the secret of its power is still almost wholly unexplored, and for this reason it must continue to be ranked last among the fine arts. Already in Germany, the land of thought, music has been adopted as the national art, as painting was once in Italy, and sculpture in Greece. Music is considered by some a new art. The history of modern music may be conveniently divided into four periods: 1. From the first attempts after any

systematic order, the exact date of which cannot be satisfactorily established, to the year 1400; 2. From 1400 to 1600; 3. From 1600 to 1750; 4. From 1750 to the present time. We are living in this fourth period. During the first period there was produced little of any interest other than as a matter of history to the musician. This was an important period, a period of chaos and of preparation for one of more systematic study and classical value. Even in this period John de Muris (in 1330) laid down laws of harmony, some of which are observed in our day. He teaches that, in the scale of the octave, there are six species of consonances—three perfect and three imperfect. The next period witnessed advancement, and by the middle of the fifteenth century the laws of harmony were fixed on that foundation which still bears the superstructure of the refined combinations of even modern music. In this second period, and towards the end of the fifteenth century, John Tinctor printed the first treatise on music in Italy. This was the period of the old tonality, and of, to us, the old masters, such as Pietro Aloisio Palestrina, Peter Aaron and Luca Marenzio. Dramatic music made its appearance in this period. During the third period the drama was greatly improved. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century it was principally recitative, when, in 1649, Pietro Francesco Cavalli began to introduce more airs into it. Among the composers of this period were men of eminent knowledge and genius, such as Francesco Gasparini and Alessandro Scarlatti, the latter of whom is said to have been the inventor of the obligato recitative. To this period belongs the famous composer Johann Sebastian Bach. The career of the immortal George Frederick Handel extends nine years to the fourth period. Instrumental music, the symphony, the opera and the oratorio of this third period were handed on for further perfection to the masters of the next period. This third is called the transition period. The fourth is that of the modern tonality and of the modern school. There are probably no greater geniuses in this period than in the preceding one, but music is taught and studied now more thoroughly and universally than in any previous age. If the number of the really first class composers is small, yet those who make music a life study are a host, and we have masters in this last period who have worked the art to an astonishing height of power and effect, such as Joseph Haydn, Ludwig van Beethoven, Wolfgang Mozart, who are stars of the first magnitude, Zenobio Salvatore Cherubini, Christoph Wilibald von Gluck, Ludwig Spohr Karl Maria Friedrich von Weber, Franz Schubert, Richard Wilhelm Wagner, and our own Joseph Parry is enrolled in our musical dictionaries with the masters of all ages.

Wagner is generally considered the most famous musician of modern times along certain prominent lines He is celebrated for his reforms in every department of the musical

drama, and for his boldness and energy in carrying them into execution. His principal reform consists of the close union which he has effected between his music and the poetry, and generally the balancing of one part with another, which in his operas is so conspicuous. There is an endless list of eminent and profitable tune-writers; such as Lowell Mason, William B. Bradbury, John B. Dykes, Robert Lowry, W. Howard Doane, Philip Phillips, Philip Paul Bliss and Ira David Sankey. The religious musical productions of this century surpass our capacity to even enumerate them.

MUSIC NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

During the writer's summer saunterings, he was deeply impressed with the need of better congregational singing. It is marvelous, and perhaps significant, how intelligent people can put up with wretched singing, and call it worship. From out the pulpit comes intelligible reading and speaking, but from out of the congregation cometh jumbling sounds, incorrect in pitch and interval, lacking in time, articulation and thought. I refer to American churches. We are painfully conscious how poor much of our Welsh church music is, despite all efforts of "Cymanfaoedd Canu," and incidental drills. But congregational song is a very poor song also, in many of our American churches. A minister remarked from his pulpit, lately, "God may accept your singing, but he cannot possibly admire it." It was the late Rev. William Roberts, D. D., of Utica, N. Y., who related how the renowned John Elias once admonished an Anglesea church's singing thus: "Bobol, dydi'ch canu chwi ddim yn ffit i Juggernaut, heb son am Dduw'r nefoedd!" The responsibility for the wretched state of congregational song lies with the presbyteries, synods, assemblies, conferences, and what not, who rule, guide, conduct, &c., church matters. These gatherings have been gloriously oblivious to the condition of church music, and utterly neglectful of any attempt to plan for its improvement. Much has been written in Welsh and English upon this subject, but a small amount of action would be infinitely better.

In the last "Cambrian" a fine cut and sketch of Miss Annie Aubrey, of Youngstown, O., appeared, much to the delight of the writer. Miss Aubrey is a natural song-bird, and, also, a student—one of the few who

have used the Eisteddfod as a means and not as an end. As a student she always proved herself neat, correct, prompt and enthusiastic, with a tendency to go "ahead" of her lessons —a most commendable trait. She won the hearts of all Uticans while she studied at that city, by her delightful solo-singing in the programs of the Utica Harmonics. It is worthy of record that the most cultured singers of the city were her most ardent admirers. She deserves the fullest measure of success in her musical life. We congratulate Miss Aubrey upon her accomplishments, and her parents for so much worthy and inspiring support of her talent.

"Biography is the complement (not compliment) of History,' writes Arthur L. Manchester in "The Musician." The words in parentheses are ours. We agree with this excellent writer that in reading history we continually meet with, and feel the "domination of strong character and determined will over the most adverse environing conditions." Musical history is full of such exhibitions; Schubert and Rubinstein for instance. The latter married a wealthy Russian lady, who was averse to have her husband devote so much time to music. Because she failed in weaning the great genius from his "beloved muse," she left him. That tried his mettle. He labored on, and on, until he established a conservatory of music at St. Petersburg, which became the Royal Conservatory of Music, endowed by the Government, and patronized by the rising talent of that empire. Just think of the proud, willful and senseless wife who spurned such an artist! The world rejoices in what Rubinstein accomplished. We cannot fully appreciate his music, without knowing the man, as revealed to us in his personal history, and in the history of his time. "Musical biography is a most important form of literature."

There is a good lesson in the thought that reciprocity in art is a useful principle, at all times. Selfishness is not the product of a musical mind, it is the fruit of the lack of it. To be useful, to desire to help others, is the royal road to improve ourselves. John Ruskin, in one of his works, teaches this lesson in his usual forceful manner. Paderewski once said, "I shall never be able to equal Liszt's admirable tone paintings, nor Rubinstein's marvelous wealth of sound. Liszt and Rubenstein's playing will neither be surpassed nor equaled. In the history of piano playing they will be known to posterity as the two great geniuses." Such is reciprocity and appreciation in true art.

Liszt is a name to conjure with. The following is given as authentic. Knowing of Liszt's ability, and of what he could do under provoking circumstances, we can readily believe it: Liszt was once at Berks, in the lodgings of Ferdinand David, the violinist. A musical party being held in the evening, David suggested trying a new composition with Liszt. "You will find the piano part," said he, as he touched the

copy with his bow, "very difficult." The friends of Liszt felt indignant at the arrogance of the remark, but the great pianist remained silent. The piece began with a broad, majestic movement, the piano part grew more and more brilliant. David's face changed expression as though some important fact were dawning upon him, and finally he stopped playing altogether. "Why!" he gasped, "he is playing the violin part, too!" Liszt continued, without noticing the mortified violinist, and the orchestral effect brought the piece to a magnificent close. It was a rebuke that Ferdinand David could never forget. David, in this case, lacked artistic manners.

The writer, lately, heard a prima-contralto asserting with emphasis, that Miss M—— sang her solo in a certain opera, "a whole tone out of tune from beginning to end." This might be true, and might not. It was not the principle of reciprocity that prompted the remark. Great artists, like little ones, sing out of tune sometimes, not because they are lacking in artistic quality, but on account of fatigue, sudden changes in the weather, or poor physical condition. Singers are not metalic machines. The "Etude" gives a story of a certain Mrs. X—— who is very fond of singing in public, but sings frightfully off the key, and it has taken her several years to become aware of the fact. Recently she consulted a specialist, Dr. Muir, who informed her that she was suffering from hyperaesthesia and anaesthesia of the pharynx, due to the presence of enlarged glands in the glosso-epiglottic fossae, to distended tonsilar crypts, or some other local organic change. Mrs. X—— is now happy.

During the summer vacation the writer had the pleasure of listening to a number of ladies and men's quartets, and ladies glee clubs, American and Welsh-American,who inquired how to procure suitable selections. These clubs, I am glad to say, will not spend money nor time, on what they termed "Washy washy, trashy stuff." We serve the cause of good music by announcing to all such gatherings, that Arthur P. Schmidt, the Boston music publisher, who represents the best foreign music firms, has just published, in octavo form, a series of quartets that are of high order, and delightful in construction, such as Gounod's "Sing, Smile, Slumber;" Franz Abt's "Youth and Spring;" Forster's "The Poet Song;" Schubert's "Hedge Roses," and many others for women's voices, in three and four parts. Also, a fine series for men's voices.

We are glad to learn that "The Cambrian's" "Music Notes" were read by members of these clubs and quartets.

A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

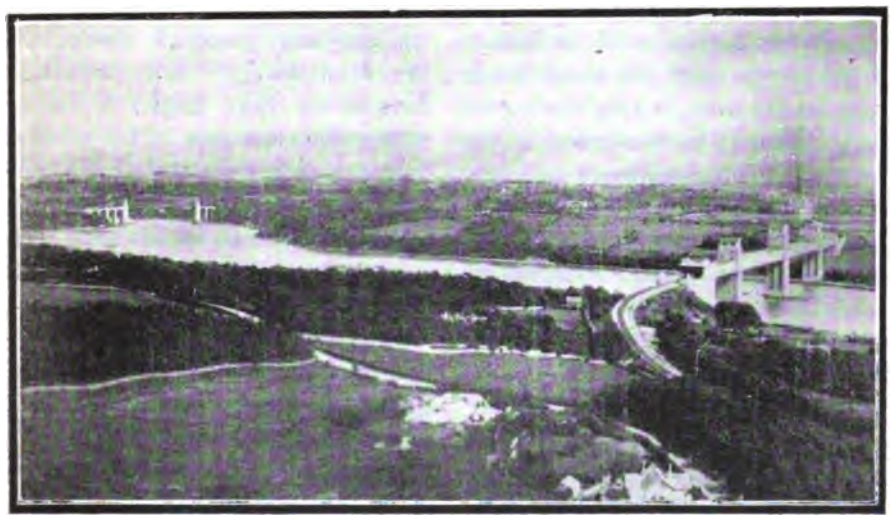
ANGLESEY.

The County of Anglesey is bounded on the north by the Irish Sea, on the west by St. George's Channel, on the south-east by Menai Strait. It has an area of 302 square miles, and a population of between 50,000 and 60,000. A very large majority speak the Welsh language. The land is comparatively level, the highest elevation being at Holyhead 719 feet. The county is rich in minerals; the Parys copper mine some years ago was one of the richest in the world. The island was known to the Romans as Mona. It was the stronghold of the Druids, and to them it was sacred ground; here they built their altars, offered their sacrifices, and taught their mysteries. Here they were assaulted by the Romans under Suetonius, in the year 61 of our era, and were slaughtered, men, women and children, their blood mingled with their sacrifice, their altars overturned, and their sacred groves cut down and burned. Numerous "cromlechs" or altars are still found on the island. The island was held for nearly 400 years by the Romans, then by the old Britons; for a time by the Saxons, then by the Danes and the Irish; but the Welsh, descendants of the old Britons, have occupied it nearly all the time since the departure of the Romans. It has been under the control of England since the days of Edward I.

Beaumaris is near the north-east entrance of Menai Strait, is the county seat, where the assizes and elections are held, contains between 2,000 and 3,000 inhabitants, and is a considerable port. Its trade is chiefly in slate, marble and copper ore. Here are the ruins of the castle built by Edward I. with ten moorish towers. Tradition has pointed to Edward as the instigator of a foul crime committed in this castle, the massacre of the bards. This charge has been denied, but we know the rulers of England hated the bards. Baron Hill, the residence of Baron Bulkeley, is near Beaumaris. Near the mansion is the stone coffin in which Princess Joan, daughter of King John, and wife of Prince Llywelyn, was buried. Henllys Lodge is near Baron Hill. It contains the bedstead of Owen Tudor, the grandfather of Henry VII. Tre'r Castell, two miles from Beaumaris, was one of the earliest seats of the Tudor family. A commission ordered by Henry VII. found that the Tudor family were lineal descendants of the royal family of Wales. Henry took pride in his descent from Cadwaladr, the last king. Henry's effigy and that of his queen, in his chapel at the abbey, are in his magnificent tomb, with heads resting on the pendrag-

on, the ensign of the royal family of Wales, while the white and red rose are entwined on either side.

How Owen Tudor became a member of Queen Catherine's court is not so clear. It is claimed that he was an officer in Henry's army, and rendered noble service, and as such was welcomed into court after the death of the king. He danced with the queen, she fell in love with him.



Menai and Britannia Bridges, from Llanfairpwllgwyngyll

Owen was too gallant to retreat. They were married, and had three sons. Edmund was made Earl of Richmond, was married to an heiress of the house of York. Their son Henry was born in Pembroke Castle, South Wales; he defeated Richard III. on Bosworth field, and became king of England. Owen Tudor lived happily with the queen until her death, fifteen years after their marriage. He fought valiantly for his step-son Henry VI. until taken prisoner by the troops of Edward IV. at Hereford; was beheaded, and his body was buried in the church of the Grey Friars in that city. From Anglesey to Hereford Owen Tudor passed through storms and sunshine, and his name will live long in history. The Tudor family has left a lasting impression on England. In Owen's bedstead at Henllys Lodge, we are reminded of the founder of a powerful dynasty.

Penmon Priory is four miles from Beaumaris. The priory is said to date from the sixth century, and was established by the founder of Bardsey Abbey. The figure of a dragon over the south door of the church is supposed to be the badge of Maelgwyn Gwynedd.

Amlwch, fifteen miles north-west, is a seaport of some importance, where the minerals of the neighborhood are shipped, and it has alum and vitriol works. Parys mountain near by contains deposits of copper-

ore, some lead, zink, alum, and sulphur. Amlwch has a population of about 3,000. The coast scenery is very fine. Llanfechell, five miles south-west of Amlwch, has the Mona marble quarries.

Holyhead, fifteen miles south-west of Amlwch, and twenty miles north-west of Carnarvon, is on a small island of the same name, is an important packet station, being the point of communication with Dublin. It has a good artificial harbor of 300 acres. On the south stack rock, to the west, is a lighthouse to guide mariners to the harbor. This town was anciently known as Caergybi. St. Gybi founded a monastery here in the sixth century. The place was named after its founder. It has now about 9,000 inhabitants. Aberffraw, on the western coast, about midway between Holyhead and Carnarvon is now an insignificant place, but was at one time the capital of the Welsh princes. Cromlechs or altars from Druidical times are found all over the island, the largest being "Arthur's Quoit," near Llanerchymedd. It is a monolith 17 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 4 feet thick, and rests upon upright stones about two feet high. At that altar doubtless, many an archdruid offered his sacrifice, and according to the light he had, urged the people to worship the God of their fathers. It demands no great stretch of imagination to see thousands in humble reverence, bowing, weeping and offering earnest prayers before the unseen, eternal Spirit. Scenes like this have not been uncommon on this island. In the early part of this century two of the greatest preachers of Wales lived and labored on this island, John Elias and Christmas Evans. We have seen the power of John Elias elsewhere; it was equally great here, where thousands gathered to hear him preach. Christmas Evans was a Baptist, but somewhat of a bishop in his denomination. He was called the John Bunyan of Wales. Sometimes he traveled and preached throughout the Principality, and thousands flocked to hear him. A certain writer describes one of his services as follows: "In the midst of a general hum and restlessness, the preacher had read for his text, 'And you that were sometimes alienated and enemies in your minds by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy and unblameable and unreproachable in his sight.' His first movements were stiff, awkward,and wrestling, while his observations were perhaps crude and common-place, rather than striking or novel; but he had not proceeded far before, thus having prepared himself, he took one of his wildest flights, bursting forth at the same time unto those unmelodious but all-piercing shrieks under which his hearers often confessed his resistless power. Closer and closer draw in the scattered groups, the weary loungers, and hitherto listless among the motley multitude. The crowd becomes dense with eager listeners as they press on insensibly toward the

preacher. He gradually gets into the thickening plot of his homely but dramatic representation, while all forgetful of the spot on which they stood, old men and women, accustomed to prosy thoughts and ways, look up with open mouth through smiles and tears. Big burly country folk, in whom it might have been the faculty of imagination had long since been extinguished, became engrossed with ideal scenes. Men "whose talk is of bullocks" are allured into converse with the most spiritual realities. The preachers present become dazzled with the brilliance of this new star on the horizon. They start on their feet round the strange young man, look hard at him in perfect amazement. loud and rapturous confirmations break forth from their lips, "Amen," "Bendigedig" (Blessed), "Diolch byth" (Thanks forever) fall tumultuously on the ear. The charm swells onward from the platform to the extreme margin of the wondering crowd, and the occasional loud laugh there has now succeeded the baptism of tears. The excitement is at its highest; the preacher concludes, but the weeping and rejoicing continue till worn out nature brings the scene to an end." We know that the preaching of Christmas Evans John Elias and William Williams of Wern, a century ago. did much to usher in a brighter and better day for Wales.

We shall now recross Menai Strait, pass through Bangor and Conway, and through Denbighshire, to the north-east part of Merionethshire.

THANKSGIVING.

By Lewis Leyshon.

It's been the custom since of yore
To render thanks for getting more;
There have been some to thank and bless
When God has made their fortune less.
The patient Job of old diseased
With boils all sore yet was he pleased
To render thanks although he lay
Upon his dunghilled home all day!
Another prophet of bad luck
But splendid faith was Habakkuk;
Of all despoiled except his voice
He yet had spirit to rejoice
That God was his who could restore
All he had lost and something more!
Why can't we, also, emulate
To bless and thank whate'er our fate ?

THE ALLEGED DISCOVERIES OF AMERICA.

By Aneurin Jones.

Giraldus (De Barri), generally called Cambrensis, was a contemporary of Owain Gwynedd, and was living during the whole period of the occurrences referred to appertaining to his death, the purported contentions of his sons and the departure of Madoc in consequence thereof. According to Williams's Biographical Dictionary, Giraldus was the fourth son of William de Barri, a person of high distinction, by Angharad, daughter of Nest, who was the daughter of Rhys ab Tewdwr, Prince of South Wales. He was born in the year 1146, at the Castle of Maenor Pyr, in Pembrokeshire, and at an early age showed such indications of literary talent and religious feeling that his father determined to educate him for the church, and his uncle David Fitzgerald, the Bishop of St. David's, undertook the charge. In 1185 he was selected by King Henry to be the preceptor of his son John, whom he accompanied to Ireland as secretary, and he was offered the bishoprics of Ferns and Leighlin, which he refused, as he did the archbishopric of Cashel, at a subsequent period. During his residence in Ireland he was diligent in collecting materials for his own works, "The Topography and Conquest of Ireland," which he completed after his return to Wales. In 1187 he accompanied Baldwin in the celebrated tour through Wales, for the preaching of the Crusade, the most interesting result of which is to be found in his 'Itinerary" describing the country he traversed, and containing much interesting information respecting the manners of the Welsh of that age.

His distinguished career ended in his death in 1220 at the age of 74. His works relating to Ireland were published by Camden, at Frankfort, in 1602, and those having reference to Wales by Dr. Powell in 1585, and by Wharton in his "Anglia Sacra," where also may be found his book, "De Gestis Giraldi." In the whole of his "Itinerary through Wales," the only reference he has made to the period under consideration is of Owain Gwynedd having died, excommunicated, and his body removed from the church by direction of Archbishop Baldwin. It contains not a word with reference to the "broils" of his sons, nor of the departure of Madoc in consequence thereof, which if it had occurred would have escaped his notice, neither would it have been omitted in his "Itinerary."

The fullest account of Madoc's disappearance is that of the Triad, which says, "It is not known whither he went." The only conclusion we can come to with regard to the fal-

lacy is, that it originated with Humphrey Llwyd's original words to those of Gutyn Owain, and matured in the wrong interpretation of Ieuan Brechfa's "Mor y Werydd," making it to mean the Atlantic Ocean instead of the Sea of Ireland.

THE PHILOLOGICAL EVIDENCE.

It will be observed that each successive narrator adds to the former number of Welsh words used by the supposed descendants of the Madogian discovery. These additions contradict the statement attributed to Llwyd; "But because this people were not manie they followed the manners of the land they came unto, and used the language they found there." In these as well as in the interpretations of the works of the Welsh bards, it is scarcely needed to say that a very inefficient state of acquaintance with Welsh philology is displayed, independent of the total disregard of the affinity of languages in general. Similarity of sounds cannot be depended upon to prove the etymology of words unless they can be traced to their distinctive roots. For instance, Bowen, p. 14, says: "Aber is the mouth of a river, Anglicized into harbor." Aber is a confluence of water, a junction of streams, the fall of a lesser into a greater. There is a place in Glamorganshire called Aber-tri-dwr, or the confluence of three small streams meeting together only a short distance from the top of a mountain, and the most unpropitious place imaginable for a harbor.

Again we have the following p. 55: "Pontigo—a name applied to a river in that country where he found them—seems derived from Pont y Go' (The Smith's Bridge), a smith dwelling beside a river or bridge being sufficient to originate such a name." This is in reality the crossing of a bridge before coming to it. The word Go' does not mean a smith, but is used as a prefix, meaning a progress toward; that is gone, or going, approach. The Welsh word for smith is gof, meaning also an artist, a metalurgist. "Gof du," a blacksmith; "gof gwyn," a whitesmith; "gof aur," a goldsmith; "gof arian," a silversmith. The gof was reckoned in the Welsh laws one of the three professors of liberal sciences. "Gallofydd," an architect, a fine artist. The f having the sound of v, hence "ofydd" (an ovate), the same for a member of the scientific class in the bardic system.

Judge Johnes's essay contains developed proofs of two leading propositions, viz.: "(1) That the languages of the continent of Asia, Europe, Africa and America were originally the same; (2) That the differences which exist between the individual languages of those continents may be explained consistently with the proofs of original unity by causes in operation." Chapter VII. treats on the origin of the American tribes, referring to Mr. Catlin, who is so often quoted by Madogian migration advocates, we have the following, which we quote at length, inasmuch as he exhausts the subject thoroughly: "Among the tribes with whom he (Mr. Catlin) resided this

writer has especially noticed a highly interesting sept, the Mandans, in whose dialect he has pointed out a variety of instances of close resemblance to the Welsh, which he has left to the judgment of those who are conversant with the language. On this subject I conceive there cannot be any difference of opinion among those who are vernacularly acquainted with the venerable tongue of the Cymry. Of the Mandan terms selected by Mr. Catlin, the majority must be admitted to present plain and unequivocal features of resemblance, or rather identity to the equivalent Welsh terms. Now it will be seen that of these examples of affinity the greater number consist of terms which belong exclusively to the province of grammar.

By some of our countrymen it has been sanguinely maintained that the descendants of a body of Welsh, who left their country under Prince Madoc in the twelfth century, may be still traced by affinities of language among the North American Indian tribes. Struck by the resemblances he has detected, Mr. Catlin has been led to favor the same conclusion, and to suggest that the Mandans may probably be shown to be descendants of the last Cambrian colony! But the examples selected by this writer, however creditable to his accuracy and research, do not tend, as he suggests, to prove the existence of a specific connection between the Welsh and the Mandans. An examination of the whole comparison will serve to show clearly, that though in most of the instances he has noticed the resemblances displayed by the Mandan to the Welsh is a close one, in many of them it displays an equally close affinity to the Latin and Greek, &c., while in some—this North American Indian dialect totally differs from the Welsh tongue, and at the same time agrees with other languages of the Old World. Many of those examples which precedes the comparison are also illustrations of the principle that the Mandan, like other North American Indian dialects, exhibits a general resemblance to all, and not a specific relation to any one of the Asiatic and European tongues. The prevalent theory, that there exists a group of Indo-European languages and nations—peculiarly isolated from others—will, I conceive, be found fallacious, and what is highly remarkable, distinct proofs of its fallacy, as will presently be seen, are derivable from the dialects of the North American tribes. The writers by whom this theory has been maintained have overlooked, on one hand, the numerous points of resemblance which connect the Indo-European languages with other tongues; while, on the other hand, they have also overlooked the numerous points of difference which they naturally display. On a close investigation it will be evident that it is only in the basis of their grammars that any of the ancient languages of Asia and Europe, even those which are very nearly related agree; they do not display an iden-

tity of grammatical forms. Compare, for example, the inflexions of the verbs in the Latin and Greek, and the numerous points of difference which they exhibit in almost every tense, combined with mere partial coincidencies. That these remarks are equally true of the relation displayed by the North American Indian dialects compared to those of the Old World will be apparent from the following examples, in which it will be manifest that these dialects in their basis agree with, and in their inflections and details only partially differ from the Asiatic and European languages." Here follows Judge Johnes's examples in proof of the foregoing, for which space will not admit. From them the unmistakable conclusion is that Mr. Catlin's or any other examples of words selected to prove any affinity between the languages of the American Indians and the Welsh, are as applicable to any other language of the Old World as to the Cymbric tongue.

SUPPOSED CONVERSATIONS WITH WELSH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Not one of the many believers in the Madogian migration has ventured to say in what part of the American continent the landing took place, but we have conjectures of landings from Newfoundland to Mexico. The Indians were a nomadic tribe dividing into many branches, but the stock supposed to have kept intact and to be found somewhere on the branch of the Missouri river, thousands of miles from their landing place, leaving no trace of their travels, yet the Welsh language retained intelligible by all the disintegrated parts! A collection of these Welsh Indian reminiscences is contained in an article on "The Discovery of America by Prince Madoc ap Owen Gwynedd," was published in the "Cambrian Journal" for 1859, which also contains much of what has been already referred to in support of the tradition, including the letter of Rev. Morgan Jones in the "Gentleman Magazine" for March, 1740, and similar purported conversations. The remainder being of the same character as that which has been already commented upon, it is thought unnecessary to have them repeated. But there is one assertion in addition to supposed Welsh Indian conversations, that a Welsh MS. of the Bible was found among the Indians in Virginia, which they could not read, and that the Welsh clergyman who saw it sailed for Britain with a view of engaging missionaries to go amongst them, but died on his passage or soon after his arrival! Among others, Lord Lyttleton made the objection that Madoc could not possibly have discovered America, returned across the Atlantic, and gone back again to the place where he first landed, because the mariner's compass was not then known. The writer of the article referred to states in defense of the discovery: "Surely this is no valid reason. It is a fact that Euclid, or simple geometry, was known long before, and the objectors ought to remember that with its simple aids properly applied, and

with but a very slender acquaintance with astronomy, a man may navigate a ship through any sea in the world around the globe."

One of the most singular proofs of the discovery is that made by Bowen of the finding of six buttons on the bank of the Susquehanna, near Tonawanda, "bearing in their faces the mermaid, the coat of arms of the principality of Wales." Any one acquainted with the arms of Wales, knows not only that the mermaid is not the arms of Wales, but that it has no place in any of its features, or in any Welsh national emblem. Again in addition to the mermaid in proof of early Welsh settlements on the American continent, it is claimed that the Newport, R. I., Round Tower, is of Druidical origin, having a "Druidical number of eight pillars for its support." To attribute a building of dressed stone with Roman arches and a non-druidical even number of pillars to a druidical origin is in itself a sufficient proof of the unacquaintance of any one who should venture such an assertion, with Welsh literature, as well as with the history of the Round Towers of Ireland, Scotland and other parts of the world. With reference to the Newport, R. I., tower, the following is from "Bryant's Popular History of the United States:" "There is at Newport, R. I., a round stone tower, which Professor Rafn and others believed was built by the Northmen, but Palfrey in his 'History of New England' shows quite conclusively that this is only an old stone mill, erected by Governor Arnold, late in the seventeenth century, who in his will referred to it as 'my stone-built wind-mill.' 'Without doubt," says Dr. Palfrey, with peculiar force, 'it is extraordinary that no record exists of the erection of so singular an edifice by early English inhabitants of Rhode Island, but it would be much more strange that the first English settlers should not have mentioned the fact, if on their arrival they had found a vestige of a former civilization, so different from everything else within their view.' Besides, the habor of Newport was undoubtedly visited by more than one voyager before the permanent settlement was made, and it is incredible if the tower was in existence, that it should never have been alluded to by anybody in log-book or journal, till Governor Arnold speaks of it as his windmill. Dr. Palfrey says moreover, that the Arnold family is supposed to have come from Warwickshire, England. Governor Arnold had a farm which he called Lemington Farm, and in Warwickshire there is a Leamington, three miles from which at Charterton, is a round stone mill, the counterpart of that at Newport. The tradition in regard to this mill is that it was from a design by Inigo Jones. If so, it was probably built when Arnold was a boy, or not long before, and would be as the work of an eminent architect, the admiration of the country round about. What more natural that that Governor

Arnold, when advanced in life, should reproduce, as nearly as he could, an edifice supposed to be a masterpiece of architecture of its kind, and endeared to him by all the memories and associations of his early home?"

ABERGAVENNY.

By Isabella.

The above picturesque, ancient and historic town, better known as Venni or Tref Venni, in Monmouthshire, is prettily situated on the banks of the sinuous river Usk, mid-way between Newport and Hereford, on the Great Western Railroad, 167 miles distant from London, 128 from Liverpool, and accessible from all parts of the United Kingdom by the London and North Western and Great Western Railways. Monmouthshire was by an act of Henry VIII. nominally added to England, and included in the circuit of the English judges. Nevertheless, it remains in this year of grace virtually a very important part of South Wales. Its present population is about 10,000, with the English language spoken as a rule, and Welsh the exception. As an

Abergavenny.

evidence of the healthfulness of the climate, the death rule of 19 per 1,000 may be quoted.

Nestling below the Sugar Loaf (Pen y Val) Derri, Rholben, Blorenge, and Scyrrid Mountains, the town is protected from severe storms, while a balmy atmosphere from the surrounding woods makes the business of undertakers and grave-diggers one of patient waiting and watching; yet the graveyards contain a few evidences of an occasional visit from that grim monster and destroyer of human happiness, whose name is death. Many years ago the town became noted for its manufacture of Welsh white flannel (some being shipped to India), and periwigs, once worn by men of fashion, selling as high as £40 each. Rumor states that it was here the method of bleaching the hair was invented. The world has moved on since then, as now, in America, the climate, worry and push for wealth and fame have superseded the bleaching method, and white hair predominates with baldness for its companion. Many a good deacon, mining boss and Eisteddfod conductor would sacrifice part of his wife's relatives for an invention to make the soil of the upper story of his pate more attractive to the growth of glossy black hair. Another source of revenue was found in the sale of goats' milk, recommended by the then eminent physicians as a cure for consumption. The remedy failing to cure the dreaded disease, goat farming, as a profitable industry, was abandoned; yet a stray specimen of this original "Ancient Britain" may now and then be seen scaling the mountains in quest of Welsh rare bits.

Among the institutions of Wales, the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion (Society of Welshmen) was most prominent, and its Eisteddfodau were attended and conducted by the most eminent Welshmen of the Principality. Not least among them was the late Rev. Thomas Price (Carnhuanawc), of hallowed memory, author of "Hanes Cymru," etc., etc. For many years interest in these gatherings ceased, and the attempts to revive them in 1853, '73, '74 and '98 failed to meet with but qualified success. The antiquarian and historian will find many places of unfailing interest in the town, chief among them may be named the Priory and St. Mary's Churches, the former having been a benedictine monastery, founded in the reign of Henry the VIII., and situated on the south-eastern side of the town, commanding a fine view of the Usk, and at one time contained very handsome specimens of tapestry, which were removed many years ago.

History states that Charles I. and Charles II. visited here, and one room was called the "King's bedroom." Like other Catholic establishments which Henry the VIII. deprived of their property, this was neglected, and only a small portion remains, which has become part of the nave of the church. In St. Mary's or parish church is the Herbert Chapel, many members of that

distinguished family having been interred there. In the center of the chapel is an elaborate monument to the memory of Sir William Ap Thomas and Gwladys, his last wife, parents of William Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke of that name, and of Sir Richard Herbert of Coldbrook. The interest in this monument is increased by the fact that the parties mentioned were the ancestors of the great family of Herbert.

Travellers concede that few towns in Great Britain offer within a radius of ten miles such varied places of interest and compact scenery. No one should miss a climb to the top of the Sugar Loaf Mountain, as from its summit may be seen, on a clear day, the rolling country and green fields of no less than ten counties in England and Wales, and we do not wonder that the following expression of the poet Bloomfield as he gazed on the landscape now stretched out before him:

"The landscape looks an Eden! Who could wear
The frown of sorrow now? The glorious hour
Reveals the ruling God."

or the satisfaction Coxe felt when he wrote, "I felt that extreme satisfaction which I always experience, when elevated on the highest point of the circumjacent country. The air is more pure, the body more active, and the mind more serene, lifted up above the dwellings of man, we discard all groveling and earthly passions; the thoughts assume a character of sublimity proportionate to the grandeur of the surrounding objects, and as the body approaches nearer to the ethereal regions, the soul imbibes a portion of their unalterable purity." As a native of the neighborhood we would honestly recommend any and all who visit Cambria's vales in gallant Wales, to make Abergavenny and the vale of Crickhowel, the garden of Wales, among their objective points to visit.

AUTUMNAL GLORY.

Rev. E. Edwards, Allentown, Pa.

The King of Glory sets his seal on all below
As in the starry glory of azure heavens;
He painted flowers of spring and He the autumns gilds,
With glory such as artist's pencil must defy.
Passing along the Susquehanna, how my soul
Kept feasting on the glory, for full many a mile!
It seemed as if I caught the lesson it would teach
That age can ripen into glory with declining years;
That man may pass like painted foliage to death,
Smiling and beautiful; and feast the lookers on
With sights of glory caught from death itself, and so
Reflect the glory of the better life beyond.

A WELSH CHURCH CASE.

By Cad Walad.

When reviewing the history of the Welsh people, we often confront the fact that they are not progressive in a gradual way, but that they seem to be periodically lifted by some extraneous force or providential dispensation into a higher plane whereon, until the next change, they act an extremely conservative part. They seem to be very repugnant to gradual changes and gradual progress, showing often the most bitter opposition to what they resent as a departure from God's ways; but when the cycle of a reform has been almost run, the Welsh will awake and arouse themselves like the hare in the fable and outrun their rivals. For a century, the Welsh looked on higher education with suspicion and distrust as a foe of orthodoxy and religious good faith, and to thousands of families Sunday School education and culture were far superior to anything secular schools and colleges could impart. Secular knowledge was dangerous, even pestilential. Welsh college education was largely religious and merely for the preparation of young candidates for the ministry. If a young man showed any degree of aptitude or smartness, he was soon induced to devote his ability to religion, and anxiety was shown lest the devil should employ him to perform his work. Of late, however, education has been "boomed" in Wales in a high degree; but there are yet some old fogies who still fear that it may ruin and corrupt Wales.

In the year 1890, in a little village in South Wales, there was a vacancy in a church; and according to the Welsh way of church-wooing, calls for supplies were announced, and a number of reputable candidates made their respective and consecutive appeals for support from the pulpit. The congregation had every variety of sermons for months; from the tractarian to the high-flown poetical and high-sailing emotional kind. These periods of inter-regnums in Welsh churches are popular, for the reason that this variety of supplies provides the congregations with a rare spread of precatorial and theological dainties and delicacies which have served to cultivate a squeamish taste for pulpit luxuries.

Every Sunday Bethel would be overcrowded with auditors anxious to listen to the preacher from far; and every one after the meeting (oedfa) would criticize the sermon, from text to closing prayer. After a series of sermons varying in merits of thought and delivery, a young student, fresh from college, appeared at Bethel's pulpit, one Sabbath morning, who delivered a most poetic, felicitous and a full-sailed sermon. The thoughts and similes were catching (the Welsh love similes, which are called by them "cyffelyb-

iaethau"), and the delivery was musical (they are also music-loving). Not only his ideas were beautiful but also they were in a way set to music—in fact, the sermon was a descriptive song, accompanied by the "amens" and "diolchs" of the older members of the congregation. The young student left a grand impression, and his departure was soon followed by a cordial call. We should here state the important fact that these candidacy-sermons are usually the best the candidates have. These sermons are ordinarily prepared expressly for such especial occasions, and for effects. The young student (who had a bardic name also) accepted the call, and was duly installed with services which lasted from Friday evening until Sunday late.

Weeks passed away and withal considerable of the enthusiasm. He continued preaching with ability and acceptability, and many of his auditors went home every Sunday morning and evening with comfortable reminiscences of happy impressions. After a while, though, some of the old "watchers on the wall" fancied that the young minister was straying away from the old paths, and this suspicion and accompanying anxiety developed into an organized inquisition. A few of the keenest judges of correct theology were appointed with note-books to take down every sentence that would appear strange or erratic. Deacons Evans, Thomas and Jones were invested with full powers to act as inquisitors. There is an old triad among the Welsh that the best way to prove a man is to try him when he least expects, at the place he least thinks and in a way he least suspects. This rule was applied in the young minister's case. He had no inkling of what was done. The Sunday of the test came, not the cloudy and dull morning which is often experienced in Wales, but a fair, sunny, charming and indescribable Sunday morning which April brings; a forenoon of sunshine after an early shower or two—a kind of a joy after repentance. Such was the Sunday morning in question. The hills and valleys were green, and the thrush and the blackbird sang solos on the tree tops, while the smaller birds warbled in the under brush. The lowing of the cattle and the barking of the shepherd dogs miles away came like music over the perfumed air. On such fresh mornings the consumptive walks abroad full of hope; the weary from the week's labor and worry is revived and rejoiced; and all have an idea of what life in paradise is.

After a leisurely introductory service, the minister took for his text the passage of Peter where he says that "the Word of the Lord endureth for ever." The opening sentence sounded the keynote of his able discourse. "The Word of the Lord," he said, "does not endure unchangeable, but changing continually in its fruits and effects. There are two words—the absolute, which is in God, and the relative, which is with us. The Word of God is progressive. In undeveloped natures, the

Word appears under unfavorable light. The result or the fruit thereof is imperfect, working through and in imperfect organisms. What we call "truth" is merely as much of it as we behold, through its imperfect working. Absolute truth is often different—diametrically different to our conception of it; the truth we have and cling to so tenaciously is often an apparition. The evolution of the human mind and the consequent increase of knowledge brings us nearer the truth absolute, which is in God. Progress is a movement towards, not away from God. The more we know the correcter become our views of grace and truth. Truth is in no wise synonymous with our ignorance; and the truth that satisfies and fits our ignorance is not the truth that frees and blesses. The Word of the Lord, and truth, generally, does not endure in the sense that a mummy endures."

The evening sermon was an enlargement of the sermon in the morning. The both were the most powerful and original he had delivered; but he little thought how unfavorable an impression they had left. After the evening service, the three deacons bowing under the burden of their responsibility, directed their deliberate steps towards Deacon Evans's home, where the comparing of notes was to be performed. They seated themselves before the fireplace; Deacon Evans in the armchair, while Thomas and Jones occupied less influential seats. The lump of bituminous coal which had been thrown on to damp the fire, faintly exploded and started to blow while a resurrected flame would flicker every few moments. Evans took his note-book out of his pocket, followed by Thomas and Jones. After a somewhat ceremonious cough, followed by a groan, each went busily scanning his pages. "Well brethren," said Evans after a solemn pause, "the Bible tells us that the serpent is more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord has created. Now we are not to expect that this subtile beast would come among us as a serpent, but as something more human or angelic, and also we must expect it to come amongst us with a show of reason. We have heard the serpent's voice to-day, although it proceeded from the mouth of a young man. I have heard preaching before on that very text; but the surpentine argument of to-day—the absolute and the relative—is a pure trick of the devil. You can make truth out of a lie by conjuring with philosophic words. 'Absolute' and 'relative' are not Scriptural, so they are not means of grace but magic. Brethren, the remark that our truths are often apparitions was pure heresy (cyfeiliornad); and so the remark that increase of knowledge brings us nearer the truth. Are we to believe that we are nearer the truth than Charles o'r Bala or Elias o Fon? And again, that progress is a movement toward God; I wish to recognize that fast trains and such bring us more rapidly to our earthly destinations; but the fact is that progress is a rapid transit to perdition.

And what do you think of comparing truth with a mummy?"

A length of silence followed. Thomas and Jones had received all their mental training in Sunday Schools, so they did not profess to know much of philosophy; and if they did, they would not dare to oppose Evans. They were appointed through his influence, and were installed to support his plans. So the only remark Thomas made was, "That's so," and Jones said likewise.

It was soon rumored abroad that the young and popular minister was to be called to an account (ei alw i gyfrif), and the night of the "society" (cyfeillach) of the following week was to be the night of the lodging of the complaint. The meeting was the most numerous of any known. Every member was there; and there were mischievously inquisitive faces seen peeking through the windows. After the usual preliminary service, led by the young minister, Deacon Evans was seen solemnly to rise, and after an introductory cough or two terminating in a kind of a regulation groan, he informed the fraternity that he had a serious charge to make against "Our beloved brother and minister." So he went on to the matter in detailed form, wherein the young minister was charged with introducing or rather insinuating fallacies into the doctrine of the church. After he had concluded, the young minister in a brief word told Deacon Evans that he did not think he could allow himself to be judged by men inferior to himself; so he would retire in order to spare himself unnecessary pain.

The leaders in the heresy hunt were dumfounded; and many were deprived of a sensation and sorely disappointed. A special meeting was announced for the Friday night following, and a letter was despatched to the young minister to request his presence. When the night came, and the proceedings had been opened, Evans drew a letter from his pocket which he had just received from the young minister; and after its perusal he was seen to turn the leaves of the Bible, and his lips were seen moving as if reading a passage to himself. Then he read the epistle aloud which went as follows: "Dear Brethren: You will find my response to your request in Job xi. 12, hoping it will be satisfactory. Yours ——" Deacon Evans read as follows which gave considerable satisfaction: "With the ancient is wisdom; and in length of days understanding;" but it was soon discovered that Deacon Evans who was not much of a scholar, had got tangled by the number 12, so he had read xii. 12, instead of xi. 12. It caused considerable amusement in the whole neighborhood. The young minister forthwith had a call to an English church, where he still labors much respected and admired.

THE WELSH METRICAL SYSTEM.

By Taliesin Evans (Taliesin o Eifion.)

Part II.

Welsh poetry has, however, a peculiar claim on universal interest, because the Welsh metrical system is unique. The great Latin and Greek poets have given every other civilized nation of modern times, except the Welsh, its rules of prosody or the art of writing verse. Wales has inherited her system of versification from the ancient Druidic bards. Iolo Morganwg claimed superiority for it over everything of the kind, probably the world over, because the Welsh metrical system possesses all of the principles, variations and combinations contained in the metrical systems of other nationalities, and it may be said in addition that many of these forms of versification which are in common use by Welsh poets have never been known by any other people ancient or modern, except the Welsh.

The Welsh metrical system contains two divisions, each governed by separate and distinct rules. They are known technically under the generic names of "Free verse" and "Fettered verse." The rules governing the construction of free verse are the same in every respect, except one, to the rules governing the construction of English verse. The exception is found in polysyllabic rhymes. In English, where a polysyllable forms the terminal of the line the rhyme of its couplet must respond to the penultimate as well as the ultimate, thus: mountain, fountain. Or, when the accented syllable precedes the penultimate, then the rhyme must embrace a response to it also, thus: unfortunate, importunate. Thus syllable rhymes like this are not allowable in Welsh, nor is it necessary to extend the rhyme beyond the ultimate, thus: planu, tynu; canu, synu.

It is an evidence, however, of greater versatility and ingenuity if the penultimate is also embraced in the rhyme, thus: planu, canu; synu, tynu. That form of rhyme is known in Welsh prosody as a cyfochrodl—that is, an associated rhyme. An exceptionally ingenious form of polysyllabic rhyme is, however, peculiar to Welsh prosody. It consists of a change in the vowel of the penultimate in each rhyme, thus: Amcanion, dibenion; union, bonion; ddibrinion, englynion.

Chief interest in the Welsh metrical system always has been and ever must center in its "Fettered Verses," in which the four and twenty meters established by the order and custom of the bards of the Isle of Britain are composed. Nothing like it exists in any other known tongue. It is called by some writers "consononic" and "alliterative" but these terms very poorly

and imperfectly describe its nature. It is, in a sense, consononic—that is, dependent upon an arrangement of consonants in the structure of a line; it is, also, alliterative, because of a harmonious and emphonious responsiveness of the consonants. But it is something more. It is rhythmic, and if you will tolerate the coining of two other words whose meaning will be readily understood, I will add that it is "vowelistic" and "rhymic."

Alliteration is common in Greek and Latin poetry. English poets have resorted to it occasionally as a means of adorning their lines. You will find this line given in books of familiar quotations as an example of alliteration from Churchill's "Prophecy of Famine:"

"Apt alliteration 's artful aid."

And this couplet, which is a satire on Cardinal Wolsey, has been quoted as the most perfect specimen of alliteration in the English language:

"Begot by butchers, but by Bishops bred,
How high his haughty Highness holds his head."

Welsh alliteration can improve o the best in English, because the alliteration is not only complete, but it is combined also with the fetters of consonancy. Here is a line of the kind which is familiar to you all,

"Beibl i bawb o bobl y byd."

Cut it in two, and turn it about, and you will get the same result from it in sense and metrical construction. Consonancy is in some respect a misnomer, for the vowels a, e, i, o, u, w, y, play quite an important part in the structure of a fettered line as the consonants do. There are three forms of consonancy, but one of them can be varied indefinitely according to the wish and ingenuity of the poet. The simpler form is illustrated in the following example:

Elfen deneu ysplenydd.

It has been assumed that owing to the multitude of consonants used in the Welsh language, there ought to be no difficulty in the construction of a consononic system of composition. But the elasticity of the language and its adaptability to any form of expression is illustrated aptly in the englyn to the spider. Thus:

O'i wiw wy i wau e a; o'i iau
Ei wyau a wea,
E wywa ei we aua,
A'i weau yw ieuau ia.

There is not a consonant in the verse, only semi vowels and vowels, and yet it is perfect in its meaning and in its fettered structure. Such a composition could not be written in any other language, unless it be the Chinese.

We now come to the Welsh system of versification—the four and twenty meters of Welsh prosody. The bardic brotherhood is divided into two schools, and it has been so divided since 1451, when Dafydd ab Edmund was chaired for inventing 24 metrical forms of verse, to each of which he gave a specific name, and of which he submitted examples to guide those who should thereafter undertake a study of Welsh prosody. He was seemingly controlled by no special rule in his invention. His system was, to the

contrary, something like "Topsy" in Uncle Tom's Cabin—it "growed." It was, however, adopted by the bards of Gwynedd or North Wales without question, and is to-day their rule and guide in the bardic faith. In fact from 1451 until 1815 none other was recognized by them as orthodox. The poets of South Wales clung, meantime, to what is known as the Glamorgan (Morganwg) system, which also has four and twenty forms of verse. The first nine constitute the canons of versification, and they represent the nine feet, each one forming a perfect line —one for each of the nine muses in mythology. Then there are fifteen different versified variations which can be constructed from these nine canons, each of which is perfect in itself, and yet capable of sundry modifications without violence to the fundamental principle contained in it. In 1815, after being under a cloud for over 350 years, the Glamorgan system was revived, because the bardic chair for that year was won by a poet whose composition was constructed strictly on that system.

The nine canons or fundamental meters of Welsh versification are as follows: Y Gyhydedd Fer (short), "Darfu'r derfysg;" Gaeth (fettered), "Gwelais wyr gorfawr;" Drosgl (clumsy), "Gwanwyn ar dwyn hir do;" Lefn (smooth), "Y gwr doeth a'r gair dethawl;" Wastad (level), "Clywais adlais odlau cynar;" Draws (crossed), "Wylai'r ynys am wawl yr hinon;" Wen (white), "Dafnau o annwn sy'n defnynu;" Laes (trailing), "Am Oronwy Owain trwm yw y newydd;" Hir (long), "Oer wylais gan ddolur, mawr waelais gan dduloes."

The fifteen compound meters of Glamorgan, which are now fairly well established as the legitimate development of the nine canons are thus named in the Iolo Morganwg's Secrets of the Bards—Cyfrinach y Beirdd: 1, Ban Cyrch; 2, Toddaid; 3, Triban Milwr; 4, Triban Cyrch; 5, Englyn; 6, Proest Cyfnewidiog; 7, Proest Cadwynodl; 8, Huppynt; 9, Cadwyn Gyrch; 10, Clogyrnach; 11, Cyngor; 12, Llamgyrch; 13, Traethodyn; 14, Cywydd; 15, Dyri.

Now, some one who has no special knowledge or interest in these matters may ask, What is the value of all this complexity in composition? What is all this display of ingenuity in the metrical structure of verse worth? The answer is a simple one: Poetry is the true art preservative. Perhaps the more ingenuity a poet may display in his work, the higher may his art be ranked. Consonancy has its special value. It disciplines the mind. Sometimes a part of a line may be left blank and the written part will promptly supply the omission. For example from Dafydd ab Gwilym:

> Saith gywydd i Forfydd fain
> Seth hoywgorph a saith ugain.

Consonancy is said to have been subjected to this extraordinary test. Aneurin Fardd in a learned preface to Cynddelw's Tafol y Beirdd says that in compiling the works of Huw Morus and preparing them for the press, one half of a page of manu-

script was missing, having in some way been torn off and lost. The mutilated sheet contained a "cywydd" (a poem), written in fettered verse. The missing half of each line was thereupon supplied by the suggestion of the half which had survived, and the poem was restored. Subsequently a perfect manuscript of the same poem was found, and a comparison made between it and the restored or reconstructed copy, and they tallied exactly. Is there any other language, except the Welsh, or are there any other rules of prosody, excepting the fettered versification of Wales, in which similar results could have been produced? If so, where? and echo answers, Where? If the art of the sculptor shows his superiority in the perfect product of his hands—in the finished figure which they have carved out of the shapeless block of marble, why then should not the perfect art of the poet be demonstrated by the skill and ingenuity in which he weaves his thoughts and ideas in words, and lines and verse? And the higher the order of his skill, the more complex his ingenuity, and the more varied and graceful his arrangement, all other things being equal, the higher ought to be his standard of merit and excellence.

The poet has his place in life and in history. Much of the history of the human race, of kingdoms and empires, of dynasties and civilizations, have been preserved by him for all time. Homer and Virgil immortalized Greece and Rome. The Sagas have kept the memory of the ancient horsemen alive. The fragments of Taliesin Ben Beirdd, Aneurin Fardd, Llywarch Hen and the Triad which survived the wreck of the centuries have preserved for us what was an almost lost art, in our consonancy and metrical systems, as well as some of the most precious traditions of the race.

About two hundred years ago, Andrew Fletcher wrote to the Marquis of Montrose as follows: "I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." It is the poet who stirs the sluggish blood of patriotism into activity, and who rouses a nation from a state of lethargy into life.

FIELD OF LETTERS

In an article entitled "Flowers and Weeds" in "Cymru" the Editor remarks how the Universities in England are prevented by ancient compacts and traditions from serving the present age. Although modern needs are clear to every observing eye, yet the old things in the good old way must be taught in spite of the demands of our enlightened age. While the age is busy and bustling these Universities remain in comfortable seclusion giving ancient, old fashioned and unprofitable instruction through anciently endowed educational means. It is, certainly, regretful to see how richly endowed institutions are handicapped in their work by superstitious regard for the desires of those who have been dead for ages. Why could not endowments of all kinds and times be utilized to serve the living, not the dead? It is regretful also to behold how churches love to loiter in the twilight of the past rather than come out into the light of day. Are we to believe that Providence is leading us from bad to worse, from light to darkness; or rather, from night to day? Are we to believe that the prospects of human emancipation and enlightment are in the past not in the future? Are we to hold that the future is false and the past only true?

"Religious Notes" in the October "Cronicl" by Eynon are on the following subjects: Spurgeon's Tabernacle; Mr. Sankey in Britain; Lord Roberts and Mr. Sankey's Hymns; Dr. Talmage; The Election and Religion; The Election and the Ritualists; A Scarcity of Curates; and China's Christians. Then follow the other departments.

—Eynon says it is vain to pray one way and vote another. It is vain to pray at all unless it be an enlightened prayer. Parties, undoubtedly, pray on all and every side; and the only prayer that is answered is the one that coincides with the great purposes of providence. Popedom is even now praying for the conversion of all Protestant countries. Before the Hispano-American war, Spain was praying for the conversion of England and America. Every bad cause as well as good is prayed for; but it is comfort and assurance to think that God rules over all, and that there is a Power making for righteousness in spite of conflicting and antagonistic praying.

—In "Events of the Month" Keinion devotes half his remarks to "Kahki" in its different phases. He refers to the delusiveness of kahki, which he states is a mere color. The soldier was clothed in this kahki in South Africa, so that he could hide his movements from the enemy; and the Government party at home made use of the same disappearing color in order to conceal the real issues. It is a misrepresentation to say "kahki" is a mere color, when it meant the saving of many lives and a victory in South Africa. At home, also, it stood for victory and patriotism. With the establishment of British supremacy in South Africa and the restoration of peace, we may expect some domestic legislation in the British Isles. The groundless assertion "that Britain is nearer the tail of civilization than any other power" is not agreeable and, certainly, far from truth. Bigotry and

prejudice distort the vision to a lamentable degree.

The "Dysgedydd" for October has the usual number of articles and papers on subjects moral and religious, with a slight sprinkling of politics. The Rev. D. Griffith gives an elaborate dissertation of the question of Ethics. Then follows a paper on the "Priesthood and the Church." He shows the evil and degrading influence of sacerdotalism on Christian truth and doctrine. Its influence is seen in changes in doctrine, in religious service, in church government, in morals and discipline. Superstitions and magical virtues are taught to follow ritualistic performances; and religion becomes more and more materialistic. The priest also becomes the only authorized agent of God and ecclesiasticism the only reservoir of divine grace. The supremacy of the priesthood means the subjection of everything to the Church.

—After a few congratulations, the Editor in reviewing the musical contests at the Liverpool Eisteddfod and the awarding of the chief prize to an English choir, proceeds to ask regretingly if the "games" so popular of late in Wales, are beginning to tell on choral singing. Are the Welsh giving up music for football, etc? We hope not.

Contents of the "Drysorfa:" The Rev. Robert Salmon, Llansadwrn (with portrait); Mary Annointing Jesus; the Rev. John Owen Jones, Llanberis; Prophecies and the Last Century; Richard Price, the Philosopher; the Cwmbwrla Association; Bala College; News, Reviews, Reports, etc.

—The opening paragraph of the article, "Prophecies and the Last Century," is devoted to showing that the Twentieth Century is now on. He says that the last year was 1899, and with the advent of this year, "the 8 was changed into 9, which put an end to the century." The ability to see the going and coming of centuries is certainly a gift, an intuition; and it seems that elaborate reasoning serves only to make the question to some minds more intricate and inexplicable.

—The Editor expresses sorrow that "The Scriptures of the Old Testament" by Professor T. Witton Davis has been placed among the "Twentieth Century Series" of Welsh books for the young. He thinks it will serve to damage the belief in the authority of the Bible. The Professor says that the moral tone of the Book of Esther is lower than that of some of the books of the Apocrypha or the History of Josephus; that the Songs of Solomon are merely amatory; and that the history of the Creation is allegorical. The Editor protests strongly against such views, especially against the statement that there are in the Bible "books which should have been left out, and some out which should have been inserted." He also regrets to think that a scholar of such lose views regarding the Bible should be teacher in a college.

—The coming problem in Wales will be, How to keep the Welsh orthodox in the old sense of the word? Increased knowledge of science will result in a practical change in their views of things in heaven and on earth, and under the earth; and if we adopt the rational view that knowledge is light as well as power we must be prepared to accept the inevitable fruit of knowledge, viz., improved and corrected opinions regarding things around and above us. Apart from the light of science without us, there is also a better light within us in a more enlightened intellect. If we are to grow at all, it seems a necessity that we must change in our conception of things. A wonderful change has come over minds, generally, in the last half century; geology, astronomy, and knowledge of nature have furnished facts which have undermined the foundations of some of our most time-honored beliefs. We cannot continue to build on foundations that have

been shown to be imaginary. We are not to believe, either, that increased knowledge is a danger to our best interests, intellectually, morally and spiritually. The little book by Prof. T. Witton Davis may be only the thin end of the wedge of intellectual freedom. Hitherto, Wales has lived apart from what is called "Modern Thought," but with the introduction of a higher education and a wider and deeper acquaintance with the outside world, her children will be in danger of being exposed to the temptation of partaking of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

"Trysorfa y Plant" opens on a portrait of "John Evans, Llwynffortun," a celebrated Welsh Methodist preacher. He was born in a farmhouse called Cwm Gwen, near Pencader, Carmarthen. He was the son of a very devout mother. She, in fact, laid the foundation of his greatness. He kept school for a time at Pencader. It is strange to see how Providence brings up great men in clusters. Himself and two of his scholars became three strong men in their respective denominations, the Methodist, the Congregational and the Baptist. He commenced to preach at Llanpumpsaint, and his maiden sermon was remarkably successful and powerful. He broke out at once into a full-fledged preacher. It is said that his eloquence was most pleasing and angelic. At 29 he was married to a Mrs. Jones of Llwynffortun. He served as curate in the Church for a while; but he soon found Christian life there too quiet. He rejoined the Methodists and the enlarged evangelical liberty of the Nonconformists. He is known among the Welsh as "Evans, Llwynffortun." The great men of Wales are known in the same way, viz., Prichard Llanddyfri, Griffiths Llanddowror, Rowlands Llangeitho, Charles o'r Bala, etc., etc. The name of birthplace or residence is equivalent to the best title. The most popular degrees in Wales are bestowed in this form. The modern M. A. and D. D. are foreign and un-Welsh.

No. 54 in the Musical Gallery of the October "Cerddor" is Mrs. Mary Davies (with fine portrait). Mrs. Davies is the daughter of William Davies, sculptor, of London, a native of Merthyr Tydvil, and a Welshman of the Welsh. She commenced her studies under the tuition of Mr. Brinley Richards, the celebrated pianist. She made her first public appearance in 1873, and ever since has been a popular favorite in England, Scotland and Wales. Although pre-eminently a ballad singer, she has also appeared in opera, and is also Associate of the Royal Academy, and "Fellow" of T. R. A. M.—Mr. Jenkins discusses the question of musical culture, pointing out the several defects in early training; the difficulty of deciding the quality of the young voice; the danger of amateur voice culture, and other phases of musical education. Mr. Jenkins is an honest, energetic and fearless critic and educator. "Our Musical Service," by D. W. Lewis, Brynaman; "Lessons to Young Composers;" "The Musical Convention at Liverpool;" "The Mediocre Singer" (from the "Drych") by G. H. Humphrey, Utica, N. Y.; with Reviews and entertaining "Notes." The musical numbers are "Blodeu Gobaith" and "The Grace of our Lord," &c.

The paper, "Notes on the Reformation," is continued in the September number of the "Haul." Then follows St. Gwenffrwd; The Parable of the Bramble; The Harvest; Studies in the Epistle to the Romans; The Only Sacrifice; Personality; A Sermon; Rhyl a Quarter of a Century Ago; The Bible as a Book to Teach History; Literary Scraps, etc.

—In "Notes on the Reformation" we have an interesting sketch of Wicliff's tempestuous career. We are told that religion from the Pope down to the

begging friars was in a deplorable condition. Ignorance, superstition and corruption were widespread and deep-rooted; but yet there were good seed scattered abroad by Wicliff in the hearts of men. The bitter foes of Wicliff and his work of enlightment were the friars, whose policy was to reduce Christianity into a system of pauperism and parasitism; and had it been tolerated until now, it would have reduced Christendom into a desert without the comfort even of a vox clamantis. Protestantism to-day, and the prosperous nations, who profess it, owe much to such heroes as Wicliff.

—"The Only Sacrifice" is an outlandish paper translated from the English. There is nothing Welsh in it, either in creed or purpose. It is out of place in a Welsh publication. It is a weak argument in favor of a superstition that is unscriptural and unchristian. The writer condemns the Protestant communion as ungodly for the reason that the elements are not worshiped. The closing remark is truly papistic, because we are told that it is of little difference whether in fact we do this act of worship before God the Father or before the Sacramental Presence of the Son. An attempt is made to reduce Christianity into paganism.

In the October "Cymru" the Editor makes a national appeal to all those who love Welsh literature, an appeal which is truly unique. He has observed he says, for years that the productions of Welsh poets and other writers are presented to the public in such poor shape and appearance as to create the notion that they are no better than they look. English authors are better honored, they come to Welsh homes in more attractive forms; and are so welcomed. They are finely garbed and illustrated, as poets should be. They are beautiful and attractive as works of art; and they are seen in many a Welsh home. The Editor says nought against the way English books are honored among the Welsh; but he makes the appeal to have Welsh books made and published in a way so as to be worthy of equal consideration. Hitherto Welsh books, especially the poets, have been garbed like paupers, and have had the welcome of paupers. They are often so poorly clad, that the ordinary Welshman thinks they are beggars rather than friends and benefactors. He desires to inaugurate a movement which will assuredly help to elevate Welsh literature to a level of respectability and honor. The Welsh people are certainly well-to-do enough to patronize respectable Welsh publications, once they are taught that it is a national duty to show proper respect and pay due honor to the mother language, which has been our especial comfort and teacher from remote ages. Hitherto it has been somewhat pensioned, has been a kind of burden on the national parish; its best and most disinterested devotees have been neglected and left in want; the literature created with the sweat of the brow of many an ignored laborer, has been poorly paid; and its books have been badly dressed and despised by the mass. This is a national crime, and it is full time that we, as a nation, should pay especial honor to those who labor in the vineyard of Welsh literature. It is our duty as a nation to spend much more on books than we have done; to make this great industry of thinking minds more prosperous and profitable; to make the business of book-making and thought-creating more honorable than it has hitherto been. The Editor promises to begin the good work by publishing a series of Welsh authors in attractive forms.

SCIENTIFIC

Of the 46,988 deaths which occurred in Paris for the year 1899, says "Technische Notizen," no less than 12,314, hence about one-fourth, were due to consumption; 37.2 per cent of these persons died between the ages of 1 and 20, 60.2 per cent. between those of 20 and 40. Hence two-thirds of all victims of this disease were claimed by death in the prime of their life.

If all men were just, if all men loved each other, war would, indeed, be unnecessary; but, as law-courts and policemen and prisons are necessary, even in the polity of a Christian nation, so, while the world continues to be what it is, the suppression of all appeals to the decision of war would involve the certain and absolute triumph of robbery, oppression, greed, and injustice.

In Buda-Pesth there is a news telephone, and its object is to keep its 6,000 subscribers supplied with all the latest news. The service has a main wire 168 miles in length, and it is connected with private houses and various public resorts. From 7:30 in the morning until 9:30 in the evening, twenty-eight editions of news are spoken into the transmitter by ten men possessing loud clear voices, working in shifts of two. The news is classified and given in accordance with a regular programme, and the service has been eminently successful.

Owing to changes in the railway line several villages in South Dakota have been cut off from the railroad. The result is that the villages have moved to the new location. In the towns of Bloomington, Edgerton, Old Platte, Castalia and Old Selby one building after another was put on skids and towed across the prairie by means of horses and thrasher engines, says "The Railroad Review," and in one instance a structure 40 by 300 feet was moved three miles, while its contents of merchandise were not disturbed, and trade was being carried on all the time.

Spain, in the glory of her ancient woodlands, was the Eden of Southern Europe; treeless Spain has become a gehenna of poverty and disease. Forest-shaded Sicily begat athletes and philosophers, heroes and merchant princes; Sicily in its present sun-blistered condition evolves chiefly bandits, beggars, and vermin. The entire coast region of the Mediterranean has been "cleared," with the result of losing four-fifths of its former population, and at least nine-tenths of its former productiveness.

The credit for running the fastest long distance train in the world is due to the Orleans and Midi Railroad, whose train from Paris to Bayonne, a distance of 486¼ miles, is run at a speed, including six stops, of 54.13 miles an hour. This is better than the Empire State Express, which runs from New York to Buffalo, 440 miles, at a rate, including four stops, of 53.33 miles an hour. The best work of the English railroads is that done on the Great Northern from King's Cross to Edinburg, distance of 393½ miles, which is covered at an average speed, including three stops, of 50.7 miles per hour.

The tramp question in the United States has been a most serious one ever since the introduction of railroads. It is estimated that no less than 10,000 are carried nightly on trains, and that 10,000 more are waiting to steal a ride at the same time. The Pennsylvania Railroad has taken a firm stand in the matter, and has equipped a special

police force for the purpose of preventing trespassing. Some of the farmers, however, do not approve of this action, as they obtain much of their extra help in harvest times from the drifting population.

To deny the existence of genius is to increase that commonness of life, that pulverizing sense of equality among men which, because it is based on a falsity, is the first curse of all democracy, whether it be political or confined to the region of thought. There is no equality in men's powers any more than in their height, and to say that industry and observation will make their possessor the equal of the man to whom genius has been given—we neither know, nor for the purpose of this argument do we care, what genius is—is just as unwise as to believe that a man can by taking thought add a cubit to his stature.

Buddhism, which may once have been a religion of pure and lofty conceptions, is now, as seen in China, nothing more than a collection of degrading superstitions, entirely beneath the notice of an educated Confucianist. Its tonsured priests are despised and ridiculed by the people, who openly speak of them as "baldheaded asses." Taoism, once a subtle system of philosophy, has been debased in like manner. It has borrowed some of the worst features of Buddhism, which has in turn appropriated several of the absurdities of Taoism. The two, after centuries of rivalry, have long since flourished peacefully side by side.

In place of sea-bathing, the London hygienists recommend air or sun baths taken lying on the beach in the lightest possible attire compatible with the proprieties. It is a fact established in medical science that mere exposure of the body to the air produces physical changes that go far toward counteracting the degenerating effects of civilized life. The course recommended, therefore, by this latest health fad is to lie at ease on the sand, bathed in sunshine and fresh air, and afterwards have a thorough rubbing down, which process further invigorates a worn body. Happily for those who are poor in purse as in health, this fresh air cure may be taken without the expense of traveling to summer expense.

The common hen is not far behind the turkey in her talk. Professor Wood says that the hen is a much more fluent talker than the rooster. Her cackle is used for three different purposes, and each cackle is different from the other cackles. One she uses when seeking a nest, or when calling for her mate; one when she is frightened; and another, of a very triumphant sort, as she flies from or to the nest. The hen has three kinds of songs—the love song, a happy response to her mate; the song of indifference, when idly hunting for food, indicating of a certain purpose in her movements and the lullaby song, a low, crooning, soothing note, hushing the young chickens to sleep.

AN OLD DESCRIPTION OF TRUSTS.

It is a nest of wasps, or swarms of vermin which have overcrept the land. Like the frogs of Egypt, they have gotten possession of our dwellings, and we have scarcely a room free from them. They sup in our cup; they dip in our dish; they sit by our fire; we find them in the dye-vat and wash-bowl. They have marked and scarred us from head to foot. They will not vote us a pin; we may not buy our own clothes without their brokerage; they are leeches that have sucked the commonwealth so hard that it has almost become hectical. And some of them are ashamed of their right names; they shelter

themselves under the name of corporation; they make by-laws which serve their turns to squeeze up and fill their purses. Unface them and they will prove as bad cards as any in the pack.

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CONFUCIANISM.

With all its merits, Confucianism is seriously wanting in attractiveness to the masses, who really know very little about it. It is a system for the philosopher in his study, not for the peasant at the plow-tail. It offers no consolations of any kind, save those to be derived from a consciousness of having done one's duty. The masses, who respect learning and authority above all things, accept Confucianism as the criterion of a perfect life. They daily perform the ceremonies of ancestral worship in all loyalty of heart, and then go off and satisfy other cravings by the practice of the rites and ceremonies of Buddhism and Taoism, which have so much more to offer by way of reward. Still, wherever Chinamen go they carry with them in their hearts the two leading features of Confucianism, the patriarchal system and ancestral worship.

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A SERVICEABLE INVENTION.

MM. Desgrez and Balthazard of Paris have been carrying out some elaborate experiments with the object of regenerating respirable air in a confined space, and have communicated the results of their researches to the Academy of Sciences. They have constructed a diving dress of aluminium which weighs in all about twenty-five pounds. Inside this dress they place a quantity of bioxide of sodium, and a diver wearing this apparatus can walk about for a considerable length of time under water, without coming to the surface to replenish his supply of air. It is claimed that the invention will be of inestimable value to persons engaged in mines, chemical industries, or to reach certain points surrounded by a poisonous atmosphere.

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THE POPE AND THE SECTS.

The Pope describes the harm done by the "sects" in the strongest possible colors. "Into the Lord's own vineyard they have entered," he says, "and as they can not claim truth as their strength, they attack the Catholic faith through its tenderest plants." The faithful should be warned that "under the harmless guise of boys' and girls' schools, of schools of languages, of other educational institutes, of assistance given to needy families, the most wicked heresy is smuggled in." The Pope complains that all this is "actually done under the protection of the law." This complaint need not be wondered. For, of course, if the Pope made the laws, the Protestant propaganda would simply be prohibited and the propagators punished. History teaches the Pope's system. That he hates and reviles Protestantism is nothing new, but it does not seem very diplomatic to do so at a time when Catholics, Protestants, and heathens are fighting together for a cause which is dear to the Pope.

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WITCHCRAFT OF OLD.

A belief in ghosts and in the existence of spectres which are presumed to represent the "restless shades of them that were" has characterised mankind from a very early stage of their evolution. The notion that all was not over with us when death overtook us was a belief which, however it originally arose, found a decided support in the yearnings of mankind after a life to come. Anthropologists have even tried to trace the origin of religion to the ghost idea, and we may easily conceive how early man found in his dreams an evidence of another and a spirit world.

The idea that in dreams the soul left the body and wandered through space is one which reappears frequently in the lore of savage life. Surrounded as early man was by the phenomena of nature, most of which events he could not understand, it was but natural he should elect to believe in the existence of other worlds than his own, and in the denizens of such spheres. Later on a whole history and literature of spirit and ghost lore and of demonology grew apace. Men and women were believed to be on familiar terms with the devil and his agents, and prosecution for witchcraft and many burnings of miserable old women were the result of the terrible prepossession, which assumed dominance over the minds of men. It is not 200 years ago since the last burning of witches occurred in Scotland, and even Wesley declares his belief in emphatic terms that it is a heresy to doubt that witchcraft is a real and veritable sin. When, however, certain American enthusiasts got the length of hanging a dog for witchcraft, men's minds began to revolt at the wholesale slaughter of aged women. And so the belief in witchcraft died a natural death. It lost its vitality, and, happily, was consigned to the limbo reserved for the exploded superstitions of the past.

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A NEW BOOT.

The British War Office is carrying out some experiments with the new patent boot that has been invented by Capt. Loderer, of the Austro-Hungarian army. The device consists of a leather sole, under the heel of which is a contrivance of metal with a long spiral spring inside. The patent is so simple that it can be readily attached to the ordinary boot. The object of the spring is to obviate any jar when placing the foot on the ground, so that it is like putting the foot upon a cushion. Besides this advantage, it also acts as a pleasant ventilator to the foot. The boot has been submitted to prolonged experiments in the Austro-Hungarian army, with distinct success. It renders walking easier, considerably reduces the fatigue of marching, while soreness of the feet is entirely prevented. Before introducing it into the army, the British authorities are testing it among the postmen, who have to tramp long distances in the performance of their duties over hard streets, which is particularly tiring work. If the boots prove successful in this case, they will be distributed among the troops, by whom they will be welcomed, since the present regulation boot is not conducive to comfort or ease during a long march.

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ANAESTHESIA BY A NEW METHOD.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Medicine Dr. Tuffier gave an account of three surgical operations which he had conducted. One was an amputation of a leg, another the removal of a kidney, and the third was laparotomy. In all three cases he had operated after securing anaesthesia by injecting one centigramme of chlorhydrate of cocaine into the canal of the spinal column. Acting on the marrow and not on the brain, the cocaine produced absolute anaesthesia, and the patient submitted without the usual exhaustion incident to the use of chloroform to an operation of which he had no consciousness whatever, although his mental activity does not appear to have been interrupted. The transmission of sensation to the brain was interrupted. That was all. In order to spare the patient the sight of blood and the wound the doctor takes the precaution to veil the face. He says that he has tried this method of securing anaesthesia 80 times. It possesses many advantages and no inconveniences that he has been able to discover.

One of the assistant architects of Sir George Paxton in erecting the Crystal Palace was "Talhaiarn," a famous bard and eisteddfodwr.

At the Meirion Provincial Eisteddfod to be held next year at Dolgelly the subject chosen for the bardic chair poem is "Uffern" (Hell).

The children of the late Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D., have presented 2,000 volumes to Bala Theological College in addition to the 1,500 Welsh books bequeathed to that institution under the will of the late doctor.

Dr. Talmage, at Swansea, recently, claimed to have a "pretty full tide of Welsh blood in his veins." Apparently that is where he gets his preaching ability from. Blood will tell, wherever it is.

The Baden-Powell of Wales at the time of the Civil War was William Salisbury. He was called by his men "Old Blue Stockings." The Parliamentarians were quite enraged with him for holding out against them at Denbigh Castle, and called him a "wilful man."

One reason why Continental scholars seem to be in advance of native Welshmen in knowledge of the structure of the Welsh language may be found in the fact that the earliest serious attempts to explain that structure were made in Latin.

An Englishman who has learnt Welsh repels the notion very widely held that Welsh is a language mostly made up of consonants. He points out in the "Daily Mail" that in the first three verses of the Book of Genesis the English version has 122 consonants and 73 vowels, and the Welsh version 90 consonants and 80 vowels.

Poetry and business should not be harnessed together. Dafydd Ionawr felt a call, like any of his tuneful brethren in Wales, to devote his whole energies to the service of the muse. Consequently, he made over his inheritance to a friend on condition of receiving maintenance for the rest of his life.

The Calvinistic Methodists recently built a new chapel at Llanrhyddlad, Anglesey, the whole cost of which was defrayed by Mr. Evan Thomas, Birmingham. A schoolroom, which will cost £1,500, is also being built near the chapel by Mr. William Thomas, Bootle, and when completed will be presented by him to the monthly meeting of the county.

The little town of Bala has a very high death rate, namely, 24.66, or far higher than the death rate of London and many other large towns. The inhabitants are satisfied, and as long as they are willing to be slaughtered there is nothing to do but to see that Providence is debited with the deaths that are really due to the ignorance and apathy of the people.

Wales has but few large lakes, but the following list of lakes and lakelets show that Wales may not inaptly be

called the Land of Lakes. Cardiganshire has twelve; Pembroke, one; Carmarthen, twelve; Monmouth, two; Brecon, six; Radnor, five; Montgomery, nineteen; Merioneth, 74; Flint, five; Denbigh, thirteen; Carnarvon, 50; and Anglesea, 21. Merioneth has the largest lake and the largest number of lakes.

It is interesting to know that the descendants of many thousands of Cardiganites now inhabit the counties of Gallia and Jackson, O., U. S. A., and what is of equal interest is that the characteristics of Cardigan are also displayed in those counties, for more doctors, teachers, and particularly preachers, are to be found there, or have been raised there, than in any other settleent of its size in the United States.

Among the Welsh books left under the will of the late Principal T. Charles Edwards for the Bala Theological College library are "Psalmau Dafydd," the 1595 edition by W. Middleton, "Cynniver Llith a Ban," the 1551 edition by William Salesbury, the New Testament translated by William Salisbury, and published in the year 1567, and a copy of Dr. William Morgan's translation into Welsh of the Bible published in the year 1588. All are in a very good condition, and are valuable additions to the college library.

In reference to the question of the Welsh ancestry of the Marquess of Salisbury, a correspondent writes that the Welsh origin of the Cecils has been asserted on many occasions, long before the visit of the present marquess to Newport, and pedigrees are in print which show the descent from the Seisillts. What was wanted was proof, and this is now furnished by documents.

"Great Thoughts" has published an article on Ceiriog, the great Welsh lyric poet, written by Mr. T. Rhys Jones, of Newport. Mr. Jones has from time to time contributed several articles on Welsh literature to various English periodicals—including one on Islwyn to "Literature"—and he is sincerely to be congratulated upon the much-needed work he is doing as interpreter of the Welsh mind in literature to English readers.

In his reply to Mr. Beriah G. Evans, the Rev. Morgan Jones stated his conviction that the population of Wales in the middle of the last century was only between 200,000 and 300,000. An old Welsh book, called "Geography, neu y Gelfyddyd o Ddarlunio'r Ddaear," which was published near the close of the last century, gives the population of Wales as 266,515. Glamorgan had the largest population—48,250; next came Denbigh, with 31,975. Anglesey had only 9,200.

"The Welsh Regiment: Its Services to the Empire," is the subject of an interesting booklet compiled by Mr. W. J. Wallis-Jones. The writer gives in compact form brief sketches of the principal engagements in which this famous regiment has participated, beginning with St. Vincent and Bourbon and ending with Paardeburg, Driefontein and Pretoria. Other pamphlets will shortly follow dealing with the South Wales Borderers and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Near the spot where the body of the Mardy lad was found at the foot of the Beacons, near Brecon, there once dwelt the learned Welsh grammarian, Dr. Ioan Dafydd Rhys, leading the life of a hermit. By the bye, a Welsh translation of Aristotle's "Metaphysics" very narrowly missed being printed as one of the earliest Welsh books. Dr. Rhys had completed such a translation, and there is a tradition of it being kept in the library of Jesus College, Oxford. A

learned man once said to a Welsh student: "You Welsh are born metaphysicians." It is a pity, therefore, that Aristotle was not published in Welsh with Salisbury's Testament.

When he was editor of "Amserau," Dr. William Rees ("Hiraethog") insisted, in very resolute terms, on "prepayment as the only condition of receiving the 'Amserau.' Not a copy shall start a step from the office, to one more than another, without prepayment with the order for it. It is impossible to continue its publication by any other means; and if her Majesty Victoria were to order it without a remittance we would be compelled to tell her that we could not serve her with the 'Amserau' without her sending to the office the requisite number of pictures of her own head either on paper or money."

The rapid development of the Gorsedd, as witnessed in the latest Eisteddfod, may be measured by the chaotic state of things at the Aberdare Eisteddfod in 1861. "Nicander" was the chaired bard. He had a hazy idea that he should be given some "bardic order." "He asked," says "Cynddelw," "in his simple way for some kind of order, if he was worthy, if it were only an 'order of the wooden spoon" (llwy bren). There was much merriment over the order of the wooden spoon, and the chief bard received the highest order we could bestow upon him."

Two of the best livings in the Diocese of St. Asaph are now vacant. Bodelwyddan, which is, perhaps, the plum of the diocese, is at present in the gift of the Bodelwyddan Estate trustees. The present Bishop of Bangor (who is brother to Sir W. Grenville Williams, Bart., Bodelwyddan) held the living for many years, until he succeeded the present Bishop of St. David's as Dean of St. Asaph. The noted "marble church" is the most exquisite modern ecclesiastical edifice in Wales. The other good living vacant is that of Ruabon, the chief parishioner in which parish is Sir Watkin Wynn.

Judging from the statement of an old inhabitant of Breconshire, the election of mayor in the last century was something worth going out to see. "My grandfather," he said, "was chosen mayor of Pontsticill, a village which had been of importance in its day, for the earliest coal worked at Dowlais was carried there in sacks and then placed in smaller ones and taken by mules as far as Herefordshire. The mayor was selected from amongst the oldest and most respected, placed on a square board, and taken round the place. Beer was distributed freely from the two public-houses of the place, and the singing and cheering sounded far and wide. After the ceremony, the elected gave peppermint drops to all the children, and then he was taken home as mellow as a ripe pear."

King Henry V. was born at Monmouth. He was the gallant and generous victor of Agincourt. Henry had many fine qualities, and was universally beloved. At Agincourt his life was saved by Welshmen, which cost Dafydd Gam's life. But before he died the King knighted him on the field of battle. Of King Henry Shakespeare writes:—

King Henry: I wear (the leek) for a memorable honor. For I am Welsh, you know, good countrymen.

Fluellen: All the water of the Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that; Got pless it, and preserve it as long as it pleases his grace and his Majesty too.

King Henry: Thanks, good my countryman.

Fluellen: I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world; I need not

to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be Got, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

King Henry: God keep me so.

General Baden-Powell addressing a deputation of the Cape and Johannesburg Cambrian Societies, who had met to extend a cordial welcome to the gallant General on his arrival from the scene of hostilities, said according to the "Cape Argus" that although he was a Welshman and had Welsh blood in his veins, he came back, what they might call, a prodigal. He had never done his duty to his Wales. He had never lived there properly, and he had never learned the Welsh language—which he was very much ashamed of—but at the same time he could not help feeling that they had forgiven him and taken him back into the fold, and he would promise to reform. On his mother's side he came from Cardiff, and on his father's side he came from Carnarvon, and his godfather built Menai Bridge, so that he had some connection with Wales.

To lovers of ancient proverbs and common sayings the following old couplets, formerly in general use in Wales, may be of interest.

March will search, April will try,
May will see who will live or die.
Don't change your clout
Till May is out.

"If the grass grows in February, it will not grow much afterwards throughout the year."

"February will despoil a giant."

"A small bagful of March dust is worth a large bag of the king's gold."

"If the meadow grows in March, plenty will be seen to follow."

"A dry summer never left a famine after it."

"February will fill the ditches, and March will drink it up in draughts."

"Happy our lot if a mild April will clothe with green the ground and the branches of the grove."

"A dry April everything languishes."

"A kind April will wet the bush and dry the bush."

"Ebrill garw porchell marw."

"Na flina ar dy egin cyn diwedd Mehefin."

The cry for "Welsh" at the Eisteddfod, and which produced a scene in connection with one of the choral adjudications at Liverpool, is of comparatively recent date, for English had been spoken freely from the National Eisteddfod and other eisteddfod platforms for many years without its giving rise to any hostile demonstration. Of late, however, it has become a sort of battle-cry amongst a section of our eisteddfodists. Sometimes the disturbance emanates from a few irrepressibles, who seem to be more or less on mischief bent, and spoiling for a little diversion in some way or another. Whilst to some others it looks as if it were being utilised as an easy means of notoriety and self-advertisement in so-called patriotism and love for the mother tongue; although it by no means appears that the protestants are always found amongst the "people," the most monoglot portion of an eisteddfod audience, the back-bone of the institution, and real conservators of the language. There are occasions nevertheless when the cry of "Cymraeg" gives expression to the prevailing national, and however well the Liverpool Committee managed their business generally it cannot be said that they were fortunate in this particular.—D. Emlyn Evans.

We have no particular desire to refer to the extraordinary time it took the judges to come into a decision upon the chief choral award, but that it gave cause to an incident that commands our attention. After Mr. Ben Davies, to fill up the gap in the proceedings, had sung

and been encored, and penillion singing had followed, a section of the audience we are told, in order to while away the weary waiting, started a hymn-tune, but were promptly pulled up by the conductor, and told that in the "opinion of the committee the best places for hymn-singing are the churches and chapels." What exact connection the adjuration that followed as regards "paying debts" had to do with hymn-singing does not quite appear; and the speaker might have more happily suggested other national airs than "Hob y derry dando" as substitutes for sacred tunes; but in this matter at least the Liverpool Eisteddfodwyr have done a signal and much-needed service. "The rebuke was well-deserved," to quote an able correspondent, "too long have the beautiful hymns of Wales been prostituted to secular purposes;" and it is to be hoped the bold front shown by Dr. Morris—the conductor in question—and the committee will be emulated by the conductors and committees.—D. E. E.

This year's chief choral competition is not considered to have been of very high excellence, and although it is generally conceded that the best choir—at least the choir that gave the best performance upon the whole—won, it is satisfactory to know that a Welsh choir ran it closely, and that it excelled in one important piece. It is not necessary to particularise further, but it may be added that that statement is made here upon highest authority. Even at the worst, it would not be correct to say, as some papers have, that "All Wales" was defeated, for neither Glamorgan nor Monmouth was represented in the contest, not to mention other counties which can boast of competitive choirs possessing premier records. However, our own writers and chair orators have been proclaiming without ceasing that in time past a Welsh choir beat "all the world" at the Crystal Palace; and, as these things, like curses, come home to roost, we must put up with the consequences.

As regards the second choral contest Wales can draw but little consolation. Our choirs were completely overmatched. Blackpool is a new factor in the business, but we had an example of what Talke could do at Cardiff last year, and at other places previously. True, the part-song selected for the test piece at Liverpool is a difficult and catchy composition; but what is possible to English choirs should be as much so to our own—if they leave the one overtrodden path, familiarise themselves with up-to-date music.

Dr. Varley Roberts, one of the adjudicators, waxed eloquent if not wrath more than once over the "abominable tremolo," the "great failing in Welsh singing," and "the curse of the Principality." That is somewhat strong, but is ever so much better than the indiscriminate praise so lavishly scattered about by some of our English friends who have come amongst us occasionally, whereby they have helped to undo the work which our best Welsh adjudicators have been laboring at during the years. As far as we know, this was Dr. Roberts's first appearance at the Eisteddfod, therefore a more or less limited knowledge of the exact condition of things is excusable. In bravely stating that he "did not care what the Press said, what Wales said, or what all the musical critics in the country said," the eminent Oxford musician seems to beg the question, for we who live in Wales have no knowledge that this tremolo or vibrato abomination is approved of by the press, the country, critics, or teachers. The evil habit is a comparatively new thing, imported here from or through England—London, as it happens—and it is one that our better and more able and straight-speaking class of native adjudicators have not failed in condemning.—D. E. E.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

ELLA H. GRIFFITH, M. D.

By Rev. Erasmus W. Jones, D. D.

Several weeks ago a very favorable mention of this lady was found in the "Drych" of this city, by a talented Western correspondent. "The Cambrian" is read by a large portion of our American Welsh population, who are not able to read and understand the productions of our most excellent Welsh weekly. For the benefit of that large and intelligent portion of our Welsh people, scattered throughout the Union, this brief article is presented. The picture shows her in her graduating cap and gown.

Mrs. Griffiths is well remembered by hundreds in Utica and its surroundings, especially among the Welsh inhabitants. She is the only child of the late Rev. Thomas Hughes by his second wife Ellen Williams, with whom the writer has been well acquainted for sixty years. Ella was born at Oshkosh, Wis., April 26, 1862. Her father died in Utica when she was eleven years of age. As a child she was attractive, affectionate and lovely. She had the advantages of the city schools, by which

Ella H. Griffith, M. D.

she made rapid progress, and at an early age she was also a good musician and vocalist. As a young lady she was decidedly popular and greatly beloved. At the age of nineteen she was united in marriage to the Rev. William R. Griffith, who for years was the pastor of the Welsh M. E. Church on Washington Street, and afterwards of Coke Memorial. Owing to the small number of Welsh M. E. churches in this country Mr. Griffith united with the Congregationalists. As a pastor's wife at all the churches he served, she was very helpful. Her deep piety, ready utterance, winning ways and musical proficiency drew around her for instruction the young people and children.

For some months before leaving Utica she was employed as a nurse in one of our city hospitals, and then she made up her mind that if ever she lived where there was a medical college, she would enter it and go through. She found no such until she went to Denver. There she found two Allopathic colleges, and one Homeopathic. She chose the latter. During her first college year she was employed as an organist in one of the city churches. Here she found many warm friends who gave her much substantial encouragement. By her ladylike demeanor and rapid advancement in her numerous studies, she gained in an unusual degree the respect and confidence of the faculty. For months before she graduated she was permitted to practice, and even then her cash receipts were astonishingly large. She graduated with high honors, and won the first prize in Materia Medica. She has already gained a large number of firm friends among the wealthy class, and her invitations to dine out are frequent and cordial. The following are the closing remarks of an editorial article in "The Denver Evening Post:"

"To the already list of honors has been added still another—the title 'doctor,' the degree M. D., and no physician in the annals of the town has opened up a practice with more radiant prospects than has Mrs. Griffith. The Doctor's office is in the Mack Block, and she has for some time been physician in prominent families in Denver. Her husband is William R. Griffith, a Congregational minister."

To a friend in Utica Dr. Griffith writes: "I am laying up money to go abroad in one or two years, to take a post-graduate course, and to see my relatives in Wales at the same time."

As an old friend, not only of her mother, but also of her mother's parents, having often when a young man enjoyed the hospitality of Thomas Williams and his ever kind wife, it is genuine pleasure to pen this brief sketch touching the success and brilliant prospects of their talented grand-daughter in the magnificent capital of Colorado.

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John Sims Reeves, the English tenor singer, died October 25, at Worthing. He died while he was asleep. John Sims Reeves had a longer public career than any singer before the public during the last generation. Mario retired at the age of sixty-one, and Patti has not yet reached that age by five years or more. Reeves made his debut in opera at La Scala in Milan as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor" in 1845. He was then 23 years old, and had sung in concert at Newcastle seven years before. He was born at Shooter's Hill, Kent, on October 21, 1822. After he had sung in Italy and France, he appeared at the Drury Lane Theatre in London in the same role he had first sung in Italy. He was from that time a popular tenor in Italian opera in England, and later appeared at Her Majesty's in 1848 in "Linda da Chamounix," then sang at Covent Garden, and later made in 1849 his first appearance as an oratorio singer in "Judas Maccabeus." Since that time he sang in opera, oratorio and concert, and long after his voice had gone entirely, and he had become a

mere tradition as a singer he was the most prominent vocal artist before the English public. In his late career he appeared only in ballad concerts, and for some time his name was announced only to attract large audiences. He would fail to appear at the last moment, but would receive a certain sum for the use of his name. At the English musical festivals, notably those held at Birmingham, he was for years the only tenor soloist, and his earnings are said to have amounted at times to as much as $3,000 an appearance. He had nothing at the end of his career, however, and the English Government lately voted him a small pension. Three years ago a fund was raised by subscription for his benefit. He married only five years ago, and was the father of a four-year-old son. He studied in Milan under Italian teachers, and his voice retained its strength and beauty for a surprisingly long time.

General Baden-Powell's announcement that on his mother's side he is a native of Cardiff is, no doubt, an explanation of the alacrity with which the defender of Mafeking consented to receive the freedom of Cardiff on his return from South Africa. It is certainly remarkable that when one citizen of Cardiff relinquishes the military control of South Africa it will be to hand it over to the police control of another citizen of the same town.

It is interesting to learn that the Vicar of Wepener, in the Orange River Colony, where Major Dalgety's force was besieged, is the Rev. John Llewellyn, a well-known Pembrokeshire man, and a native of Tenby. When the Pembrokeshire Yeomanry were at Wepener on their way to the front the vicar called at the camp and invited the Yeomen to tea, twenty accepting the kind invitation extended by their fellow-countryman.

Sir John Puleston, ex-M. P. for Davenport, Constable of Carnarvon Castle, and one of the shining lights of the National Eisteddfod Association, is known to his country in many capacities. Few are, perhaps, aware that at one period of his life the Derbyshire knight figured as a journalist. This was far back in the fifties. When the "Gazette" of Pittston, Pa., celebrated its jubilee, some time ago, it was stated that from 1857 to 1860 both the editorship and proprietorship were vested in Sir, then plain Mr., J. H. Puleston.

The winners of the £30 at Liverpool for the essay on the "Educational and Moral Progress of Wales during the Nineteenth Century" belong to the Ogmore Valley, though at present Mr. D. H. Treharne lives at London, and Mr. E. P. Roberts at Barry. It is worth recalling that Mr. Treharne wrote the prize essay on "Technical Education in Wales" at last year's National Eisteddfod, and that Mr. Roberts won the prize at the November Queen's Hall Eisteddfod on "Owen Glyndwr's Real Influence upon Wales." It is gratifying to note that the result of their first collaboration has been so successful.

One of the famous characters connected with that historic place in the annals of the religious revivals of the present and last century, Crugybar, was Dafydd Shon Emwnt. He was in many respects the most important man in the whole neighborhood. When anyone died Dafydd Shon Emwnt was the first to appear at the house, and from that hour till after the funeral all the arrangements were in his hands. It was his business to order an oak coffin, to dig the grave, to inform the minister—who then lived some thirty miles away

(Dafydd doing the sixty miles on foot). Further, it was Dafydd's custom to go from house to house throughout the district to inform the people of the time of the funeral, and for performing the whole of these duties he used to receive a pail of oatmeal and an occasional barley loaf.

The new canon of Llandaff, Dr. Varley French, is one of the most learned men, not only in the diocese of Bishop Lewis, but in any other diocese as well. He is a member of three universities, and is a Doctor of Laws of Dublin, a Doctor of Civil Law of Durham, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. He has a wide experience, both scholastically and clerically—was master of Huntingdon Grammar School, and also of the famous school of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Haven. He is a distinguished author—has given to the public learned works on the monumental brasses of Hunts, tithes, and other Church property. He is author, also, of a volume of sermons preached in Llandaff Cathedral and a remarkable work called "Nineteen Centuries of Drink in England." In 1895 a famous work, "Lex Mosaica," was edited by him. He is rector of Llanmartin, near Newport, and his churches are said to be embodiments of "the beauty of holiness."

Mr. E. R. Evans, of the "Herald" Office, Carnarvon, who was awarded the prize of £20 for the best Welsh novel at the Liverpool Eisteddfod, is a North Walian by birth, but is well known in many parts of Carmarthenshire and Glamorgan. He is the son of Mr. Joshua Evans ("Alltud Gwent"), Llanelly, and spent some years as a journalist in Glamorgan. He represented the "Western Mail" for some time in the Rhondda Valley, and while at Barry and Merthyr he wrote several short tales for the newspapers of those places. Of late years Mr. Evans has been awarded several prizes for tales and novelettes at provincial eisteddfodau, the most important being Birkenhead Eisteddfod, Christmas, 1898, and Utica (United States) Eisteddfod, New Year's Day, 1899. The present occasion is his first success at a National Eisteddfod, but he made a high bid at the Cardiff Eisteddfod last year, when he was placed among the first class competitors in the adjudication on the novels.

The reference in the Chubut Colony Report to the condition of Mr. Lewis Jones will remind Welsh readers that the ex-President has a comrade in the disaster—his daughter, Eluned Morgan. Miss Morgan, "Y Fonesig Eluned," as her compatriots style her, possesses a personality perhaps even more striking than her father. Born at sea on a voyage out to Patagonia, her first cradle was rocked by the rough, but in her case not unkindly, waves of the Southern Atlantic. Her infancy and early childhood were spent on what was practically the open pampa. She grew up strong and self-reliant beyond what would have been possible in this country, and became as much at home riding bare back on the open pampa, with her rifle on her shoulder, as she was at her knitting or embroidery at her father's home. For a period she acted as publisher and editor of the solitary newspaper published in the colony, and could "work at case" as a compositor as deftly as at her needle. Spanish, English and Welsh were equally familiar to her as a child, and when three or four years ago she visited Wales it was found that her knowledge of languages was by no means confined to these alone. On her return to South America she accompanied an exploring party to the heart of the Andes, and some of her letters descriptive of her adventures—and misadventures—on this trip are amongst the first specimens of Welsh descriptive writing ever penned.

There is a barber in Swansea who can cut his own hair.

Why is a horse the most curious feeder in the world? Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth. —"Our Dumb Animals."

When there are no children in a Welsh family to give Scriptural names to, they bestow them on the dogs. A Pembrokeshire bachelor owns three canines—Shem, Ham and Japheth.

An ill-paid clergyman called upon his deacon for an increase of salary.

"Salary," said the deacon, "I thought you worked for souls."

"So I do," said the minister, "but I cannot eat souls."

"Bryan on the stump" has provoked one of McKinley's Welsh supporters to produce the following English englyn: "Willie Bryan! wily brewer—of words,
Of weight like a feather,
Why not brew new stew to stir?
Thank you, he is no thinker."

In the Egyptian department of the British Museum is a wooden doll which was found in the sarcophagus of a little royal princess who died three centuries before Christ. Her baby fingers still clasped it when the mummy wrappings were unfolded. This is probably the oldest doll in existence.

The following definition of "a bishop" by "a very low churchman" appears in a recent number of "Punch," anent the recent troubles in the Anglican Church on the subject of ritual: "A bishop, or, literally, overseer; that is to say, one who overlooks, so-called from their overlooking everything they do not wish to see."

A west country farmer in England is training bees as letter carriers. A bee is taken away from home and a letter printed in microphotography is gummed to his little back, and he is thrown into the air. Home he goes like a carrier pigeon, and the advantage he would have over his big brother in time of war is obvious.

On board one of the Florida steamboats, which have to be built with exceedingly light draught to get over the frequent shallows of the rivers, an Englishman accosted the captain with the remark, "I understand, captain, that you think nothing of steaming across a meadow where ther's been a heavy fall of dew?" "Wall, I don't know 'bout that," replied the captain; "mebbe we do, tho' I reckon we sometimes have to send a man ahead with a watering-pot."

"Name the greatest man who has fallen on the British side during the present war?" asked a Penrhiwceiber schoolmaster to his pupils the other day. "Symonds," cried one; "'Wauchope," ventured another; but the smallest boy in the class could scarcely conceal his disdain for the ignorance which dictated these answers, as he himself raised his small voice in a triumphant shout of "Dai St. John, sir!"

Mediaeval London had summary methods of dealing with dishonest pur-

veyors of food and drink. The pillory was the usual fate of the baker who sold a loaf that was not of full weight, and sometimes we read that he was drawn on a hurdle through the streets on his way to the pillory, with a fraudulent loaf suspended round his neck. A taverner who adulterated his wine was condemned to drink his own liquor until he could drink no more, and the remainder was then poured upon the unhappy man's head.

A cow had strayed from a poor woman's pasture and was being chased on the highway by the owner. An approaching individual possessing the semblance of dignity, suffered the cow to pass him without even so much as putting out a hand to stop her. "Man!" said the woman when she came up, "why didn't you turn my cow?" The reply came in other-world tones, "I am not a man, I am a minister."

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HIS REASON FOR IT.

A clergyman's complaint in a London paper that he had been subject to insult when traveling third-class on the railway, evoked the following story from another correspondent: A clergyman was dining in a hotel with some commercial travelers who made jokes about him. He moved not a muscle of his face, and after dinner one of them approached him, saying, "How can you sit quietly and hear all that has been said without uttering a rebuke?" "My dear sir," said the cleric, "I am chaplain to a lunatic asylum."

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TEE-TEE-TOTAL.

About September, 1833, Dicky Turner (the converted weaver), when delivering one of his fervid speeches in the Temperance Hotel, Preston (the cockpit, where the Earls of Derby formerly fought their cocks for three centuries), in favor of the new pledge, declared, with emphasis, that "nothing but the Tee-Tee-Total pledge would do," Mr. Joseph Livesey, upon hearing this, immediately cried out, amid great cheering, "That shall be the name." The newly coined word was taken up by the succeeding speakers, and was afterward used at all the meetings held in the town and neighborhood. It was soon adopted in every part of Lancashire, and was eventually accepted as the true designation of total abstainers, not only in the United Kingdom, but throughout the civilized world.

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COURTING CUSTOMS.

When a young Hottentot goes courting, to render himself more attractive, he paints his nose, cheeks and forehead with soot. Among some tribes of Madagascar the boys decorate their long locks with leaves, flowers and feathers, "only in order to please the women." The natives of New Britain blacken some of their teeth and knock out others, knowing that otherwise they run the risk of being refused by the ones of their choice on account of ugliness. A woman in that beautiful land would "scorn to accept the addresses of one possessing white teeth, like a dog or a pig." A girl who has arrived at a marriageable age has her teeth filed.

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AN OLD-TIMED EVICTION.

When Lord Carrington, chairman of the Welsh Land Commission, came to live at Gwydyr Castle, Llanrwst, his lordship, among other functions connected with his public welcome to the town, attended service at the Calvinistic Methodist chapel. Some time afterwards a fellow-commissioner, who is a deacon with the "corff," asked him how he had enjoyed the service. The sermon being in Welsh, he had understood nothing but the phrase "evicted

tenants." Finding that the preacher was a distant kinsman of his, the deacon-commissioner took the first opportunity of questioning him about the agrarian sermon he had apparently preached before the chairman of the Land Commission. The preacher was certain that he had not touched the land question at all, and was for some time at a loss to remember in what connection he could have used the expression "evicted tenants." At last he remembered. "I was describing," said he, "the state of Adam and Eve when they were driven out of the garden of Eden."

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WAS ACCUSTOMED.

An amusing story comes from Rome. Some American ladies made their appearance at a Papal reception, to the grave displeasure of the Pope, in ballroom dress. A wellknown Cardinal was instructed to apprise these offenders of their breach of etiquette. The Cardinal thus fulfilled his somewhat delicate mission: "The Pope," he said, "is old-fashioned, and does not like decollete dresses but I am quite accustomed to them, for I have been so much among savages when a missionary that I do not mind them."

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A London paper gives this story, which may possibly have a moral concealed in it for some one in our own country:

As a well-known London clergyman was recently ascending the steps to his church, an old lady requested his help. With his usual courtly grace he gave the old woman his arm. On reaching the top step she halted, breathlessly, and asked him who was to preach.

"The Rev. Mr. ——," he replied, giving his own name.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the lady, "help me down again! I'd rather listen to the endless grinding of a windmill. Help me down again, I'll not go in."

The minister smiled and gently assisted her down, remarking as he parted with her, "I wouldn't go in either if I weren't the preacher."

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GABRIEL HIMSELF.

The late Gen. John M. Palmer used to tell this as his choicest recollection of his military experience. While he was military governor of Kentucky, he said, "a disturbance occurred in some town in the interior. I was at a distance, but was needed at the scene. There was no train, no carriage, no buggy to be got; the only vehicle available was a big circus chariot,, left by some stranded show company. I didn't like it, but there was nothing else to do, so I got in. You may imagine I cut a great dash as I drove through the small town. People turned out in droves to see me pass. When I left the town behind and reached the plantations, the negroes saw me and stared with open mouths. They followed me at a very respectful distance until presently they were joined by an old white-haired preacher, who, seeing me in my magnificent chariot, raised his eyes and his arms on high, and in a voice that stirred all within hearing, cried: 'Bless de Lord, de day ob judgment am cum, an' dis gem'man am de Angel Gabriel hisself. Bredren, down on yo' knees and pray, fo' yo' hour am hyar!' "

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"DE DEAD DAT DIE IN DE LORD."

A devout colored preacher, whose heart was aglow with missionary zeal, gave notice to his congregation one Sunday morning that in the evening a missionary collection would be taken, and he urged his brethren to be liberal in their gifts. A selfish well-to-do man in the congregation said to him before the service:

"Yer gwine to kill dis church if yer goes on sayin', 'Give, give,' all de time! No church can stan' dat sort of thing."

After the sermon, which was a stir-

ring one, the minister said to the people:

"Brother Jones told me I was gwine to kill dis church if I kep' a askin' yer to give; but, my brethren, churches doesn't die dat way. Ef anybody knows of a church dat died 'cause it's been givin' too much to de Lord, I'll be very much obliged ef my brother will tell me where dat church is, for I'se gwine to visit it, and I'll climb on de walls of dat church, under de light of de moon, and cry, 'Blessed are de dead dat die in de Lord!' "

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A DIFFERENCE IN SPORT.

The late Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, was a keen sportsman by inclination, and one day, when on a visit at a ducal seat, was persuaded to join a shooting party. His grace's head keeper was a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, and the bishop tried to engage him him in a friendly chat, but finding the keeper's replies were short and reserved he said, "I suppose, Grant, you think a bishop ought not to go shooting?" "Weel, my lord," said the Scot frankly, "I doubt ye'll find no warrant for it in the Screepture. Did ye ever read of the apostles going out shooting?" "No, true," replied the bishop. "They had no game in Palestine in those days. They went out fishing instead."—Household Words.

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WOMEN STUDENTS IN RUSSIA.

If a Russian woman wishes to study at any of the universities in her own land, etiquette does not allow her to do so until she is married. Not infrequently she goes through the civil ceremony of marriage with a man student whom probably she has never seen before, and this marriage is quite legal, though perhaps the couple may never speak to each other again. On the other hand, if they like each other and they so desire, they are married for life. If they do not, the marriage is dissolved when their university course is finished, and they are free to marry some one else.

The celebrated mathematician Sonya Kovalevski went through the marriage ceremony with a student whom she then saw for the first time, and who afterward became her husband. The education of women in Russia stands better than in most European countries owing to the persistent efforts of the Russian women themselves.

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THE LONGEST WORD.

"Rob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?"

"Don't know, unless it's a swearing word."

"Pooh!" said Tom, "it's stumbled, because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter."

"Ha, ha!" said Rob. "Now I've got one for you. I found it one day in the paper. Which is the longest word in the English language?"

"Incomprehensibility," said Tom, promptly.

"No, sir; it's smiles, because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter."

"Ho, ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending."

"What's that?" asked Rob, faintly.

"Beleagured," said Tom.

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CHRISTMAS.

By Rev. J. V. Stephens, Radnor, O.

"It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born child,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no reason then for her
To wanton with the sun."

"Facts are stubborn things," but never more so than when they persist in marring that charming conceit. To describe nature loath "to wanton with the sun," while her Master lay meanly clad in a rude manger is a beautiful picture; but to see the shepherd's abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night ruthlessly spoils it, for they are never out at night when nature doffs her gaudy trim and stands in awe. The fancy of the poet had been colored by the immemorial tradition of the church that the Christ was born on the 25th day of December, despite the fact that the rainy season was at its height then in Palestine, making it impossible for either flock or shepherds to be out by night. Had Milton listened to the shepherds of Bethlehem rather than to those of Rome he would have depicted nature clothed in her loveliest garments that night, with her cheeks aglow with the breath of her Creator. The inn was full of selfish people, insomuch that there was no room for Him within it, but nature's lap was soft and genial that night as she tenderly rocked in His helpless condition the one who moved upon her chaotic form in the beginning.

The exact date of the Savior's advent cannot be determined, but critics are generally in favor of placing it about four years prior to the Christian era, which was fixed by a Roman abbot of the 6th century, named Dionysius Exiguus, and there can be no doubt as to its incorrectness.

Some of the methods adopted to calculate the precise time of Jesus's birth are ingenious, but two data bring us very near to the accurate date. One is furnished by the Tal-

mud, and the other is founded on the death of Herod the Great. The Talmud shows that the destruction of Jerusalem took place August 4th, 70 A. D., and that the first of the twenty-four classes of priests, that of Jojarib, was on duty that day. It is easy to seek it backwards from this date, and find on what month of the year before Herod's death the course of Abia entered on its term of service, and it is found that it did so on October 3, 748 A. U. C.

The argument from Herod the Great's death is brought to bear on the subject in this fashion. Josephus in his "Antiquities of the Jews" says that in the tenth year of Archelaus's government, both his brethren and the principal men of Judah and Samaria not being able to bear his barbarous and tyrannical usage of them, accused him before Cæsar, who immediately summoned him to Rome, and upon hearing what certain accusers of his had to say, and what reply he could make, banished him to Vienne, a city of Gaul, and took away his money from him. Further on, again, he says that his money had been confiscated in the 37th year after the battle of Actium, which would be the year 760. This shows that Herod died in 750. According to the best authorities the "young child" was about two years old when the news came to Egypt that the one who sought his life was dead. These facts places the birth of Christ somewhere between 748-750 A. U. C. (B. C. 6-4). We are beyond any seasonable doubt living in the 4th year of the 20th century.

That the 25th day of December had been selected as the date of the nativity as far back as the middle of the 4th century, and was quietly adopted by the fathers is a silent testimony to the world's need of the Sun of Righteousness to shine upon it, for this date is doubtless associated with the winter solstice, a point at which the sun in its revolution is at the greatest distance from the equator. A deep sense of the bleak wintryness which pressed itself so appallingly heavy upon the world associated the birth of the Savior with the return of the sun, and gave to Christmas the felicitous title of "the day of the triumphant sun." It matters nothing, after all, when the Sun of Righteousness arose as long as Christendom enjoys the influence of its vital and salutary beams.

CHRISTMAS.

O! holy day, O! jolly times,
When rain is turned to snow;
When sorrows change to chants and chimes
Though mercury is low;
When heav'n is lowered down to earth
And earth is raised above;
When rich and poor commend the Birth
Of peace, good will and love.

THE MISSION OF MUSIC.

By Rev. T. A. Humphreys.

Part II.

Music has a mission more delicate and sublime and far-reaching and inspiring even than poetry. The musician and the poet go hand-in-hand to a considerable distance, and then, when the poet's genius has exhausted its capacities, the musician travels alone to loftier heights, lower deeps, through more ethereal essences, and attains to more awe-producing mysteries along the labyrinths of being. The musician's strains can penetrate remoter regions than the poet's wings. The musician's entire faculties, the whole power of his soul and the full furniture of his being come into play in the creation of his magnificent works. His divinely permeable spiritual nature is pre-eminently active.

The scale on which the universe is built is more correctly and adequately expressed by the music scale. As the principles of mathematics and music and all other axioms were in existence before the creation of a single object, the Creator proceeded in effecting his stupendous works after the laws of these eternal verities. "The sum of the self-evident eternal truth," says Rudolf Hermann Lotze, "is the model of action of omnipotence;" and music belongs to that domain. "Art," proclaims Ralph Waldo Emerson, "is the path of the Creator to his work. The paths or methods are ideal and eternal." The great Creator has his path of procedure, and he is the only original musician. All creation, including the physical and moral, all departments, from the loathsome worm to the flaming seraph, is his music; nor is his sublime oratorio completed. The composition has only reached No. 1 of Part I. The eternal cycles alone can witness the grand finale. The evolution of the divine song is coeval with eternity. He alone who catches and transcribes the music of that eternal throne of beauty and power can present to the world productions that will survive the centuries and millenniums. The supreme artist works his composition after the principles and lines of beauty and harmony, and contrast and progression and climax and conclusion. He leads us to the most alluring fields of Esthetics. He hangs in the galleries of infinite space, in exquisite symmetry and superlative beauty, numberless stupendous orbs all poised in faultless harmony. We find thus some marvelous significance and force (and not a mere dream) in the phrase, "music of the spheres," by which is meant the harmony supposed by the ancients to be produced by the accordant movements of the celestial bodies. The masters Richard Wagner and Jo-

seph Parry excel in their uses of the "dissonances" and "consonances" and "cadences." Certain parts of their compositions contain such harshness, and clashing, and crashing, and apparent confusion, that the ear is ready to declare that the palace will be utterly demolished, and anarchy reign supreme. But at the proper point the harsh crashing dissonances resolve into mild mellow consonances, thus producing the most astonishing and pleasing effect. Dr. Parry's "Pleasure Boat on the Niagara" is a perfect imitation of nature, because Niagara herself is constructed after the pattern of the very eternal laws of music. The roaring of the deafening thunder, the murmuring of the ocean-deep, the clattering of the hailstorm, the muttering of the smooth flowing majestic river, the rustling of the leaves, the sighing of the breeze, the singing of the bird, yea, and all nature, are exhibited more exactly and comprehensively by the genius of music than by any other power. Creation is one vast orchestra. Nature with her delicate fingers plays on the strings of the æolian harp, and fills it with rich pathetic music. Evolution itself with its contrasts and harmonies and progressions and cadences, is an opera performed by the great organ and sweet voices of music. Mozart says that whenever he saw a grand mountain or a wonderful scenery, it said to him, "Turn me into music," "play me on the organ;" and that other master-musician Felix Mendelssohn says in his letters to his sister, "This is how I think of you to-day," or "This is what I have to say to you to-day," and then follows a bar or two of music, which she is requested to play on the piano or the organ.

The same principles of music also obtain throughout all the moral world, with its sins and hatreds, and wars and disorders, and homesicknesses and blasted hopes and broken hearts, and love and peace and happiness. Music, in its major and minor strains, proclaims if not the real actuality, the possibility and even the probability of the existence of sin, with all its awful and dreadful attending results, in the universe of a holy and infinite being. As dependent chords must progress to independent chords in music, and discordant notes resolve into perfect harmony, so must sin and injustice and cruelty and suffering reach the grand finale in the theodicy of the great public judgment day, when the music of God's love will be witnessed with the approval of all intelligent beings, good and bad, when all those who have voluntarily lived the harmony of the moral law, and all those who from their own choice are finally fixed in the playing of the discords of sin will be consigned to their respective eternal reward and punishment, and the "dissonances" of the one class will be sufficiently audible to render their full force to the "consonances" of the other class, presenting the most exquisite music, flooding the universe with joy, and thrilling the bosoms of all who

choose the right and good with ecstasy; and the sublime consummation of the divine oratorio well be,

One God, one law, one element.
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

Truly the mountain did sing to Mozart, and through the inspiration and suggestion of her celebrated brother (Mendelssohn), the organ did speak to Fanny Hensel.

Another mission of music is to enshrine national experiences, sentiments and ideals. If you wish to know the oldest and deepest and loftiest thoughts, and the noblest and most heroic actions of any people, look into the minds of its greatest patriots, into the teachings of its deepest prophets, listen to the songs of its mightiest musicians, whose heartstrings vibrate to the thoughts, feelings and purposes of their fellow-inhabitants, and who perpetuate their holiest emotions. Music crystallizes the characteristics of a nation. All nations have passed through a course of real history of wants and privations, and foes and blood, and sufferings and defeats, and victories and hatred, and love and sympathy more thrilling than the most stirring romance. The painter and the sculptor, and the historian and the poet have all used their ingenuity in endeavoring to retain and exhibit these national traits and interests, with fair success; but it is the musician who touches all classes most deeply and permanently. Music has greater compass and universality than any other art, and possesses superior genius for taking impression of and giving expression to the characters and characteristics of any nation. At our immense anniversary throngs and processions nothing can move the hearts of the people like the band playing, even without a single word sung or spoken.

The characteristics of a nation are expressed by the pathetic melody of that Scotch air, "Annie Laurie," composed by Lady John Scott. That French national air, "The Marseilles," written by Rouget de Lisle, moves the heart of every Frenchman, particularly. What man, especially if he resides south of the Mason and Dixie's line, is not touched by "Dixie," which came to us from the pen of General Albert Pike? Every man and woman, and boy and girl in the United States are aroused to patriotism on the Fourth of July by David T. Shaw's heart-touching national song, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," or "The Red, White and Blue." Peculiar feelings are awakened by the strains of "Yankee Doodle," which is claimed by several nations, said to be an old vintage song of the south of France, and was sung in England in the reign of Charles I. to these words, which are still uttered in the nurseries:

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Nothing in it, nothing on it,
But the binding round it.

The tune first appeared in this country in June, 1755. Every true Welshman's pulse moves more rapidly, and his face glows more

brightly when he hears the soul-stirring national songs of Wales, which are pronounced by some of our most classical German critics as the airs which are most true to nature, and containing the most alluring pathos of that class that have even been composed; such as "The March of the Men of Harlech," "The Ash Grove," and "The Land of my Fathers." They have the ring of those suppressed by a stronger force, but, at the same time, are instinct with loyal patriotism. More than from every other source, we learn of the real oppression of slavery, cruelty, crushed hearts, plain methods of living, religious belief and practice, and love of a little home, from those natural, tender heart-rending and fascinating negro plantation songs, such as "Steal Away," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "The Gospel Train," "Roll, Jordan, Roll," "Go Down, Moses," and "Didn't my Lord Deliber Daniel." The bright and quick Indians and the most stupid heathen nations, as well, all have their love and patriotic songs which are characteristic of those races.

Music, furthermore, is the most effective power for expressing the deep and sublime realities of religion. The first public use of music by every people has been a religious use, whether they be advocates of the true or a false religion. The music of the early Christian church was quite simple in its structure, and was probably borrowed from the Jews. It is frequently said that music is the language of the emotions, and there is nothing, we can say, that stirs the emotions so profoundly and overwhelmingly as the great thoughts of religion which disclose the brilliancy of the firmament of man's being, and the sublimity of God's personality, the mutual relations between God and man, the crushing sense of our obligations and accountability, our impending destiny, and the luminous steps of progress in our eternal career as the adopted children of the kingdom of God. The emotions are reached and moved not so much by the mere sound of music as by the thoughts which that sound conveys; thus the intellectual and the spiritual nature are enriched as well as the emotional. Music verily stretches her strings from the bosom of the infinite Father who sits upon that throne of eternal majesty and harmony to the heart of man, and fills the entire capacity of his being with the alluring chords of love, and thrills all life throughout the measureless distance from him to the supreme with holy songs of joy. There has never been a master in the musical art who has not written his principal works upon religious themes, and natural enough, as nothing but religion touches bottom in man's heart. Music, it is true, is prostituted and stolen into the vile dens of iniquity, with her fair train trailing in the grime and slime of sin; but she never breathes her native air except when, in her robes of light, she stands in the temple of God chanting her holy hymns to his praise. Music occupies a most prominent

place throughout the Bible register. She sings in Genesis in the morning of creation, and all through, and at the winding up of all mundane performances in the Apocalypse. The Hebrews understood how to write musical signs as well as to produce musical sounds. There are solos, duets, trios, quartets, choruses, vocal and instrumental music in the Old and New Testaments. Music attained its highest degree of power and glory in the days of David and Solomon. David appointed four thousand Levites as singers and musicians in the service of God's house. Music was designed to prepare the mind for the apprehension of the divine voice, to be a vehicle for the utterance of the word of inspiration, to stimulate worship and to unite the people in heart and hand.

Who can form the faintiest conception of the power of music through the centuries in instilling the spirit of Christianity into the hearts of all classes, and this all the way from the lightest Sunday School music to the magnificent anthems and massive choruses and oratorios? Ever since that memorable night at the holy communion table when the Savior just before his passion sang a hymn with his disciples, through all the ages of fiery persecution and peace down to our time, music has filled one of the most conspicuous places in all Christian service. Singing, as claimed by many, is as hallowed even as the voice of preaching and of prayer. How stupid, nauseating and dead would all our religious meetings be if not for the thrilling and uplifting power of music!

A TOUR OF WALES.

By E. I. Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued.)

MERIONETHSHIRE.

This county is bounded on the north by Denbigh and Carnarvon; on the west by Cardigan Bay; on the south by Cardigan and Montgomery, on the east by Denbigh. It has an area of 601 square miles, and a population of from 52,000 to 55,000, a very large majority of which speak the Welsh language. Nearly all the county is mountainous. The Berwyn range is in this county. The highest mountain is Aran Mowddwy, 2,972 feet, then Cader Idris, 2,929; Aran Benllyn, 2,902; Mynydd Moel, 2,835; Arenig, 2,800; Moel Sych, 2,716; Cader Fronwen, 2,573; Craig y Ffynon, 2,559; Moelwyn, 2,529; Diphwys, 2,467. This county contains gold, silver, copper, lead,

limestone and slate. It has no municipal boroughs.

Corwen, in the northeast part of the county, is a small town, the civil parish contains a population of about 2,000. It is situated on the right bank of the Dee, at the foot of the Berwyn Mountains, the place where Owen Gwynedd met Henry this impress. St. Sulien's well is about one and a half miles from Corwen. Its waters were regarded sacred at one time, and brought to Corwen for baptismal purposes. In the Corwen churchyard are low tombstones with holes for the knees of those who come to worship over the remains of the dead. Corwen is

Festiniog Valley, from the Toy Railway.

II. in 1165. Here Owen Glyndwr retreated before Henry IV. The place from which Glyndwr retreated is marked by a stone circle, and there is a heap of stones bearing the names of Glyndwr's Seat. From this seat, high on the mountain side, we are told Owen cast his sword over Corwen. At the foot of the mountain we enter the parish church, and find the impress of a sword in the stone over the door, but we do not know that Glyndwr's sword made a popular place for anglers, but they should not fish on Sunday. The story is told of a young man who went fishing on the Sabbath near Corwen. A large beautiful fish came near to the side of the pool where he was fishing, and the young man stepped into the water thinking he could grab the fish, but the fish formed a graceful circle, drawing nearer the center of the pool; the young man followed too far, and lost his life.

Bala is twelve miles southwest of Corwen, situated at the north end of Bala Lake, which is called in Welsh "Llyn Tegid." This is the largest lake in Wales, being from ten to twelve miles in circuit. The river Dee flows from this lake, first northeast to Corwen, then east to Llangollen, then north past Wrexham to Chester, then northwest to the Irish Sea. There are a number of mountain lakes not far from Bala. Arenig lake is six miles from Bala, in the bosom of the Arenig mountain, surrounded by rugged and precipitious rocks. Of these rocks Mrs. Hemans wrote:

I lay on a rock where the storms have their dwelling,
The birth place of phantoms, the home of the cloud;
Around it forever deep music is swelling
The voice of the mountain winds solemn and loud.

There is a number of other little mountain lakes near. Rhiwaedog, a very ancient mansion, is near Bala. It is said to have been at one time the home in his old age of Llywarch Hen (Llywarch the Aged). He lived in the fifth and sixth century. He was a prince and a great poet. We are told that he had 30 children, 24 of them sons who were leaders in battle. They had all fallen, and the aged poet says:

Time was I had a precious band
Of thirty children from God's hand;
God freely takes to heaven His own,
This night I'm left myself alone.

We are told he lived to be 160 years of age.

There are many other places of interest around Bala. The reservoir

Dinas Mawddwy.

from which Liverpool gets its water supply, is twelve miles south. Bala is said to be very ancient. Tradition claims that the town occupied at one time the bed now occupied by Bala Lake. Near the present town there is a high mound called in Welsh "Tomen y Bala," supposed to be the burial place of some ancient chief or king. Modern Bala means much to Wales. Within the last hundred years it has exerted a great influence for good in the Principality. One hundred years ago the Rev. Thomas Charles, D. D., lived in Bala. He was one of the founders of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which brought the Bible within the reach of the common people in Wales. He labored earnestly for the moral and intellectual elevation of his people. By his efforts many schools were established. He did perhaps more for Wales than any one man of his day. Since that time two colleges for the training of young men for the ministry have been established here; one by the Calvinistic Methodists, and the other by the Independents or Congregationalists. The Calvinistic college was conducted for many years by Rev. Lewis Edwards, D. D., a man of great talent and influence, a born leader. The Congregational college was governed for many years by Rev. Michael Jones, D. D., a noble Briton of strength and courage. Both these good and great men have passed away. From this quiet town, by the placid lake the talented, cultured and Christlike Llewelyn J. Evans ascended to his heavenly home. He will be remembered by thousands in the United States, and especially by those who have been students at Lane Seminary within the last forty years. Bala has to-day a population of nearly 2,000, is frequented by tourists, is a popular place for anglers, but they are often disturbed with rain, which is common among the mountains. One disgusted tourist has described the rain in Bala as follows:

The weather depends on the moon as a rule,
And I've found that the saying is true;
For at Bala it rains when the moon is at the full,
And it rains when the moon's at the new.
When the moon's at the quarter, then down comes the rain,
At the half its no better I ween;
When the moon's at three-quarters, it's at it again.
And it rains besides mostly between!

Dolgelley is 18 miles southwest of Bala, is now the county seat, has a population of between 4,000 and 5,000, is situated on the Wnion, an affluent of the Mawddach. The town is irregularly built; houses here and there, without much reference to streets. This was at one time the headquarters of Owen Glyndwr, his parliament house, we are told, was here, but not a place of great splendor. Nannau Park is but a short distance from Dolgelley. It is the old residence of the Vaughan family, and stands, we are told, on the highest ground of any gentleman's seat in Great Britain, and the situation is one of the most romantic. The peaks of Moel Cynwch and Moel Offrwm stand as sentinels over the park. In the days of Owen Glyn-

dwr, Howel Sele, a cousin of the chieftain, lived in the mansion of that day. In a hollow, blasted oak tree in the park, Howel's body was found. Of this park and tree poets have sung, and historians have written. It is quite certain that in a personal encounter Howel fell before Owen, and was buried in the blasted oak; but why the combat occurred is not so certain. One version is that Owen was hunting, and the game came into the park, and Howel became so angry and abusive that the combat followed. Another version is, that Howel was a partisan of Henry IV., and an enemy of Owen. Meeting Owen and his friend Madog in the park, a doe crossed their path; they all aimed at it, but Howel treacherously discharged his arrow at the breast of his cousin, but as Owen had armor under his clothes the arrow fell harmless; then came the personal encounter, and Howel fell, and was buried in the hollow oak tree. Madog kept the secret till after the death of Glyndwr, when the body was found, with the sword still in his hand. The oak, 27 feet in circumference, stood till 1813. After Howel's disappearance the anxiety was very great, described by one as follows:

Three days past o'er, no tidings came;
Where should the chief his steps delay?
In wild alarm the servants ran,
Yet knew not where to point their way.
Pale lights on Cader's rocks were seen,
At midnight voices heard to moan;
'Twas even said the Blasted Oak
Conclusive, heaved a hollow groan.

The ruins of Cymmer Abbey are near the park. This abbey was founded by Meredydd and Gryffydd, lords of Merioneth, sons of Cynan, son of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales. The abbey was built in 1198, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, occupied by monks of the Cistercian order. It was dissolved by Henry VIII., in the first part of the sixteenth century. Cymmer Castle was not far from the abbey. There are many other places of interest near Dolgelley, as the Torrent Walk, the Precipice Walk, Rhaiadr Dwy, and Rhaiadr Myddach, the latter is a double fall of sixty feet in height, on the river Mawddach. The valleys are very beautiful. From this sublime and romantic scenery the Rev. Benjamin W. Chidlaw, D. D., passed to his heavenly home. He was known to thousands throughout the United States as an eloquent advocate of the Sabbath School cause.

Festiniog is 18 miles north of Dolgelley, at the head of a valley of the same name, and is noted for its slate quarries, giving employment to thousands of men. The slates are taken to Portmadoc on a railroad two feet wide. The urban district contains a population of about 12,000. The country in the vicinity of Festiniog is wild and rugged in the extreme. Near by is a rock called the pulpit of Hugh Lloyd, who lived nearly 300 years ago. Harlech is 10 miles from Festiniog, 12 miles from Dolgelley, and 22 miles from Bala. It is now a small place of but little importance, but it was regarded at one time as a very important place. We are told a fortress was built here

by Mallgwynedd, Prince of North Wales, about 350 A. D., and that Bronwen, sister of Bran Fendigaid, built here a tower for her residence. Here her Irish husband, Matholwch, boxed Bronwen's ears, which led to commotion and bloodshed. In the sixth century Maelgwyn Gwynedd built here a substantial castle, which was repaired in the tenth century by Lord Collwyn, and was called "Caer Collwyn." The great castle now in ruins as well as other strong castles in Wales was built by Edward I. in the latter part of the thirteenth century. It was occupied by Owen Glyndwr in 1404, until he concluded to leave, to give way to Prince Henry, afterward Henry V. Margaret, the queen of Henry VI., found refuge here for a time. In 1468, Dafydd ap Ivan ap Einion was governor, and held the castle for Henry VI. Edward IV. sent the Earl of Pembroke to attack the castle, but he failed; the earl's brother took command, a long blockade ensued, ending in the surrender of the fortress. This was the siege that produced the melody of the "March of the Men of Harlech." The castle was held for Charles I. longer than any castle in North Wales, but was finally taken by the army of Parliament. The whole district around Harlech is martialized; Cambrian and Silurian rocks standing on end through volcanic action are called the tombs of heroes; glens are called "The loud shout of battle." The impress of valor seems to linger around the spot; but the glory of Harlech as a town has departed.

Not far from Harlech there lived at the beginning of this century a little girl named Mary Jones, a moral heroine, who indirectly did more for Wales than the "Men of Harlech." She loved God and his blessed Word, but her parents were poor, not able to buy a Bible. At the age of 12 she walked some miles every week to hear the word of God read and expounded, and she determined to save every penny she could until she had money enough to buy a copy of the Word of God. After four years of saving, she found she had the required amount to buy a Bible. With the required means she started early one morning for Bala, a distance of about 20 miles. As night came on she reached the place, called on her pastor, told her errand. She and her pastor called on Dr. Thomas Charles early next morning. She told the sad story of scarcity of Bibles in her community, paid her money, and started home with her precious treasure. The good man was deeply impressed with the great need of Bibles within the reach of the people. Soon after this he went to London to meet a committee for the advancement of religious knowledge. He told the Committee of the great need of Bibles in Wales, and asked assistance in bringing out a cheap edition for the people. A member of the committee suggested that they form a society to furnish Bibles for the world. This was the origin of the "British and Foreign Bible Society," which has sent out millions of Bibles, in scores of different lan-

guages. In front of the Calvinistic Methodist chapel at Bala a monument has been erected to the memory of Rev. Thomas Charles, a life size statue erect on a base 8 or 10 feet high. The good man is represented in clerical robes with an open Bible in his hands. On the base are represented old men and women seated before them, young men and young women, and children standing with open Bibles in their hands. For 50 years after the days of Charles, the Bible was the books of Wales, found in the home, read at the family altar, studied by parents and children in the Sabbath School, and expounded from the pulpit. Literary essays could not pass for sermons among the Welsh at that day. The result was a moral revolution in Wales; a great revival of religion swept over the land; courts were often held without a criminal case on the docket. This moral revolution must be associated with the pious little girl who so touched the heart of Rev. Dr. Charles.

Barmouth is 10 miles south of Harlech on Cardigan Bay. It is a growing watering place. The urban district has a population of about 2,000. It stands at the foot of the mountains, and at the mouth of the estuary of the Mawddach. The country inland is wild and rugged. Cader Idris lies a few miles southeast. It is said to have been the chair of Idris, a great astronomer. Its summit presents one of the finest views of sea and land in Wales. Near the summit there is a rock, on which if a man sleeps over night, the legend says he will wake up the next morning either a poet or a madman. Mrs. Hemans gives the vision of the sleeper as follows:

I lay there in silence—a spirit came o'er me;
Man's tongue has no language to speak what I saw;
Things glorious, unearthly, passed floating before me,
And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe;
I viewed the dread beings around us that hover
Though veiled by the mists of mortality's breath;
I called upon darkness the vision to cover;
For a strife was within me of madness and death.

The bridge at Barmouth, one half mile in length, over the estuary of the Mawddach, forms a beautiful promenade pier. The Guild of St. George owns some property at this place which was visited by Ruskin some years ago.

Towyn, 10 miles south of Barmouth on the Bay, is a favorite watering place, with good sea and beach. The urban district contains a population of between 3,000 and 4,000. There are near a number of historic places. The well and church of St. Cadvan are of interest to the antiquarian. St. Cadvan, we are told, was a holy man who came from Armorica in the sixth century to refute the Pelagian heresy. The well, we are also told, has healing power. Llanegryn is a little further north. The church which has been well restored contains an ancient font, and some handsome monu-

ments to the memory of the Owens and Wynns of Penarth. The Penarth Park is near by. The park and mansion have been in the Wynn and Griffith family since 1416. The mansion contains some rare books and manuscripts. The Hengwrt manuscript, including the Sanct Greal, the Black Book of Carmarthen, the Book of Taliesin, and many others. Aberdovey is at the mouth of the Dovey, four miles south of Towyn. The civil parish contains about 1,500 inhabitants, and is growing in favor as a watering place. A few miles from this place there is a noted little lake called in Welsh "Llyn Barfog" (The Bearded Lake). This little body of water has been the scene of wonders, according to tradition. At one time it was infested by a crocodile, who made a breach in the banks, but Hu Gadarn (Hugh the Strong) yoked some horned oxen to the evil beast and dragged him away. Sometimes fairies aired themselves with their dogs and cattle on the banks of the lake, until an ancient farmer captured one of the cows called "Y Fuwch Gyfeiliorn" (The Stray Cow). The cow and her progeny soon became famous. Her milk was richer and produced more butter than that of other cows. The owner grew to be one of the wealthiest men on the banks of the Dovey, but like the man who killed the goose that laid the golden egg, the farmer concluded to fatten the cow for the slaughter. The cow became fat, but when the butcher raised his hand to slay the cow, his arm became powerless, the knife dropped to the ground, and a piercing cry rent the air, one of the ladies of the lake was seen on a mountain crag commanding the cow to leave the earth, where she had been so grossly insulted. The cow obeyed, and all her progeny to the third and fourth generation; they all entered the lake to be seen no more. No more fairy cows have been seen at "Llyn Barfog."

We have now visited a number of places of interest in Merionethshire; we have seen the rugged mountains with lakes and caves, the beautiful valleys and glens. We are told that these mountains as well as other mountains of Wales, have been infested at times with robbers. A pleasant tale is told of a pious Christian minister who was called to cross one of these infested mountains alone. He knew the danger, but duty called him, he went, trusting in his heavenly Father. When he came to the danger line on the mountain side, a stranger suddenly rode up to his side, the good man was glad to have company, talked to his companion about God and his word, about the church and heaven. On these subjects the stranger talked freely, but when the minister talked about secular affairs the stranger was silent. When they had passed the danger line on the other side of the mountain, the stranger suddenly disappeared, and the good man became convinced that he had been accompanied by an angel, and he now regreted greatly that he had

not talked more to his companion about God and heaven. This is certainly a pleasant legend, and in keeping with the promise that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

(A Few Suggestions to Choirmasters).

By Prof. J. Haydn Morris, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

It is of the utmost importance that the choirmaster be a musician of training and culture, able to distinguish between the character of secular and sacred music, apart from the words. If music committees, or those responsible for the music, insisted upon this, the abominations of adaptations of operatic and concert airs for church purposes would soon cease. How often we have heard "Robin Adair," "O, ye Tears" and even "In the Gloaming" sang to some favorite hymn?

This practice had been in vogue many years previous to the importation of the Salvation Army into our country; though it must be admitted that through and by them it has become an intolerable abomination, and we humbly believe that more success would crown their efforts were they to create a musical literature of their own. For it is not easy to divorce a song from its words and associations. It is time for our churches to wake from the present lethargy and face the issue. The prosperity of our undertakings demand the best obtainable in matters musical.

Never select tunes that range above E flat or E natural, at the highest. We have heard but few congregations that can sing above E with grace and ease. The choir should be perfectly acquainted with the music, and as such should be able to lead the congregation, when it shows signs of dragging. We do not mean that the choir should sing a fraction ahead of the correct time, as is sometimes heard. Perfect unity should prevail in regard to time and pitch. Under no other conditions can the spirit of true worship be maintained.

Our congregations, in general, pay but little heed to expression of thought or emotion; and yet, no poetry is so replete with sublime thoughts and aspirations as our modern hymnology. But to listen to the cold-blooded manner in which most of our congregations sing the tenderest and most pathetic words,

as well as the most sublime thoughts, is enough to stagger the most indifferent. The singers must be made to realize that if the message contained in the words is to reach some forlorn heart, they must be imbued thoroughly with that message, that the thoughts and ideas may become the expression of their own feeling. Then, and then only, will other hearts be made glad, and drooping spirits be made joyful.

Very little attention is given to punctuation. Many lines containing diametrically different thoughts are destroyed through carelessness in this matter. For, often, a sentence runs through one line of the hymn, and over to half of the next line, and a new thought or idea is begun in the middle of a line; but the sense of the words is often destroyed through lack of care in phrasing. Let anyone sing that beautiful hymn of Cardinal Newman, "Lead, Kindly Light," and take a full breath at the end of each line (as is very often done), and we will find ourselves in the most chaotic condition imaginable as to an intelligent interpretation of the hymn. We must breathe in the midst of some of the lines, and be carried over to the following line, if we are to follow the true thought of the poet. And as the punctuation marks are as finger-posts or guides to expression, the singers will do well to pay the greatest attention to them.

Never select a tune of a minor nature, or of only a part minor, to a most joyful hymn. Seldom a tune that is composed for a particular hymn will suit all the conditions of other hymns. The majority of our hymns are associated with certain tunes, and it is not wise to divorce them. Music of the nature of "John Brown" and "Swanee River" can not be happily used for any other words, and should be forever debarred from a place among sacred music.

Care must be taken with the selection of harmony for the tunes. Let it be plain, strong and easy; after the manner of some of the Lutheran and German chorals, with their sublime simplicity. It must be admitted that some of the tunes and chorals used admit of more than one harmonization; but the wise choirmaster will keep within bonds, and not experiment with harmony that is foreign to the nature of the melody.

And lastly, it is best to select hymns that are in keeping with the tenor of the service. Few ministers will refuse to tell the nature of their sermon beforehand, and the choirmaster (if he selects the hymns) can with better judgment select the hymns that are most suitable before and after the sermon. Hymns that are suitable for one occasion may be totally unfit for another, and the selecting at random, that is sometimes done, rarely hits the mark.

A CHRISTMAS LOVE STORY.

By Max Norman.

For love and dreams are of a kind;
They both alike affect the mind.

It was Christmas eve, and every home on the Avenue was splendidly lit, and in the front room of many a home might be seen a gorgeously decorated tree covered with presents to make glad many a youthful and expectant heart. The only exception to the rule was a gloomy looking house halfway up the Avenue; a large, spacious residence which appeared always to be deserted from reasons which we will soon state. This rayless, comfortless and unchristmaslike domicile was tenanted by an artist of some renown. He was reputed the best portrait-painter of the country around, and was withal reckoned one of its most retired residents. He was seldom seen in "society," so-called; devoting most of his time to his especial work. He would often spend whole weeks in the house absorbed in his work to such a degree that he sometimes forgot even his meals. An old woman of advanced decrepitude looked after his home, if it may be called a home; but she spending her time mostly in the kitchen, the rest of the domicile had the appearance of a haunted house —every part of it seemed so lonesome and comfortless.

In a front room upstairs somewhat wedged in between two larger apartments was Prof. Craddock's studio, where he spent the greatest portion of his busy life. He seemed to have but little love for the outside world; his ideal of life appeared to be working on his canvas with an occasional smoke and a frolic with his dog and cat. Those were his only friends. Jack, the dog, and Tom, the cat, were always near; and often it would seem that he got some of his inspiration from his animal friends, for if they were not there, he could not do much of anything. Besides his easel and canvas, the only pieces of furniture were a worn-out couch, a couple of cushion chairs, and an old-fashioned dresser in the corner near the great window, which was kept curtainless in order to let the light in. Around the walls were some fine paintings superbly framed, which gave the apartment the air of a picture gallery—portraits of beautiful faces he had seen and which he had taken from sittings in this room.

This Christmas eve, after a short stroll up the Avenue, Prof. Craddock had returned to his comfortless and lonesome room, and was seated before a heating stove which needed polish badly. He had half smoked a cigar, and was feeling a little slumbery and had just fallen

into a kind of a reverie, with his eyes half closed when he imagined he could hear a conversation. He listened and discovered that the dialogue came from the couch whereon Jack, the dog, and Tom, the cat, were comfortably seated. Being struck by the strangeness, the weirdness of such an occurrence, he continued to keep his eyes closed and pretended to be asleep. There is a time-honored superstition that even animals are endowed with supernatural powers during Christmas, and that they are also influenced to a wonderful degree by the spirit of kindness and good fellowship which prevails through the season which commemorates the coming of the God-Babe among men. However, Prof. Craddock soon discovered that animals take far deeper interest in human affairs, and are possessed of far higher intelligence than he had before thought. Jack, the dog, and Tom, the cat, were now busily discussing domestic affairs, and the Professor was strangely affected by this magical display of conversational powers in his domestic friends.

"It is perfect nonsense," Tom was heard to say to Jack, "for our master, the Professor, to lead this kind of life. It is totally unworthy of a human being, and not only disagreeable to him but to all connected with him."

"That's the truth, Tom," replied Jack, "and I have often thought how foolish some clever people can be. There is no doubt about our master's ability, at least, his ability to mix paint and make fine lines, streaks and daubs on canvas. But does it not seem odd that some people get so overclever as to become awkward in other essential things pertaining to a rational life."

"I'll tell you how it is," says Tom; "they get into such nonsensical love with one idea until they begin to believe that all other performances and duties are needless and useless. If such people had their own way absolutely, the world would be reduced to monomanias."

"Ha! Ha!" broke forth Jack into something between a laugh and a bark. "Monomania? what's that? Where do you get those scholarly words? Is it something pertaining to money, free coinage, etc?"

"No," says Tom, "it's Greek, I believe, for "crankiness." When you were out this morning, that teacher from the Academy was here, and he used the word, and I thought I would talk like a scholar. Just think of how people spoil this good world by not taking a generous view of life. Most certainly, life does not consist merely in drawing certain beautiful lines, and making fine patches on canvas—that is all right, in its way, but there are many other phases of life.

"That is the marrow of truth you are saying," quoted Jack. "Now our master, the Professor, is a real good kind of a fellow. There is no better soul in this town. There is not a mean drop of blood in his body; but as you know he stands in his own light. He leads a life of

solitude; denies himself the pleasures of good company and jovial society."

"And," interrupted Tom, "he neglects the manifold duties of home. He makes things uncomfortable to himself and us"—

"Exactly so," added Jack; "I haven't had much to eat to-day, he being so deucedly absorbed in his art work on that canvas."

"Just think of it," said Tom, "what a difference it would make to have a young and affectionate woman in this house, especially one who loves cats and dogs; one who would have more time to play, and feed us, particularly; one who would think and care for the comfortable side of life while the Professor could perform and pursue the artistic side. You know after a grand portrait is finished, we can't eat it. To us, really, a piece of bone or a saucer of milk is of more value than all the paintings in the picture-galleries of the world."

"I tell you," quickly answered Jack, "a pretty, kind-hearted, social, affectionate young woman would revolutionize this institution. Honestly, now, there are any number of them in this town. When walking up and down the Avenue, I often meet fine sweethearts and pleasant young darlings. I often wish the Lord would touch the heart of the Professor to think affectionately of one of them."

"There is no need," quoth Tom, "of going outside this room. See that young lady over his head there; that one with the brown hair and eyes; that one with the kindly face and loving lips. Say! I think the world of that girl! When I am round the front, she never passes but she strokes me and says, 'What a lovely puss!' I know if we had her here, we would have a rare time. This room wouldn't be in this shape; we wouldn't have to go a whole day without a piece or a drink; and I bet that paper wouldn't be on that wall long; those curtains wouldn't be so dirty and untidy; and the butcher, the milkman, and the grocer would make more regular calls; and there would be something in view all the time."

"Yes," added Jack, "master wouldn't have to wear his shoes unpolished, and his shirt unwashed, as he does now, very often, from sheer obliviousness."

"In fact," said Tom, "the whole business would be renovated. The fact of the matter is, a little more sense and less art would improve things greatly here. That young woman over there, a living actual truth, presiding over the needs of this house, would be of much more service than stuck up within that frame. Sweet one! step out of there and down!"

Following this dialogue there came a deep silence. Jack curled up and murmured some words as if saying that he was tired, and was going to sleep, and Tom after washing his face a little, dropped to a slumber. The Professor mused over the conversation he had just heard, and meditated long over the strange discussion which he had listened to.

II.

Going eastward, the Avenue terminated in a cluster of cottages, which formed a pretty little village. On the corner of a small diamond was an old-fashioned brick house which had seen better times, but was now rented as tenements. About nine o'clock on Christmas night a bevy of joyous and laughing little girls were rushing down from the second floor where they had been entertained by Miss Meyrick, a teacher at the school on the Avenue. As soon as the romping little crowd had reached the pavement, Miss Meyrick appeared on the piazza over head, and started exchanging kisses with the girls, and for a couple of minutes the air was filled with "Good byes."

Miss Meyrick was very popular in the vicinity, and a great favorite among her little scholars. The little family was herself and her old mother. She had lost her father when a child, and had traveled the edge of poverty until she passed her examination, and was unanimously selected to teach at the Avenue school. She was a fine young woman; not pretty but possessed of a charm and a quiet grace which commended her to people of sound sense. She was cold and retiring in the presence of men, although affectionate at home and among children.

As soon as the little company had dispersed, she stepped into the room and with a sigh and a soft "dear me!" she commenced to tidy up, and within a short space had the cloth laid for a quiet meal with her mother. She hadn't had time to have her supper.

"See what I have done, mother," she said, "I have placed plates for three; I must be dreaming.

"Let it be," replied her mother, "that may be lucky. Would that your long lost brother would return to-night."

"I think we are going to have a caller," added Miss Meyrick. "I did it quite unknowingly. There may be providence in it. Strange events happen; and Christmas is truly jolly."

Harry Meyrick was a wild boy, and of a very adventurous spirit. Once he wanted to go to sea; for months, at one time, he wanted to enlist; ultimately he disappeared, and was never heard of. His mother would often talk of her lost boy. She would say, "Isn't it strange we don't hear from Harry?"

They were just getting through supper when footsteps were heard at the door and the Professor walked in.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Meyrick, and you, May, but I thought I would call in to see you and to wish you a Jolly Christmas and a Happy Year."

"Thanks," interposed Miss Meyrick, "but really, Professor, mother and I thought you were our Harry. We are superstitious, and having placed an extra plate on the table, we had thought that Harry might return this Christmas night."

"Miss Meyrick, I somehow wish Harry had entered instead of myself; but there is time yet between this and midnight."

"Is'nt it strange?" asked Mrs. Meyrick. "We haven't had snow yet, and now Christmas day is nearly passed. It has been wonderfully fine weather."

"Truly, it has," answered the Professor. "But, it may snow yet before midnight. Maybe it and Harry may come together. It is remarkable now sudden some things happen; and you have heard it said that events sometimes come in clusters."

Very soon the old lady commenced to loose interest in things around her, and was lost in slumber. We should inform the reader here that the Professor and May Meyrick had been acquainted for two or three years, although they had never been suspected of being in love. They would occasionally meet in church on Sundays, and would walk home together. They loved each other's society. Whenever the rare opportunity offered, they would be seen together; but nothing had transpired between them to intimate love. Everybody thought the Professor was too deeply in love with art to love a woman. But the fact, after all, was that there was love between them which had been slowly growing. A few months since they had met and sat together on the piazza, when the Professor, before parting, had the courage to bend over May to kiss her, after which he went without even saying "Good night." It seemed that that mysterious kiss had a world of meaning, and helped to lead on to the crisis on Christmas night. They had not sat and conversed together twenty minutes when he confessed to her that the cat and the dog had helped him to conquer his modesty. He had told her the story.

"Well," she said, "with a laugh, "you must have been dreaming, although you say you were quite awake. Sometimes we dream that we are awake. I believe it will do less violence to our thoughts to suppose that you were dreaming rather than that Jack and Tom had talked."

"Since the goal has been reached, it is folly to argue," interposed the Professor. "There is something romantic in love."

No sooner had he spoken than the door opened and May screamed and her mother jumped out of her chair, for there stood Harry in a great coat literally covered with snow. Harry and the snow had come together, and no home ever experienced more joy. May Meyrick is now no longer —she is Mrs. Craddock; Harry is rich, and all happy.

THE OBSERVATORY.

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

The season when the thoughts instinctively turn to charity is upon us. Fairs, festivals and concerts, whist parties and every conceivable form of entertainment calculated to draw dollars and cents from the depths of pocket-books are being devised, and their promoters are already beginning to wear the anxious, worried look which means a nervous strain. How hard our women work over these things nobody knows as well as they and their families.

Whether or no this suffering from extreme nervous tension could be avoided without the charities having to suffer is a question to be laid on the table just now for future discussion.

This being an appropriate season, I desire to give to the readers of "The Cambrian" the following account of the severe pains a noble woman suffered for charity's sake.

Some of us remember well the great Tichborne trial years ago in England, which greatly interested all the English-speaking people of the globe. Now, I am not certain where I have gleaned the account in order to give the proper credit where it belongs, but I believe it was gotten from "Self-Culture," at some time or another. However, here it is—

"The Tichborne Dole."

The ancient manor of Tichborne lies near Winchester. Two hundred years prior to the Norman conquest this manor was known as Itchenborne, because within its borders rose the river Itchen. Shortly after the first Plantagenet ascended the throne, Sir Roger de Itchenborne, knight, married Mabel, only daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph de Tamerston, of the Isle of Wight. After many years of godly living and kindness to the poor, Lady Mabel, realizing that she was near death, besought Sir Roger to bestow upon her such means as would enable her to leave a loaf of bread to all applicants, on Annunciation Day, forever. Sir Roger was unwilling to grant the request, except under a condition extremely hard for his wife, who had been bed-ridden for many years. He said, in effect: "To-morrow will be Christmas. All the land from yonder oak tree that you can traverse north and east, while the morning Yule log burns, I will enclose within parallel lines corresponding on the south and west, and it shall be your own."

* * * * *

The following morning Lady Mabel was borne to one corner of the park, and, at the lighting of the Yule log, commenced her painful task. Before the cry came from the hall that the log was in ashes she

had won a tract of fifteen acres of rich land, known to-day as "The Crawls,' in memory of her painful task. The land was surveyed and deeded to Lady Mabel, but her heroic deed had hastened her end.

A few hours later the parish priest was summoned to prepare for her death. While awaiting his coming she called her household around her and prophesied that the house of Dr. Itchenborne would prosper as long as the dole to the poor should be continued, but that if it were ever neglected the family name would be lost for the want of male issue, and that in such an event the baronet of the day would be the father of seven sons, the eldest of whom would have seven daughters, but no sons. She then accepted the ministrations of her confessor, and died.

* * * * *

Through more than six centuries of sunshine and shadow the house of Tichborne continued, at Annunciation, to distribute the dole. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries six hundred loaves were baked on the day preceeding Annunciation. This number grew in time to one thousand, fifteen hundred, and two thousand loaves. In the eighteenth century more than three thousand loaves, and from £65 to £90 in money were distributed annually.

Though for more than six hundred years this charity fed the poor for one day in the year, kept its foundress in pious memory, and furnished to other wealthy families an example worthy of emulation, its distribution became at length an intolerable burden. Tichborne Park became, in Mid-Lent, the rendezvous of tramps, beggars, costermongers, pickpockets, sneak-thieves and acrobats, who camped in extemporized shelters all over the fields and gardens of the manor.

* * * * *

With the distribution in 1799 the dole was discontinued. By a strange coincidence, in 1821, Lady Mabel's prophecy was partially fulfilled, for in that year the head of the family died, leaving seven sons. The eldest succeeded to the baronetcy, and died in 1845, leaving seven daughters. He was succeeded by his eldest brother, who, on his marriage in 1826 with Miss Doughty, a Lincolnshire heiress, had taken the name of Doughty-Tichborne. At the death of his only son, in 1835, Mr. Doughty-Tichborne, impressed by the singular fulfillment of Lady Mabel' prophecy, besought his elder brother to restore the dole. This was done, with certain restrictions confining it to the poor of the parish of Tichborne. In this manner it continues to be distributed to the present day.

MUSIC NOTES.

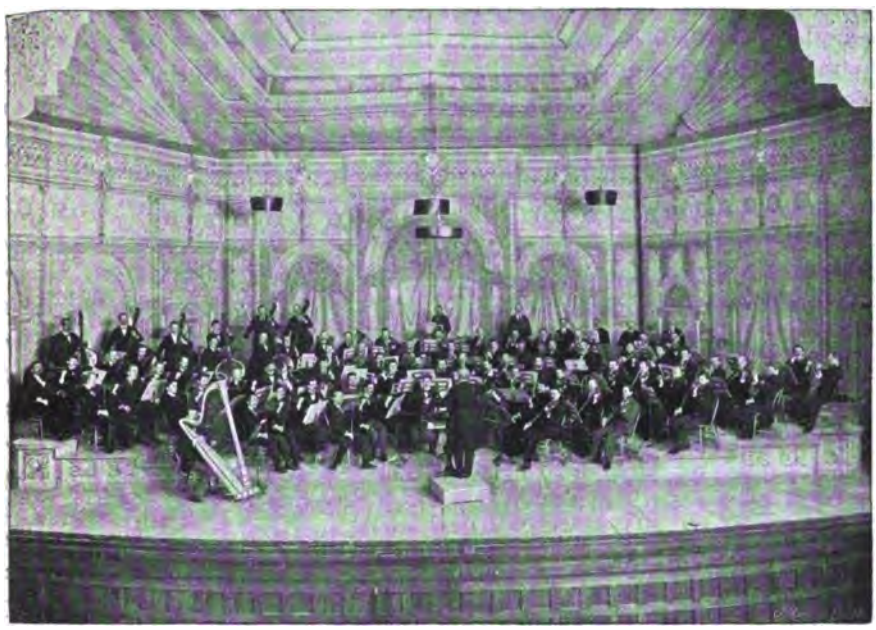
By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

Many a time after being overwhelmed by the masterpieces of the great ones of earth as rendered by the Chicago Orchestra under the leadership of Theodore Thomas, have I strongly desired to write, for once, Orchestral Notes, entirely for "The Cambrian." We trust that "The Cambrian" thus may pay a tribute to, and bear a part in the highest phase of musical art. No better subjects could be chosen for such remarks than Theodore Thomas and the creation of his genius, the Chicago Orchestra. We are indebted to Frederick J. Wessels, the efficient and courteous treasurer of the orchestral association, for the use of the two accompanying cuts.

Theodore Thomas.

Whatever one may write of the many educational forces that are fast forming an art-character in our midst, music must have a place near the top, and is in some sense the most potent factor of all. It was Robert Franz who said, "Music alone has the inherent power of interpreting transcendent affections with absolute truth. In power of expression it leaves the sister arts

far behind it." Music is a power that makes for morality, because it refines and purifies the emotions. It is an intellectual force that challenges the greatest minds. Music suggests the pure only. The late American poet, William Cullen Bryant said, "Not only health but morals are promoted by the study of music. It is not only a safeguard against sickly and unwholesome habits, but against immoral ones. Refined pleasure, like music, stand in the way of grosser taste."



The Chicago Orchestra.

In this city of intense commercialism, of conflicting racial interests, and of every manner of difficult problems, the Chicago Orchestra in its artistic work, has been a tremendous educational force, a redeeming and uplifting counter influence for the strained thousands of the last ten years. It is evident that the orchestra is growing better at each season under the careful and matchless training of one of the few great conductors of the world.

On account of his surname, the writer has been asked scores of times if Theodore Thomas has a streak of Welsh blood in his veins. He has not. But his admiration of the singing of Madame Clara Novello Davies's "Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir," and of the artistic qualities of the singing of Ben Davies, touches our Welsh hearts in a very pleasant way. Theodore Thomas was born in Essen, Hanover, October 11, 1835. He is a typical American, though, in many respects. His father, who was a violinist, gave him

instruction at a very early age. At the age of six Theodore played in public with much credit. He was ten years of age when the family came to America. When the Jenny Lind, Sontag, Grisi and Mario companies gave their concerts in this country, Mr. Thomas was first violinist in the same. After a number of years of chamber concerts in cooperation with the best musicians of the times, Mr. Thomas organized an orchestra for a series of "Symphony Soirees" in Irving Hall, New York. This was the first important step in his orchestral scheme. An able critic writes, "It is due Mr. Thomas to say that he established a new ideal of orchestral work." It was in 1866 that he engaged himself for orchestral work on a large scale. The orchestra organized for the summer concerts at Terrace garden, and after two years was removed to Central Park garden, saw the beginning of a movement destined to create a new epoch in American musical history. In 1869 how well all lovers of high class music remember the first tour of the Thomas Orchestra. It was at Utica, N. Y., that we first listened to the fifty-four members of the then organization. Did that tour pay its expenses? Of course not. Neither did the second and third tours. Fortunately for the cause of music, Mr. Thomas was determined to build up among the American people a good and lasting taste for orchestral music. Fortunately again, the public saw in him an exceptional graceful and masterful conductor, and felt the force of his personality. Men and women of culture discussed the merits of the new era in music, and set the current of appreciation in all directions. During the following tours through all the leading cities, it became apparent that the orchestral innovation had grown into a great educational power, and an inspiration in art. People traveled scores and hundreds of miles to its concerts in the cities of the Eastern and Western States. Still "the business of the Western tour (during first seasons) was extremely bad," writes W. S. B. Mathews in "Music in America." The same writer informs us that a certain editor of a Chicago musical paper expressed his regret to Mr. Thomas, that the public had shown itself so little attentive. Mr. Thomas answered philosophically, "The public will pay for this some time." The whole world knows how well Chicago has paid for it.

The Chicago Orchestra, October 19, commenced its tenth season of thirty-six concerts. What a story of upliftment and inspiration this is! What an array of symphonies, symphonic poems, overtures, concertos, and all the creations of the tone-poets that make up orchestral literature! Can the potency of such artistic work be described and estimated? Twice a week, in the finest and largest opera house in the world, the Chicago Auditorium, we hear the ninety-five artists under the baton of Mr. Thomas, in performances that are nothing less than the highest poetic interpretations of the masterpieces of all nations. The

modern orchestra in an artistic and a well-adjusted combination of string, wind, reed, wood, brass and percussion instruments, with practically an unlimited compass, capable of all the tone-coloring of the most vivid imagination, and as a learned critic remarks, it is free from limitation by the union with language.

Among the thousands upon thousands who have listened to the Thomas Orchestra, how many have given a thought to what the science of acoustics has done in improving the different instruments—all except the violin class. The cremona of the great genius, Antonio Stradivari, like the fragrance of the rose, seem to have been born into perfect form and tone. It was a religious duty with him to make a perfect instrument. In George Elliot's "Stradivarius," he is made to say:

"My work is mine,
And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked,
I should rob God—since he is fullest good—
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
I say, not God Himself can make man's best,
Without best men to help Him. I am one best
Here in Cremona, using sunlight well
To fashion finest maple till it serves
More cunningly than throats, for harmony.
'Tis rare delight; I would not change my skill
To be the emperor with bungling hands,
And lose my work, which comes as natural
As self at waking."

Pianos and pianists are improved upon, and so with other instruments and those who play upon them. Science, technic, and culture advances all—all except the music of some of the great masters, who never heard of Helmholtz, Tyndall, Biddle and other philosophers of acoustics. The music of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and we may justly add, Brahms and Wagner, seem to have been cast into the perfect beauty, and in obedience to the law of musical form. All their sonatas and symphonic structures are permeated through and through with the spirit of melodic immortality. It is easy enough to dilate upon the material of musical composition, but who can describe the soul-process of using it as means for the expression of emotion, thought, of lyric beauty and dramatic intensity? Science we have and must have, but all is dead matter without creative genius and art. Independent of the genius of musicians, their art is marvellous—it is undefinable because it deals with intangible matter—something apart from the exact measure and weight of science. Dr. Hugh A. Clark of the University of Pennsylvania remarks that art occupies a place somewhere mid-way between Science and the Moral Law, and the operations of it is subject to a far higher, because a spiritual law.

Here, then, in the performances of a complete orchestra, we hear and see the highest exhibitions of genius and art—genius which creates great forms, and art which breathes into them life, beauty and immortality. The attack, precision, lights and shades and tone-color of the Chicago Orchestra forms a quantity that

was not known to the great symphonists of seventy odd years ago—Beethoven and Schubert were among the living then. What would these masters have said if they could have listened to their symphonies as performed by to-day's orchestra? Beethoven might have written even stronger than when he penned the sentence, "True art endures forever, and the true artist delights in the works of great minds."

The Spirit of Music breathes its happiest benedictions in the harmonious numbers of a symphonic orchestra. We may fittingly close with Celia Thaxter's sonnet to Beethoven:—

"If God speaks anywhere, in any voice
To us, his creatures, surely here and now
We hear him, while the great chords seem to bow
Our heads, and all the symphony's breathless noise
Breaks over us with challenge to our souls!
Beethoven's music! From the mountain peaks
The strong, Divine, compelling thunder rolls,
And, 'Come up higher, come!' the wards it speaks,
'Out of your darkened valleys of despair;
Behold, I lift you upon mighty wings
Into Hope's living, reconciling air!
Breathe, and forget your life's perpetual stings,
Dream,—folded on the breath of Patience sweet,
Some pulse of pitying love for you may beat.'"

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

By John D. Morgan.

Well nigh two thousand years ago
The greatest gift Heaven could bestow
Was given to the earth;
To humble shepherds, in the night,
The heavenly host 'mid shining light,
Proclaimed the Saviour's birth.

"All glory be to God on high,
And peace on earth to far and nigh,"
Was the angelic song;
The echo of that heavenly strain
In all its sweetness will remain
While ages roll along.

The Christmas story, often told,
Is ever charming—never old,
Though heard from age to age;
This is the great event of time,
The most stupendous and sublime
Inscribed on history's page.

In cheering words and friendly deeds,
And helping others in the needs,
We all should take a part;
None should be sad on festal times,
And merry peals of Christmas chimes
Should gladden every heart.

Though temples crumble into dust,
And earthly splendors fade and rust,
And hasten to decay;
Joy will be felt by old and young,
And Christmas carols will be sung
Upon this welcome day.

It was Jehovah's wondrous plan
That God the Son should be a man
To save our fallen race;
This mighty wonder ne'er will cease,
But through the ages will increase,
And none can take its place.

FIELD OF LETTERS

"SONGS OF THE ANVIL" is a volume of poems (236 pages) by the late Ellis Thomas, Utica, N. Y., and edited by his son, Ellis J. Thomas. The whole purpose of the Editor has been "to honor the memory of him whose creation the verses were—the father whose energies, lack of opportunity confined to a narrow field, yet whose mind, while paying heed to the duties of the hour, sought intimacy with things eternal." Mr. Thomas was possessed of the instincts and the powers of a poet, and within this volume are met many lines of transcendent merit. The volume was published for distribution among friends and admirers of the Author; and it is a beautiful way of keeping the memory of his departed father and mother green in the minds of old friends.

The October number of "Y Geninen" is excellent, full of entertaining articles. "The Pleasures of Literature' was originally prepared for a Literary Society, but now appears in our national magazine for the delectation of all. "Bugail y Brwyn" relates his experiences in the Liverpool Eisteddfod, and his observations of what happened and transpired there. As far as Welsh musical performances went, Wales was under a cloud, until the Dowlais singers appeared and struck for its good name. May Dowlais spread musically over the Principality! A Love-Poem by Cadvan, entitled "Ardudfyl" (David ap Gwilym's Mother); "Welsh Literature of the Present Day—Is it Improving or Deteriorating?" "The Late Dr. Lewis Edwards's Poems;" "Charles Ashton" (III.); "The Welsh Pulpit During the Last Half Century;" "Are Ministers of the Gospel Priests Under the New Testament?" "Dyffryn Aled;" "Ceulanydd;" "A Sketch," continued from the last number; "The Proclamation of the National Eisteddfod at Merthyr Tydvil (1901): An Address from the Gorsedd;" "An Appeal to the Youth of Wales;" "Dyffryn Cynon," Part II.; "Wesleyan Methodism: Its Centenary in Wales;" 'Welsh Surnames;" "The Title Plague;" "The Quarryman's Pay Sunday;" and a Miscellany of poems, chiefly englynion.

—Evan Davies observes unfavorably on the works of Charles Ashton as literature, and censures the slip-shod and reckless manner in which views and remarks on authors and books were acquired. He writes of books he had never seen, relying on second hand information and partial opinions of no value. Ashton was a hard worker, but had very little if any talent.

—Pedr Hir in his paper "The Welsh Pulpit" supports the following statements: That the Welsh pulpit is equal to what it was the last quarter century; that it is in point of learning and scholarship superior; that it is purer and soberer; and that it is as devoted and as faithful to the work of saving souls as at any time previous.

—In the "Priesthood of the Ministry," the Rev. D. Jones, vicar of Abererch, takes the affirmative with a masterly discussion in excellent Welsh, to which a reply is promised in the next number. "Dyffryn Cynon" is an interesting sketch of life and manners in the vicinity of Aberdare during this century and a part of the last. More of such litera-

ture, retrospective of the immediate past, would be acceptable and instructive.

—"John Jones" writes amusingly of the title plague which rages among the Welsh of the present time. He informs us that titles were scarce in the old times, and that it was after the discovery of America by Columbus that guano, D. D.'s and brandy became cheap. Since there is such a demand by mediocre minds for titles, they should be graded to suit all manner of candidates. The alphabet could be used to good purpose to meet the demand.

In "Cwrs y Byd," the series of papers "Tom Paine and the Rights of Man" is continued; and the writer (the Rev. D. Lewis, Rhyl), uses the November number as a platform to deliver a discourse on the superiority of the popular form of government over the monarchic and the autocratic. Government by the people, he says, draws out the best and places the best in office, while heritary succession and family connections control monarchies. One is life, the other obstruction.

—The article "The Religion of Professing and the Religion of Doing" is a sensible and practical discussion. Mere profession is certainly mockery, and the Christian or the good man who can't be known by his life and works, apart from his name being on a church book, is undoubtedly a poor specimen of him. Every good or bad tree speaks for itself; and we don't need to put a tag on an apple or a pear tree to inform us that it is that. Everything is known by its fruit, excepting a merely professing Christian. The other articles and papers are breezy, snappy, peppery, seasoned and sauced.

The "Dysgedydd" leads with a sermon by the Rev. O. Evans, D. D., of London, Songs of Solomon, II. 15, wherein he shows that small sins are as sinful as great ones; that they are dangerous for the reason they are small and seemingly insignificant; and that it is as much duty to eradicate them because they may become dangerous. The paper on "Ethics" in continued. The Rev. W. Hopkin Rees, of China, writes of the Boxers; "Events of the Month" by the Editor; with a miscellany of varieties, poems, reports, etc.

—In his remarks on the Boxers, the Rev. Mr. Rees says that the Boxers were originally patriots, but have of late degenerated into an army of disturbers, having for their aim the expulsion of foreigners out of China. For the protection of foreigners and their rights in China he says that the Emperor, who is is sympathy with Christian civilization, be continued in power. He protests against the partition of China. Fate will soon dictate the best policy.

—In "Events of the Month" the Editor states that there is no cause of joy in the returns of the general elections in Great Britain. It is doubtful, he says, whether political morals have been so low as in the last campaign, and Joe Chamberlain comes in for his share of the censure. Taken, all in all, politics is on a higher level to-day in Great Britain than in any other age. There is sufficient room for improvement, but nevertheless the improvement is evident. The elections express the unmistakable popular voice.

In the "Traethodydd" for November, the Rev. William Evans, of Pembroke Dock, discusses the Welsh University and the theological colleges; "Jacob Boehme" III., is continued by W. Hobley; "The University and the People," by T. Hudson Williams; "A Review of the Century," by W. Williams; A Review of Mr. Beriah Evans's "Diwygwyr Cymru;" "The Holy Ghost" (the Davies Lecture, 1899), by J. Pritchard, Birmingham.

—In the "Review of the Century" is given a sketch of the practical growth

of civil liberty and the improvement of religion in the Established Church as well as among the Nonconformists. During the century, hundreds of churches have been built, and the number of respectable clergy have greatly increased. The Church and Nonconformity have mutually influenced each other, and their mutual jealousy even have done them much good.

—In his paper "Diwygwyr Cymru," the writer controverts Mr. Evans's extreme views in the chapter wherein he attacks the moral and mental character of Howell Harris. It is evident that Mr. Evans's personal spite or grudge has urged him on to pervert the significance of Howell Harris's confessions, and to load them with more than he had intended them to carry. It is easy to misinterpret. Where H. H. goes a little, Mr. Evans goes much. Where H. H. writes that "he was not pleased," Mr. Evans states that he was "indignant and insulting;" where H. H. is writing transcendentally and spiritually of his strange friendship with Madame Griffith, without the slightest ground for suspicion of any immorality, Mr. Evans suspects him of the most shameful immoralities. The writer argues that although the friendship was strange, and H. H. himself enlarges on that, yet he insists on the fact that there is nothing in his diary or in history to prove actual immorality. The article is a powerful antidote to the poison in Mr. Evans s book.

No. 55 in the Musician's Portrait Gallery in the "Cerddor" for November is Prof. Marks Evans of Wilkesbarre, Pa. Mr. Evans is a native of Maesteg, S. W., and is now in his 40th year. His love of the art and his own untired efforts have surmounted great difficulties and adverse circumstances, and has brought him into public notice as a successful music teacher and composer. His glees, anthems, choruses, duets and songs are numerous. He is one of the most prolific Welsh writers of music in the States. In 1885, Mr. Evans was married, and soon emigrated to this country, to a wider field of opportunity. He took the prize for a part song at the Cardiff National Eisteddfod (1899). The musical number is "Greeting the Sun;" words by Mynyddog and music by Wm. Davies, St. Paul's, London. Mr. David Jenkins writes about the Liverpool Eisteddfod in his usual entertaining and instructive way. "Old Musicians;" a report of the Hereford's and Birmingham Festivals; Eisteddfodic notes, general notes, reviews, etc., complete the number.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for November presents its many readers with a portrait of the Rev. Thomas Richards, Abergwaun. He was born February 11, 1783, in Trefin, Pembrokeshire, S. W. He was converted when only 14 years old; and began to preach when 20. He was ordained in Llangeitho in 1814—the year Mr. Charles of Bala died. He was brother of the Rev. Ebenezer Richards, ordained 1811. Thomas was married to Miss Gwyn of Maenorowen in 1819. He died January 3, 1856, in his 73rd year, leaving a son and a daughter. He was a leader among the Calvinistic Methodists. Five months before his death he presided over the Association at Abergwaun, where there was a number of leading Methodists present, and among them James Williams, of Brittany, Henry Rees, Wm. Morris, Owen Thomas, etc. The Rev. Thomas Richards was what the Welsh call a round man. He was physically large, inclined to stoutness, with a grand, jolly, handsome face, and of noble bearing. His self-control was perfect, on the platform, in the pulpit, or in the chair. According to a description of him by the late Rev. Edward Matthews, "he was one of the greatest preachers among the Welsh, and one of the finest ornaments of the Welsh pulpit. He was born for the pulpit, formed

and qualified for the ministry. He had a most musical voice. He neither shouted nor sang. He neither tore the air; but spoke in the most natural way, using the most natural gestures. His voice had the thawing effects of a warm sunshine; and at times, when he felt at his best, he could melt the hearts of thousands. Now they would weep, and again they would smile, and even laugh. With the utterance of a single sentence, at times, he could break sinful hearts as if they were window panes; and make men and women dance with spiritual joy.

The contents of the "Trysorfa" are as follows: "The Lord's Supper;" "The late Rev. Owen Thomas, D. D. (Chap. VI.); "The Spirit of the Fathers;" "Mary Anointing Jesus;" "The Fulfillment of Prophecies in the Last Century;" "Richard Price, the Philosopher;" "What I Saw and Heard at Llangynwyd;" "Monthly Notes;" Reviews, Reports, etc.

—In "Richard Price, the Philosopher," is continued an interesting sketch of the life and works of one of the ablest Welshmen who ever wrote on philosophy and political science. He sympathized with the Revolution in this country, for which he was gratefully recognized by leading Americans. He wrote a book on American affairs, a work which was widely read and greatly commended. Clarke of Boston said that his chapter on "Liberty" was one of the best ever written.

—In the entertaining paper, "What I Saw and Heard at Llangynwyd," Cadrawd relates some circumstances which accompanied preaching in the old times, in parts of Glamorgan, S. W. After the sermon, the old preachers would select very appropriate closing hymns. He relates one case that the hymn was repeated with great zest, when one noticed that his next neighbor had lost the measure (the metre). He informed him he had lost the measure, and was told to enjoy the hymn for the time being, and they would measure it the next day. He also relates how the old people honored and loved the Sabbath and its ordinances more than is done now. They would walk ten miles to a service; and enjoyed religion immensely.

—In "Monthly Notes" a writer bearing the pen-name "Andronicus" controverts Mr. Beriah Evans's views in his "Diwygwyr Cymru" regarding the relationship of Howell Harris and Madame Griffith. He is writing from near the home of Madame Griffith, and objects strongly to the offensive course Mr. Evans took to resurrect or rather create charges which have but imaginary bases. Madame Griffith came from a very respectable family, and no one had ever suspected her and Harris of immorality until Mr. Evans, Othelolike had turned mere suspicions into serious charges.

Miss Ruth Hall's story, "The Black Gown," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is a tale of Albany in the days when that town was peopled with sturdy Dutch burghers and garrisoned by British regulars—between whom and the Dutchmen there was scant friendship. In the early chapters the love tale moves to an accompaniment of the quaint sports and customs of "The Fuyck," and local events which are now historic, as "slaves' week on Pinxter Hill," and the officers' play of "The Beaux's Stratagem," to which Dominie Freylinghausen so sorely objected. In the latter part of the tale are crisp descriptions of the expedition under Sir William Johnson to Fort Niagara, and of the battle of Silver Water, in which Ephraim Williams and King Hendrick, the Mohawk chief, were shot down. The hero, Cornelis Sleight, is a fine specimen of Dutch young manhood.

SCIENTIFIC

Few people have any idea of the food value of a bunch of grapes. Dr. John Ellis says: "In its essential constituents it bears a wonderful resemblance to blood." The juice is "vegetable milk," containing almost the same properties as mother's milk. Its nitrogenous elements feed the nerve tissues of the brain and the body; its carbohydrates make rich, red, coursing blood; its gluten and sugar properties strengthen the muscles and make flesh.

Several systems of moving staircases were on exhibition at the World's Fair in Paris, and "The Revue Scientifique" reports that they constitute one of the curiosities of the Exposition. They are already in practical use in France, as in this country. At the Magasins au Louvre they are used by 3,500 persons an hour, during the busy part of the day.

Matrons of infant asylums, according to "The Nursery," "say that a young infant will be cross all day if dressed in a gray frock, but contented and happy if dressed in a bright red frock. Children from two to four are much less affected by the color of their dress. It is commonly observed in kindergartens that the younger children prefer the red playthings, while the older children prefer the blue."

"A German scientist," says the London "People," "has discovered that yawning is a healthy pastime. It is wholesome, like oatmeal and brown bread. Yawning, it is said, stretches the muscles, may be, or the tendons of the head, sends the blood to the jaws, and sharpens appetite and intellect. It is a cheap remedy, accessible to young and old, rich and poor, and if it is as efficacious as our Teuton says, health is surely within the reach of every one."

The Marconi installation between the Mumbles lighthouse, off the coast of Glamorganshire, has just been completed, and will soon be in operation. The distance over which the messages will be transmitted is twenty-five miles. The Chilean government have also just placed an order with the Wireless Telegraph and Signal Company for an installation of the Marconi system between Punta Arenas and Ancud or Puerto Montt

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While a new era has dawned for the sailing ship in this country, in England this craft is rapidly falling into desuetude. During the three months July, August and September, out of 177 vessels which left the stocks in the English ship-building yards, only six were sailing vessels. At the present moment there are only 29 sailing vessels in course of erection in Great Britain, against 423 steamers. The sailing vessels most in demand are those of 100 and 200 tons, while there are only two vessels of 3,000 tons in hand.

A new part of speech is among the latest discoveries. A writer in the London "Academy" calls attention to the fact that although adverbs are usually defined as words qualifying verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs, yet one of the most frequent mistakes in grammar consists in adding the wrong "adverb" to the verb. Thus we say sometimes, incorrectly, "He was very pleased," when we should say, "He was very much pleased," or "greatly pleased;" "very" being in the best usage a word that can limit only an adverb or adjective, but not a verb or verbal adjective.

The writer in "The Academy proposes the word "ad-adjectives" or "adadjects" for this part of speech.

The interference with graves in China is undoubtedly a serious question; but it could be overcome, and the Chinese Government attempted to solve the problem by purchasing the graves. This would have been well enough had not ancient Chinese corruption spoiled the plan. As usual, when middlemen have to be employed, only a fraction of the money reached the people for whom it was intended. Consequently the villagers would remain sullen and enraged. They would vent their rage, not on the immediate objects of their dislike, the real agent of their pecuniary loss, but upon the Europeans, without whom there would be no railways, no necessity of removing the ancestral graves.

In North America, "where white civilization is pushing the redskins gradually to the wall," the Sioux Indians still sometimes indulge in acts of cannibalism. The Crees and the Blackfeet keep up the custom, which, according to the writer, was bequeathed to them by the ancient Mexicans, of opening the breast of their enemy to extract the heart and eat it raw. The Malays, he says, also eat the tiger's heart, that they may become brave, and quite recently the New Zealand natives ate their enemies so as to assimilate their desirable qualities.—Dr. Zaborowski.

Civilization can not establish itself without the aid of a moral law. Its aim is to increase man's happiness; but man can not become happier save by becoming better, and to become better, he must feel himself constrained by an infallible authority to embrace duty even at the cost of pain, and be thus, as it were, raised above himself. But how can such an elevation take place if man has nothing to rest on save himself? By the religions which he himself creates he seeks only to draw heaven over to the side of his own interests, his own selfishness. But how, indeed, could the religions made by man transform his nature? * * * They have not given laws to conscience, simply because to render righteousness binding on man's free will surpasses the forces of our nature."—Revue des Deux Mondes."

Among its many peculiarities, South Africa includes the "sneeze-wood" tree, which takes its name from the fact that one cannot cut it with a saw without sneezing, as the fine dust has exactly the effect of snuff. Even in planing the wood it will sometimes cause sneezing. No insect, worm, or barnacle will touch it. It is very bitter to the taste, and its specific gravity is heavier than water. The color is lightbrown, the grain very close and hard. It is a nice looking wood, and takes a good polish. For dock work, piers, or jetties it is a useful timber, lasting a long while under water.—The Building News.

Prince Kropotkin points out the enormous exaggeration of the "tooth and claw" view of nature. The Prince refers to the families of elephants, rhinoceroses, and the numberless societies of monkeys to be found in the lower latitudes of Asia and Africa; the numberless herds of reindeer in the far North, the herds of musk-oxen and the innumerable bands of polar foxes still farther north; the flocks of seals and morses and sociable cetaceans which inhabit the oceans; the herds of wild horses, donkeys, camels, and sheep which range the steppes of Central Asia. He says: How trifling, in comparison with them are the numbers of carnivora! And how false, therefore, is the view of those who speak of the animal world as if nothing were to be seen in it but lions and hyenas plunging their bleeding teeth into the flesh of the victims! One might as well imagine that

the whole of human life is nothing but a succession of Tel-el-Kebir and Geoktepe massacres."

During the early stages of the Boer war, the English War Office was bitterly censured for its backwardness regarding arming the troops, and also in connection with the mounting of the coast defenses with obsolete muzzle-loading guns. The Defense Committee of the Cabinet have recently placed orders to the extent of $29,035,000 for modern guns for coast defenses, thus bringing up the expenditure during the last few months for this purpose alone to $35,300,000. The arsenals at Woolwich and at several other armament factories are working at full capacity for the delivery of government orders. When the war is concluded, there is no doubt that the whole artillery of the British army will be carefully overhauled, and the most powerful guns substituted in the place of those which have become obsolete.

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HUMAN HIBERNATION.

A practice closely akin to hibernation is reported in "The British Medical Journal" to be general among Russian peasants in the Pskov Government, where food is scanty to a degree almost equivalent to chronic famine. "Not having provisions enough to carry them through the whole year, they adopt the economical expedient of spending one half of it in sleep. This custom has existed among them from time immemorial. At the first fall of snow the whole family gathers round the stove, lies down, ceases to wrestle with the problems of human existence, and quietly goes to sleep. Once a day every one wakes up to eat a piece of hard bread, of which an amount sufficient to last six months has providently been baked in the previous autumn. When the bread has been washed down with a draught of water, every one goes to sleep again. The members of the family take it in turn to watch and keep the fire alight. After six months of this repeseful existence the family wakes up, shakes itself, goes out to see if the grass is growing, and by-and-by sets to work at summer tasks. The country remains comparatively lively till the following winter, when again all signs of life disappear and all is silent, except we presume for the snores of the sleepers. This winter sleep is called lotska. These simple folk evidently come within the terms of Touchstone's definition of a natural philosopher."

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A NEW ROLLING PROCESS.

A new rail rolling process is in use at the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, at Braddock, Pa. The rails are rolled at a lower temperature than has usually been employed. Formerly the blooms were sent to the rail mill and rolled at a white heat. Almost as soon as they were placed on the hot beds they were sent to the presses, and straightened while at a high temperature. As they were rolled and straightened while very hot, the rails expanded again before cooling off, and much of the toughness of the fiber, which they should have possessed, was lost. It is found that with the new process the tensile strength of each piece was much greater than under the old system. The new process is very simple and consists in "breaking down" blooms while at a cherry red heat, and then sending them into the rail mill and the press. The rails for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company are to be made by the improved process, and as the steel is, of course, much harder to work than when at a higher heat, the engines must be more powerful to roll them.

It has been calculated that £8,000 a year goes to Brittany from Cardiganshire alone for onions.

A Welshman won the highest prize ever offered at Cambridge when Dr. Rowland Williams won £500 for his essay in "Hinduism and Christianity."

From 1755 to 1830 William Edwards's bridge at Pontypridd was the largest single-arch bridge in the world. Then a bridge at Chester broke the record.

The Welshman who wrote the famous book, "The Practice of Piety," was placed for a time in the Fleet Prison. Such may be the reason why most people prefer theory to practice.

A Welsh book was written in the East Indies as early as 1595, a version of the Psalms into the strict metres by Captain William Myddleton, who also first smoked a cigar on the streets of London.

Little Boers will soon be learning English on Welsh slates. The first consignment of Welsh slates for the Transvaal has been shipped from Portmadoc.

The word "pyd" in General Baden-Powell's motto, "A'r nid yw pwyll pyd," though obsolete, is very well known in two compound words, "cerbyd" and "enbydrwydd." "Cerbyd," now meaning any sort of carriage, originally meant "war chariot"—possibly the only sort of car known to the ancient Britons—and "pyd" made it mean "danger-car."

It is stated by the Rev. D. Lloyd Jones, M. A., that the Calvinistic Methodists spend £8,000 a year in railway fares, "in order to avoid the disadvantages of a settled ministry." Surely the disadvantages must be great to warrant such waste of the people's money.

Mr. Charles Harper, the artist-journalist, says that the quaintest pulpit in any church in this kingdom is the pre-Reformation pulpit in the church at Newton-Nottage, Porthcawl. It is covered with sculptured figures representing the scourging of Christ, and is a fine example of early carving.

Students who have studied Welsh as a preliminary to a college course come out invariably as excellent linguists. William Baxter, the contemporary of Edward Llwyd, entered Harrow at nineteen, knowing not a word of any language but Welsh. His most important works were written in Latin.

The design made by Mr. W. Goscombe John of a medal for the National Eisteddfod Association has just been carved into a die, under the personal supervision of Mr. Goscombe John, by Mr. John Pinches, of London, at a cost of £100, and at future eisteddfodau all the gold and silver medals awarded by the National Eisteddfod Association will be struck from this die. The medals

offered, in addition to the money prizes, by the association at the Merthyr Tydfil Eisteddfod of next year will be the first set struck from this new die.

The eisteddfod essay has grown into a formidable affair. The prize essay of the Rev. E. W. Davies, Ton, Ystrad, on "Welsh Industries," contains 600 closely written foolscap pages, and weighs, with the binding, 12 pounds. One of the adjudicators took a fortnight to read it. All this is not surprising, as the subject demands encyclopaedic treatment.

For centuries Welsh judges were accompanied to their courts by a military escort. The custom originated in the difficulties of getting the Welsh people to obey English laws. Sometimes the people vented their wrath upon the judges. A judge, Geoffrey Clement, was murdered in South Wales, and another, W. Sutton, in North Wales. Now the soldiers are represented by policemen, and that only for show.

The 1900 Eisteddfod is likely to be memorable for the fact that English choirs gained all but one of the most important prizes. There will be many wholesome searchings of the spirit over this pregnant result. It is now evident that Welsh conductors and choralists will have to revise the aims of their practice and their standards of excellence if they hope to excel the best led English choirs, more especially those in Midland and Northern districts.

In two successive paragraphs a Northampton journal gives a glowing account of the Bedford Eisteddfod, and speaks of the absence of "any kind of business at the police court that morning." "H. P.," a Welsh resident of Bedford, in the course of an interesting letter he has sent us, ventures the opinion "that the lack of business in the police court is a natural sequence to the invasion of the Midlands by ideas from "Gwlad y Menyg Gwynion."

A Welsh bookseller about the beginning of the last century said that a Welsh Book of Common Prayer was printed in London with only nine of the ten commandments in it. It reflects credit on the Welsh people that such an edition was not popular except among book-worms. Perhaps, however, it was the wrong commandment which was left out.

Welshmen are still to the front in the Transvaal. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers were unable to take part in the ceremonial of annexing the Transvaal because they were busy elsewhere, fighting splendidly and falling gloriously, as the roll of dead and wounded shows. Lord Roberts's warm tribute to this fine regiment, with its enviable reputation, is the nearest approach to absolute enthusiasm that "Bobs" has yet made.

In olden times certain wells were resorted to by newly-married young people. The first of the couple to drink the water was to be the boss through life. One of such wells is said to be at Llangynwyd, another in Cornwall. Southey describes how a bride outwitted a bridegroom once:—

"After the wedding I hurried away,
And left my wife in the porch;
But i' faith she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church."

It is stated that there are about 225,000 Welshmen outside the borders of Wales and Monmouthshire. Of this number 90,000 live in Cheshire and Lancashire, of whom 50,000 are to be found in Liverpool and the surrounding districts. There are 60,000 Welsh people in the counties of Gloucester, Hereford, Salop, Stafford and Warwick; 12,000 in Yorkshire; and 10,000 in Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham and

Westmoreland. In London and the surrounding district the number is nearly 50,000.

Women seem to have voted in many constituencies this election. One of the staunchest supporters of Major Wyndham-Quin, M.P. for South Glamorgan, is Mrs. Barbara David, of the old post office, Cadoxton Barry, and, as her name appeared on the Parliamentary list of voters, Mrs. David presented herself at the polling booth, and, having been supplied with a ballot paper, she audibly and legibly proceeded to vote for Major Wyndham-Quin. Her only regret, she said, was that she had not twenty votes to cast for the gallant member.

For the guidance of young artists and others interested in the Welsh costume, we give this description by a Mr. Rougemont, who visited Brecon in 1802, and kept his eyes open to see what there was to see:—"The pretty Welsh girls have sparkling dark eyes, white teeth, and ruddy complexions. They wear a blue and white flannel petticoat, a brown gown, a long blue shawl, the head dressed in a neat mob cap, and over this a black beaver hat. The men wear all brown flannel, jacket, waistcoat, and breeches, but to give themselves a finish they all wear flaming scarlet garters."

There are some Welshmen who look upon the dialect of Gwent and Morganwg as a corrupt jargon which cannot be reduced to any grammatical rules. That is not so. "Iolo Morganwg" wrote a grammar of the dialect, which he called the "Wentwyseg." Geoffrey of Monmouth wrote it as it is spoken today. It has, also, a wonderful vitality, for, though the natives of Gwent and Morganwg are out-numbered by Welsh immigrants from all parts of Wales, the children of both counties talk the Wentwyseg. In the Vale of Glamorgan it has survived every possible means of extirpation.

Some of the best literary productions of the Eisteddfod have not seen the light in print. Mr. Thomas Stephens won a prize of £30 at "Eisteddfod y Fenni" in 1853, on the "History of Trial by Jury in Wales." Baron Bunsen, one of the adjudicators, expressed a hope of seeing the essay published at once. The second in merit was the essay of Mr. E. P. Meredith. Both essays were sent to Llanover, and Mr. A. J. Johnes, the author of "Philological Proof of the Unity of the Human Race," left £10 with Lady Llanover to assist Mr. Meredith to publish his essay. Both essays are still unpublished.

The closest contest in Wales since the last extension of the franchise took place for Cardiganshire in 1886, when Mr. Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., defeated the veteran Mr. David Davies, of Llandinam, on the Home Rule question by only nine votes, an exceedingly narrow margin when the figures of the poll ran to 4,252 and 4,243 respectively. The same majority existed at Cardiff in 1874, when the late Colonel Stuart defeated Mr. Giffard, now Earl of Halsbury and Lord Chancellor, by 2,780 to 2,771. The registered number of electors for Cardiff in 1895 being 19,358, a remarkable contrast is presented when the election of 1818 is referred to, as Lord Patrick Stuart won the contest of that year by defeating Mr. Frederick Wood by 45 to 17 votes.

Giraldus points out very grave blemishes in the character and mode of life of the Cymry. He describes them as wanting in respect to oaths, faith and truth; as so indifferent to the covenant of faith that they went through the ceremony of holding forth the right hand on trifling occasions, and to emphasize mere ordinary assertions; and worse still as not scrupling to take false

oaths in legal causes. He says they habitually committed acts of plunder, theft and robbery, not only against foreigners but against their own countrymen. They were addicted to trespassing and the removal of landmarks, and there were continual disputes between brothers.—"The Welsh People."

The following description appeared in a book called "Wallography or the Briton Described," about the year 1682. "The Welsh gibberish is usually pratled throughout the whole Taphydome, except in their market towns, whose inhabitants, being a little rais'd, and (as it were) pufft up into bubbles above the ordinary scum, do begin to despise it. Some of these having been elevated above the common level, and perhaps refin'd into the quality of having two suits, are apt to fancy themselves above their tongue, and when in their t'other cloaths are quite asham'd on' 't. Tis usually cashier'd out of gentlemen's houses, there being scarcely to be heard even one single Welch tone in many families; their children are instructed in the Anglican Ideom, and their schools are Paedagogu'd with professors of the same; so that (if the stars prove lucky) there may be some glimmering hopes that the British lingua may be quite extinct, and may be English'd out of Wales, as Latin was barbarously Goth'd out of Italy."

Welshmen were much to the fore in the early days of railways. We have already said how Trevethick's engine at Penydarren preceded George Stephenson's by ten years. Here is another quotation from the "British Magazine" for March, 1804, which is singularly interesting:—"Iron railways are now so common that a description of them is scarcely necessary; yet, we may just say that they are formed by two parallel rails of iron, on which wagons with four low iron wheels move; and each rail has a rib on one edge to prevent the wheels from running. The rails being flat prevent obstructions by stones and dirt lodging on them, and the rib from the friction excited, retards the motion of the wagons. These evils have been obviated by a very ingenious contrivance of Mr. Benjamin Wyatt, of Lime Grove, near Bangor, who planned a railway which, instead of being flat, was convex, and the wheels of the wagons were made with a concave rim suitable to the convexity of the railway. Thus dirt and gravel may be easily cleared from the railway if it should rest upon it, which cannot be the case without great neglect, and there is little or no friction. This kind of railway is used from Lord Penrhyn's slate quarries in Carnarvonshire to Port Penrhyn, on which two horses will draw 24 wagons one stage six times a day, carrying each time 24 tons, or a 144 tons a day. The railway is six miles and a quarter in length, divided into five stages."

The demon of sectarianism is busy among Druids as well as Christians. We have different cults represented by "Gwilym Cowlyd," "Hwfa Mon," and the Rocking Stone, Pontypridd. Some years ago a curious cult was organized in North Wales by "Tudno," W. Cadwaladr Davies, and "Alfardd," and was called "yr Urdd Gocosaidd" (the Order of the Cockles). They appointed themselves the "Three Primitive Bards." A witless bard, called "Bardd Cocos," was made archfardd, who presented himself on every eisteddfod platform for recognition. "Proclamations" were issued, and every poetaster they could find they admitted into the order. The order died after a few months, having, by ridicule, accomplished a much-needed reformation of the eisteddfod.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

MRS. ANNIE THOMAS (EOS TYDFIL), WILKESBARRE, PA.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we present with this issue, for the consideration of our numerous subscribers and readers, a sketch and portrait of one, who—and we make the statement without fear of contradiction—is unquestionably one of, if not the foremost of Cambro-American lady musicians of the present day. We refer to Mrs. Annie Thomas (Eos Tydfil) of Wilkesbarre, Pa. Credit cannot be too lavishly bestowed upon this versatile and accomplished musician, who, by persistency and untiring efforts in her chosen vocation, has won glory and unstinted praise in both the mother country and that of her adoption.

Mrs. Thomas first saw the light of day in Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorganshire, South Wales, "the home of song;" a principality which has contributed more than its share to the list of composers and vocalists who have added lustre to the glory of "Gallant Little Wales." She received her musical education from the late Professor Edward Lawrence, organist of Cyfarthfa church, in her native town, a musician noted for his exceptional ability as a teacher.

Mrs. Annie Thomas.

On the occasion of her departure for this country in 1881, the numerous friends of Mrs. Thomas decided to recognize the valuable services she had rendered in the past by presenting her a testimonial. A large and representative audience, emblematic of the esteem in which she was held, congregated on the occasion. The various speakers referred to the almost irreparable loss the community would sustain in the much-regretted departure of their fellow-townswoman, characterizing their loss as an almost invaluable gain to their American cousins. The testimonial, which lack of space alone prevents its publication in this article, was handsomely printed and framed, and is highly prized by Mrs. Thomas.

Upon her arrival in America, the subject of our sketch, whose reputation as a songstress and instructor had preceded her, allied herself first with the Welsh Congregational church choir at Wilkesbarre, Pa. So elated were the members of this church over such an addition as Mrs. Thomas to their musical resources, that it was decided to arrange a concert, in the nature of a welcome and also as a means of introducing her to the Welsh residents of the Wyoming Valley. The venture proved an unbounded success, Mrs. Thomas winning a hearty reception by her indisputable ability as a concert singer.

Being an ardent admirer of the Curwen notation, commonly known as the "Tonic Solfa," and having had considerable experience and success as an instructor of same in Wales, Mrs. Thomas immediately organized a class in her new American home. The greatest success attended her efforts, and her scholars increased in numbers as to exceed even her most sanguine expectations. In this respect no one has done more to uplift the standard of music throughout that section of the country than has Mrs. Thomas. While making a specialty of Tonic Solfa, she is equally proficient in the staff notation, and many are the readers of music who owe their knowledge to the careful tuition of this lady. In addition to her teaching, Mrs. Thomas finds time to participate in concert and oratorio work, and the high encomiums she has won by her artistic work is proof positive of her ability.

As a church singer she has had a long and varied experience. For fifteen years she was a source of pleasure to the worshippers of St. Stephens' Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa., where her pure voice and artistic style won for her many admirers. Mrs. Thomas resigned that position for a more lucrative one at the First Presbyterian Church, which she held for two years. At present she is engaged in two churches; singing in the Jewish synagogue on Saturday, and in the Lutheran Grace Church on the Sabbath, holding a strong place in the affections of her many auditors.

Possibly, it is as a conductress that Mrs. Thomas is best known, outside the principality in which she resides. At the World's Fair Eisteddfod in 1893, she directed the ladies' chorus which proved such a worthy and formidable antagonist to the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, led by the celebrated Clara Novello Davies, winning high praise from the adjudicators for the excellent interpretation of the two selections in competition. She was awarded a handsome gold medal for her efficient work, while the organization received second prize. Mrs. Thomas is at present directress of the Neilsons, a ladies' chorus numbering 35 voices, which organization has done excellent work under her instruction. Again, at the recent Eisteddfod held at Atlantic City, Mrs. Thomas was honored by being selected to direct the combined ladies' choruses in the rendering of the competitive selection. Newspaper reports referred to this number as the most satisfactory

and pleasing to the vast audience assembled, which manifested its appreciation in vociferous applause.

Mrs. Thomas enjoys an enviable reputation as a vocal teacher of the highest order, as is attested by the fact that, despite her many other arduous professional duties, she gives private lessons in the art of singing to twenty-seven pupils.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are the happy parents of ten children—four boys and six girls—all of whom are following in the footsteps of their gifted mother. The eldest son, Tudor, is at present organist of St. Clement's Church, while the three younger brothers are members of the boy choir of the same church.

Mrs. Thomas has earned a spotless reputation in the pursuit of her art and the performance of her arduous duties, and it is our hope that long may she be allowed to enjoy the laurels which now rest so easily on her brow.

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November 7, one of the leading Welsh-Americans of the town of Youngstown, O., died at his home of heart failure, viz., Squire Thomas Thomas (y Gareg Wen), after an illness of two weeks. The funeral service took place the following Friday at the Elm Street Church, where the Rev. J. B. Davies and D. J. Nicholas officiated in the presence of a great number of neighbors and friends. Mr. Thomas was a native of the parish of Llangiwc, S. W., and was the son of David and Sarah Thomas. He immigrated to the vicinity of Youngstown 34 years ago, and was fairly successful in life. He worked at his trade of shoemaker for some time, but entered into business, and some years ago was elected squire, which office he filled satisfactorily. Mr. Thomas was a self-made man, having never enjoyed the advantages of even common education. He was a man of fine physique, noble appearance, was goodnatured, of a social and jovial turn of mind, and possessed of much natural ability and talent. He was a thorough Welshman in fact and in spirit, and had taken deep interest in every local Welsh movement since his advent to the country. The Welsh of Youngstown felt real sorrow at his death. He was married to Miss Jane Harris of his native village in Wales, who departed this life in 1887, to whom six children was born; three of whom have preceded, and three remain.

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Saturday, October 27, 1900, Gomer D. Jones, son of Prof. and Mrs. John P. Jones, 254 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill., met a serious accident, from the effects of which he passed away the next morning. His body was taken to Racine for burial. Religious services were held at his parents' home and in Hebron, in Chicago, when the Revs. John C. Jones, and R. Henry Jones officiated, Prof. Apmadoc spoke in English, and the choir sang several times under the directorship of Wm. R. Jones. A solo was sweetly rendered by Mrs. Grace Jones Taylor, and a quartet by Ben Phillips, Wm. R. Jones, R. Lloyd Owen and John E. Pugh. The bearers were Wm. S. Owen, R. T. Roberts, R. Lloyd Owen, W. R. Jones, O. R. Williams and J. H. Jones (Alderman), S. Chicago. Mr. Jones was a popular Welsh-American and a musician of note. He had devoted his life to the theory and practice of music, and had studied under some of the best masters of the art in this country, and was making preparation to take a musical course at Paris.

———

October 24, 1900, in his 84th year, passed away David M. Jones, a son of the Rev. Morris Jones (The Old Prophet), Jerusalem, Bethesda, N. W. Mr. Jones was a pioneer settler of Bangor, Pa., and the vicinity. He, wife and child came to this country in 1846, and settled for a while at Rock Hill, and

Portage Prairie, Wis., whence he returned to Slatington, Pa. Subsequently he went to Chapmansville, Pa., where he was joined by his brother Robert M., just returned from the war. The site of Bangor of to-day was at that time a veritable wilderness. The place was first called New Village, and D. M. Jones's wife was the first pioneer Welshwoman, and his family the first Welsh family. He bought the ground whereon some of the best residences of the town stand on to-day. Moses M. Jones, another son of the Old Prophet, is the only member of the family surviving. D. M. Jones was a character possessed of considerable humor, and even in his last days entirely forgetful of death. When he heard of the death of an old friend, he would say, "Now that's bad luck!" Seeing himself getting old, he would playfully remark that he expected to live until he would be 150 years old.

A song recital of a kind not common in New York concert halls was given recently in Mendelssohn Hall, New York City, by Mr. Evan Williams, tenor, and Mr. Gwilym Miles, barytone. They sang singly and in duets, and gave a programme which, while it was not altogether satisfactory in its compositions, had upon it a number of extremely interesting items. Chief among these were the six old Welsh songs which the concert givers, both Welshmen, sang in their native tongue with absolute conviction and a glowing fervor. The songs themselves are extremely beautiful, with the deeply serious note, the haunting melancholy, that belong to so many of the Welsh folk songs. Another delightful number of the programme was the cycle "To the Distant Beloved," of Beethoven's, which it takes a peculiarly finished art and a close sympathy with the composer's moods to make effective. That Mr. Williams succeeded so far as he did was another added to the many evidences he has given of his power and insight as an artist.

There is a fine old-time flavor to Parson Price's new song, "The Cloth of Gold," which he composed in October for his pupil Miss Julia Marlowe, who will introduce it in her new play "When Knighthood was in Flower." The author of the book has already been paid $40,000 in royalties on his work. The song is on the well-known lines which the author places on the opening page of the book, and Mr. Price has caught the spirit of the text and enhanced it with the wedding of his melody, which is well suited to the fine mezzo soprano of the actress, who had four years' vocal training under the maestro before entering upon her stage career, and who brushes up her voice under his guidance every year before the opening of the season, in order to keep up the quality of her tones.

A notable triumph was achieved by two young Welsh musicians at the Promenade Concert in London. Mr. Philip Lewis and Mr. Purcell Jones successfully surmounted all the difficulties of the violin and violincello party in Brahms' great double concerto—a work very seldom heard—and were rewarded by a rapturous double encore. Mr. Lewis is one of the cleverest and most promising young fiddlers of the day. He entered the Royal College of Music in 1896, with a three-years' scholarship, won in open competition, and has made such conspicuous progress in his studies—first under Gompertz and afterwards under Rivarde—that his scholarship has been twice extended by the governing body. He is now the leader of the college orchestra, and both Sir Hubert Parry and Professor Villiers Stanford, the leader of the institution, have a very high opinion of his musical ability.

The giddy girls we soon shall forget,
Campaign Lize and Election Bet.

It is said that Napoleon when he wished to become a British citizen expressed a desire to live in Wales.

A deacon horrified his congregation recently in Wales by announcing that "the preacher for next Sunday will be found nailed on the church-door!"

In Maoriland, the girl generally begins the courting. The love token which the girl throws at the feet of her lover is a little bit of flax made into a sort of half knot. "Yes," is signified by pulling the knot tight. "No," by leaving the matrimonial noose alone.

Anent the Welsh englyn made up entirely of vowels, which appeared in the last "Cambrian," and Mr. Evans's remark that no such composition could be written in any other language, unless it be the Chinese, "So Long," our Welsh Chinaman, swears that there are no all-vowel words in Chinese.

At a Pontypridd elementary school recently a teacher asked his scholars what they called the microbes that breed diseases. "Please, sir, germs," came the reply. "Correct, And what do they call the people who know how to handle germs in a scientific way?" The teacher's astonishment may be better judged than described when he received the astounding reply from the same scholar, "Germans, sir."

"Lead, Kindly Light," was one of the favorite hymns sung by the Taff Vale men during the strike. One night late, when Newman's grand composition was being rendered, a striker remarked, "There is one line in that hymn which appeals to me strongly." "What is it?" asked a companion. "The night is dark and I am far from home." He had four miles to walk to get to his house.

While English Nonconformists are straining every nerve to keep any definite religious teaching out of the public schools a "growing" decrease in Sunday School attendance is reported everywhere. The Calvinistic Methodists alone report a decrease of 4,200; Church of England, 7,000; Wesleyans, 5,400; Baptists, 7,000; and United Methodists, 3,000.

A strange clergyman once upon a time—not during the present incumbency—officiated at Margam Church when the vicar was ill. On going to the pulpit for the sermon he was stopped by the verger, with the imperative remark, "You can't go up there." "Why not?" said the astonished cleric. "Because the parson's favorite broody hen is sitting there on the Bible-cushion, and she musn't be disturbed!"

The guest from the rural district signed the register thus: "Josh Pettibone, Squedunk, M. & R."

"I beg pardon," said the clerk, whose curiosity was aroused, "but what's the M. & R. stand for?"

"Why, I thought," said Mr. Pettibone, "that I might be out when the town reporter or some feller with a

straw vote dropped in, so I put that there so he could see I'm fur McKinley and Rosievelt."—Philadelphia Press.

An Argyleshire elder was asked how the kirk got along. He said: "Aweel, we had four hundred members. Then we had a division, and there were only two hundred left, then a disruption, and only ten of us left. Then we had a heresy trial, and noo there is only me and ma brither Duncan left, and I ha' great doots o' Duncan's orthodoxy."

During the last election, a politician called at a house in Newcastle, England, and asked the little girl who answered the door, "Is your father in the house?" "No," she said. "Do you know what he is, Conservative or Liberal?" "Neither," she said; "my father is a milkman."

In the Chinese Scriptures, selection ii., verse 3, Schermerhorn's "Sacred Scriptures of the World," we find these words: "The disease of men is neglecting to weed their own fields, and busying themselves with weeding the fields of other people." In selection iii., verse 2, we read: "The path of duty is near, yet men seek it afar off. The way is wide: it is not hard to find. Go home and seek it, and you will not lack teachers."

No one thinks of a goose as a creature capable of enjoying a joke. In fact, when a boy is called—good naturedly, of course—a little goose, it is intended to hint that he is something of a stupid. But it is said by Miss Frances Power Cobbe that, saving its arch enemy, the fox, no animal has a keener sense of humor than the goose. Of this she gives an instance in the practical joke played by a flock of geese upon a number of pigs. Having formed themselves into a lane, they forced the pigs to run the gauntlet, biting at them the while, in order that they might enjoy the terror and the squeals of the perplexed porkers.—Exchange.

The Melonesian women do the courting. When a girl likes a man she tells his sister and gives her a ring of string. The sister says to her brother, "Brother, I have good news for you. A woman loves you." If willing to go on with the affair, through the sister, an appointment is made and the following dialogue takes place:

The man says: "You like me proper?"

"Yes, I like you proper, with my heart inside."

Unwilling to give himself away rashly, he asks: "Now, you like me?"

"I like you altogether."

The story comes from Dublin that when the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were driving in the suburbs of the town, a somewhat corpulent pig jobber ran alongside the royal carriage for some time. The duchess finally stopped the carriage and asked the man what he wanted. He explained that it was the wish of his life to obtain a good look at her and the duke. Somewhat flattered by this explanation, the duchess remarked: "It must have tired you dreadfully to run beside the carriage in that manner." "Oh, no," replied the Irishman, gallantly; "sure, haven't I been chasin' pigs all me life?"

BOY'S ESSAY ON HABIT.

A schoolmaster once said to his pupils that to the boy who would make the best piece of composition in five minutes "How to Overcome Habit" he would give a prize. When the five minutes had expired a lad of nine years stood up and said: "Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take out the first letter it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another letter you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take

off another it is not totally used up, all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether." Result—He won it.

———:oo———

References made in the "Western Mail" to the good wages now earned by colliers reminds a man up in the hills that it is exactly a quarter of a century ago that the colliers had the handling of similar wages. Some coal owners in 1874 realized 29s. per ton, and there were some colliers who were able to earn 15s. a day. At present 10s. a day is easily earned. The historian of the coalfield related that in 1888 there lived in a Monmouthshire village a collier who had, in 1874, £30 a month coming in from his work in the coal pit. In the earning of this sum he was only aided by a boy. It was all spent as regularly as it came in. Joints of meat were daily thrown away, or given away when cold, open house was kept for all colliers, and there was beer and spirits in profusion. When the good times ended he emigrated, saw a good deal of the "downs" in America, and came back eventually to a wage of 16s. a week.

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THE HOUSE IN BAD SHAPE.

When John Quincy Adams was 80 years of age he met in the streets of Boston one day an old friend, who shook the venerable statesman's hand and said: "Good morning, and how is John Quincy Adams to-day?" "Thank you," was the ex-President's answer, "John Quincy Adams himself is well, sir; quite well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the season have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out, its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon. But he himself is quite well, sir; quite well." With that the venerable sixth President of the United States moved on, with the aid of his staff.

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The Swansea "Cambrian News" gives publicity to the following remarkable story:—

Some years ago a professor in an Irish college, who was also a justice of the peace, was called upon to adjudicate in a case against Fenians, and, finding the accused guilty, the friends are said to have vowed to give the professor no rest, living or dead. How far they carried out their vow during the professor's life is not known, but when eventually he died the threat had so great an effect on the widow that she determined to take every precaution to make the threat ineffective after death. The body was accordingly brought from Ireland over to Aberystwyth. It was encased in three coffins, and deposited at one of the local hotels while a vault was being prepared in one of the peaceful graveyards among the Cardiganshire hills. The vault was nine days in the making. It was built of strong dressed masonry, embedded in cement, and banded together with strips of iron. The entrance was closed by a massive iron door, secured by patent locks, which could not be opened except by duplicate keys, one of which was kept by the incumbent, another by the maker of the vault, and the third by the widow. The coffin was placed in the vault, and the widow, having hidden the remains of her husband among the mountains of Wales, went and hid herself among the mountains of Switzerland. A few years ago the widow revisited Aberystwyth, and had the locks of the vault renewed, and nothing was heard further until a few weeks ago, when the present incumbent of the parish received a communication stating that the widow had died, and that

it was her last wish that her remains should be taken from Switzerland and deposited in the vault she had had made for her husband in Wales. The incumbent of the parish, when the vault was constructed, was dead, and the new incumbent knew nothing about the vault or its strange history. However, on making inquiries, the builder of the vault was found, the body of the widow was brought from Switzerland, and now the remains of husband and wife lie in their stronghold of death in the peaceful little Welsh churchyard.

———o:o———

CHINESE MORMONISM.

The law and custom allow a Chinaman to have as many wives as he can support, but only the first wife is regarded as the legitimate mother of the household. She is the ruler of all the children, who will mourn for her a hundred days. The husband, who can remarry as often as he likes, does not show any sign of mourning for his wife to the outer world; but a woman who marries again after her husband's death is not considered respectable. Should she, on the other hand, commit suicide on her husband's grave, then a pailau, which is an ornamental gateway or arch, will be erected as a sign of transcendent loyalty and virtue. But the great majority of Chinese do not adhere to polygamy. They have a proverb which says that where one woman reigns there is peace; two women under the same roof signifies a fight, and three women means intrigue and disorder.

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SANTA ONCE AN ORPHAN CHILD.

Old Santa brings just what we want,
A gun for cousin Jack to hunt,
And for his sister Sue a ring
Which, as she said, "was just the thing."

He never gives to Hugh a hat,
Nor to his sister Bess a bat;
O no, as certain as I live,
He knows exactly what to give.

A wagon or a whip to Dan,
A bracelet or a brooch to Ann,
Whate'er old Santa Claus may bring,
You can depend, it's just the thing.

And yet, this Christmas morn, you see,
He brought no gaudy toys for me,
But just a pretty kitty-hood,
With ribbons wide, for being good.

And handkerchiefs which are as white
As Santa's prettiest little sprite,
And such a pile—one, five, nine, ten—
Enough until he comes again.

He also came beside my bed,
And put soft pillows 'neath my head,
Which prove that loving women live
Where he gets such good gifts to give.

I wonder why he brought the hood,
For I have not been very good;
I guess he thought I had no one
To knit it, now since mamma's gone.

And I am certain Santa Claus
Brought me the handkerchiefs, because
He knew I needed them to dry
The scalding tear from my eye.

He put the pillows soft and warm,
No doubt, instead of that kind arm
Which used to hold my weary head
So restful while in mamma's bed.

So Santa, though he looks so wild,
Must have been once an orphan child,
Or else he could not know, indeed,
So well what is an orphan's need.

Radnor, O. J. V. S.

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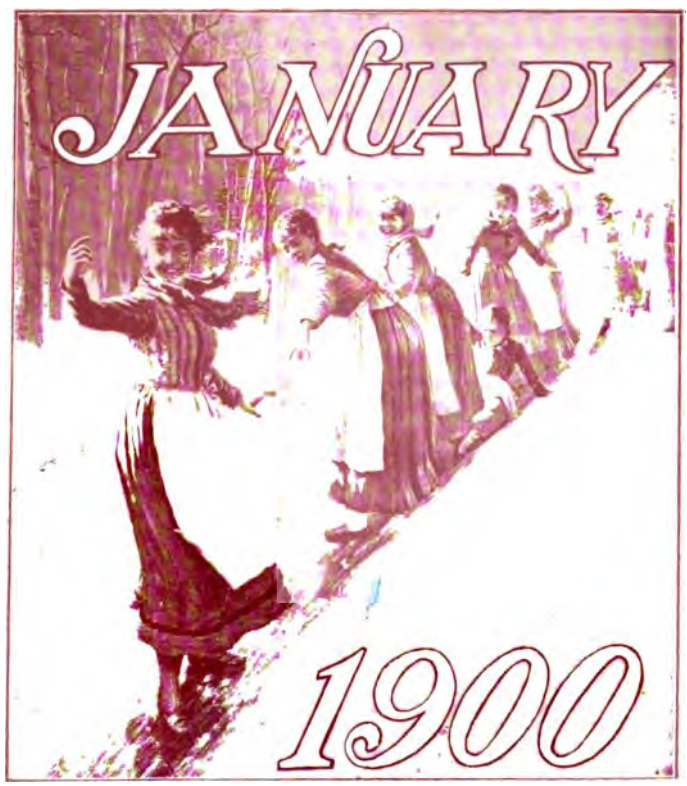

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GENERAL GREENE says:

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Here is one that comes from **Mr. Sam E. Whitmire,** known as one of the foremost advertising men of the United States. He is known as advertising manager for Ehrichs Bros., New York; Joseph H. Bauland, Brooklyn; L. S. Plant & Co., Newark, N. J., and a regular writer for the "New York World," "Printer's Ink," "Fame," "Brains," and other publications. His headquarters are in the World Building, New York, where he can be addressed as to the effects of our remedy upon his troubles.

MR. WHITMIRE CURED.

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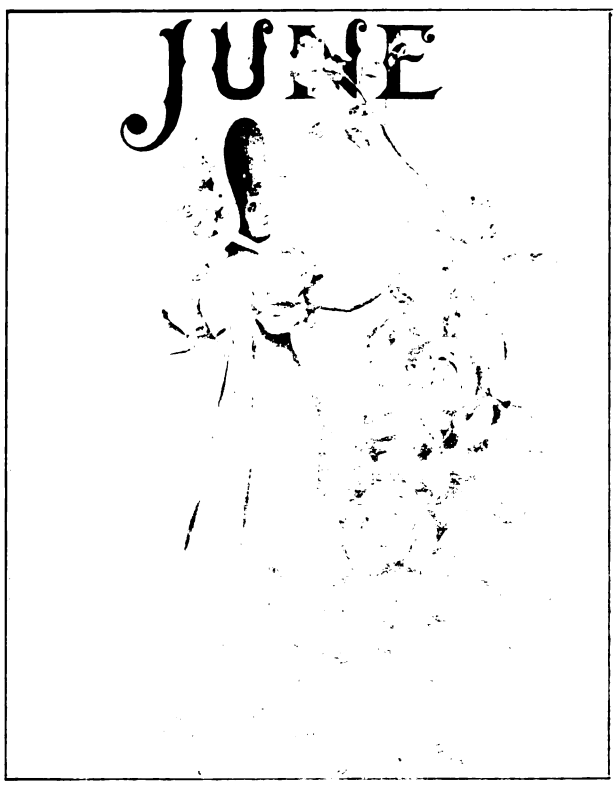

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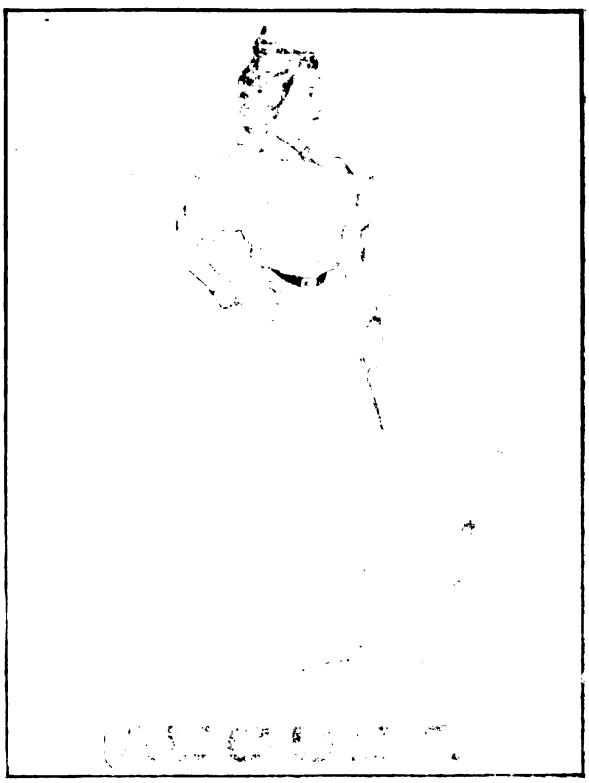

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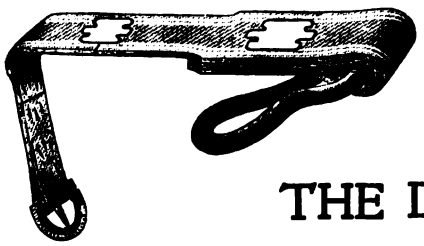
PROSTHESIS---The Art of Supplying Artificial Limbs.

As the world grows, civilization advances. Thus everything in art and science must keep pace. Not many years ago, if a person lost a leg or arm they were looked upon as being helpless cripples for the rest of their lives. How different it is now?

We have railroads for rapid transit, mines and other occupations where men must hazard their lives to keep the wheels of industry going. Day after day some unfortunate person loses a leg or an arm. If there was no way of substituting them with artificial members, the world would soon be full of helpless cripples. But thanks to the advancement men have made in the artificial limb line. They can put on artificial members, and go on about their daily vocation as before. We wish to call your attention to an establishment in Buffalo that has made wonderful strides in the art of limb making. So perfect are their limbs, that one would hardly believe without seeing, that nature could be imitated in such a way. Persons with both legs amputated are wearing their limbs, walking as though they had their own natural members, and doing such work as their occupation calls them to do. To those who are so unfortunate as to need limbs, send to the Queen City Art Limb Co., 199-201 Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y., and they will give you such information as you may desire, in an honest and cheerful endeavor to help you walk through life comfortably.



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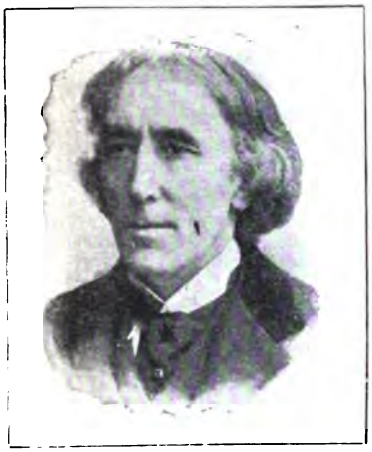
The Eminent Tragedian.



I can certainly add my testimony to the virtues of Vin Mariani, which I have found excellent, and am well convinced of its quality. HENRY IRVING.

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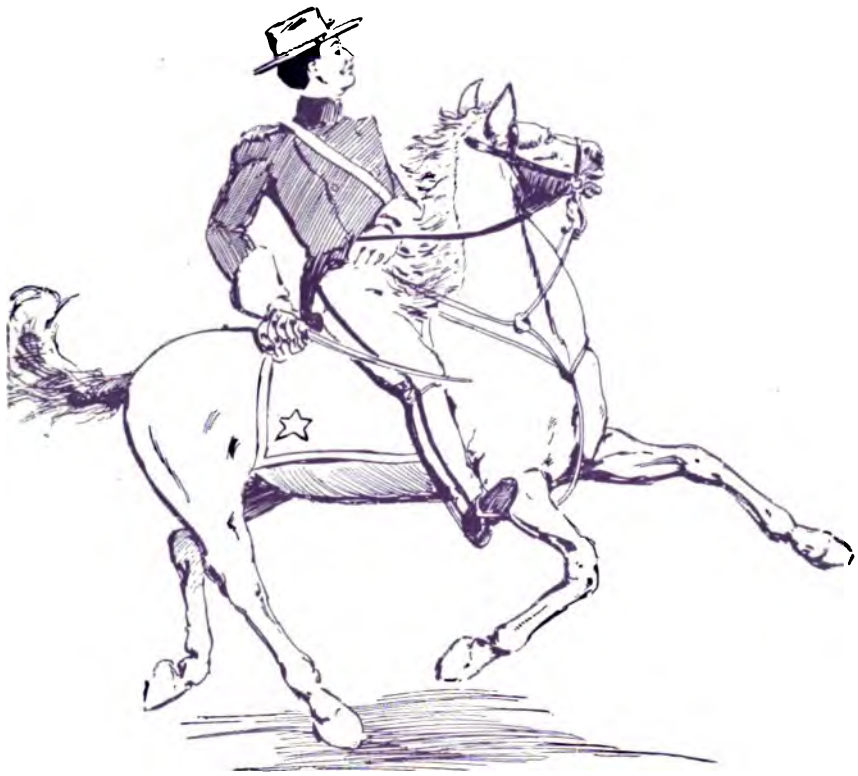

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